THE

THIRD VOLUME

OF

LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkiſh Spy,

Who Liv'd Five and Forty YEARS Undiſcover'd at

PARIS:

Giving an Impartial ACCOUNT to the *Divan* at *Conſtantinople*, of the moſt Remarkable Tranſactions of *Europe*: And, Diſcovering ſeveral *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Chriſtian Courts* (eſpecially of That of *France*) Continued from the YEAR 1645, to the Year 1682.

Written, Originally, in Arabick. *Tranſlated into* Italian, *and from thence into* Engliſh, *by the* Tranſlator *of the* FIRST VOLUME.

The THIRTEENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed by A. WILDE,

For *S.* and *E. Ballard*, *J. Brotherton*, *W. Meadows*, *T. Cox*, *R. Ware*, *J. Clarke*, *S. Birt*, *D. Browne*, *T. Aſtley*, *J. Shuckburgh*, *J. Hodges*, *E. Wickſteed*, *J. Oſwald*, *J. Conyers*, *C. Bathurſt*, *R. Baldwin*, *A. Strahan*, and *A. Wilde*. [1753.]

TO THE

READER.

OUR *Arabian*, having met with ſo kind Entertainment in this *Nation*, ſince he put on the *Engliſh* Dreſs, is reſolved to continue his Garb, and viſit you as often as Convenience will permit.

He brings along with him many foreign Commodities, to gratify the various Expectations of People. His *Cargo* conſiſting of Jewels, and other Rarities, which are the genuine Product of the *Eaſt*; and ſome kinds of

Merchandiſe, which he has purchaſed here in the *Weſt*, during his Reſidence at *Paris*.

It will be Pity to affront this honeſt *Stranger*, by raiſing Scandals on him, as if he were a Counterfeit, and I know not what. This will appear inhoſpitable, and unworthy of the *Engliſh* Candor and Generoſity.

To ſpeak without an *Allegory*, in this *Third Volume of Letters*, as in the former *Two*, you'll find an exact Continuation of *modern Hiſtory*, acquainting you with all the memorable Sieges, Battles and Campaigns, that were in *Europe*, from the Year 1645, to 1649. As alſo, with all the remarkable *Negotiations* and *Tranſactions* of *State*, *Embaſſies*, *Leagues*, and *Overtures* of *Princes*; the *Politics* and *Intrigues* of *publick Miniſters*, eſpecially thoſe of Cardinal *Mazarini*; the great and ſtupendous *Revolutions* and *Civil Wars* in *England*, *China*, *Naples*, *Turky* and *Paris*; the prodigious Riſe of a poor young beardleſs *Fiſherman*, to the Height of *ſovereign Power*; the diſmal

Tragedies

Tragedies of an *Engliſh King*, and *Chineſe Emperor*; with the Murder of a *Turkiſh Sultan*. And all theſe intermix'd with proper and uſeful Remarks, pleaſant and agreeable Stories; couch'd in a Style, which being peculiar to the *Arabians*, cannot be match'd in any other *Writings* that are extant.

If his *Philoſophy* will not bear the Teſt of our learned *Virtuoſi*, yet it may paſs Muſter in a *Mahometan*; ſince it is taken for granted, That the Men of that *Faith* rarely apply themſelves to ſuch Studies; or, at leaſt, not in the Method uſed in *Chriſtian Schools*. They may have the ſame *Ideas* of *natural* Things as we; but they expreſs themſelves in a different Manner.

As for his *Morals*, they are ſolid and grave, and ſuch as could not be reprehended even in a *Chriſtian Writer*, if we reduce what he ſays to *Univerſals*. For, abſtracting from the particular Obligations he had to his *native Religion*, and to the *Grand Signi-*

or, whoſe *Slave* he was, there will be found little Difference between his *Ethicks* and ours. He every where recommends Loyalty, Juſtice, Fortitude, Temperance, Prudence, and all thoſe other Virtues which are requiſite to fill up the *Character* of a *Hero*, or a *Saint*.

And who will not bear with him, for patronizing the *Religion* and *Intereſt* in which he was bred? It being natural for all Men, to adhere to the *Notions* they have ſuck'd in with their *Mother's Milk*. In this alſo he ſhews great Moderation, and a more unbyaſs'd Temper than one would expect from a *Turk*; which may, in part, be aſcribed to his ſtudying in the *Chriſtian Academies*, his Converſation with the learned'ſt Men in *Paris*, and ſome of the moſt accompliſh'd Perſons in the World. Hence it was, that he was accus'd by his *Superiours* at the *Ottoman Port*, of inclining to *Chriſtianity* or *Atheiſm*; as he takes notice, in his *Apology* to a *religious Dignitary*, in the Firſt *Letter*, of the Third *Book* of this *Volume*, *Page* 202, to which the

the *Reader* is referred for farther Satisfaction.

In his moſt familiar *Letters*, ſuch as this laſt mention'd, and others to his intimate Friends, you will find ſome Expreſſions, diſcovering a certain Fineneſs and Strength of Thought, which is not very common in *Chriſtian Writers*. Which is an Argument that the *Mahometans* are not all ſuch Blockheads as we take them for.

And though his *Picture*, which we have affix'd to our *Tranſlation*, ſince we had the *Italian Tomes*, repreſents no extraordinary Perſon, yet you know *Juvenal*'s Remark, *Fronti nulla Fides*. And it has been a common Obſervation in one of the greateſt *Philoſophers* in this Age, *That by his outward Aſpect, no Man would gueſs what an illuſtrious Soul lodged within.*

If you would know how the *Italian* came by this *Picture*, (for, in his *Preface*, he aſſerts it to be the True *Effigies* of this *Arabian*) he ſays, That being acquainted with the *Secretary*

cretary of *Cardinal Mazarini*, and frequenting his Houſe, he ſaw a *Picture* hang in his *Cloſet*, with this *Inſcription* at the Bottom, TITUS DE MOLDAVIA, CLERICUS. *Ætatis ſuæ* LXXII. He asked the Gentleman who this *Titus* was, who inform'd him, That he was a great *Traveller*, and underſtood many *Languages*, eſpecially the *Sclavonian*, *Greek* and *Arabick*; on which Account *Cardinal Richlieu*, and his Succeſſor *Mazarini*, had made great Uſe of him; and that the latter had cauſed that *Picture* of the *Moldavian* to be drawn and hung up in his *Cloſet*, from whence he had it. Our *Italian* being ſatisfy'd, after ſome Diſcourſe about him, that this *Stranger* was the very *Arabian*, whoſe *Writings* he had ſo happily found, got leave of the Gentleman to have a Draught of the *Picture* taken, by a skilful *Limner*, which he afterwards placed in the *Front* of his *Tranſlation*.

THERE is one of theſe *Letters*, *Page* 242, wants a Beginning in the *Italian* Copy. Which the *Author* of that

Tra

Tranſlation takes Notice of in his *Preface*, ſaying, That by ſome Accident or other, the *Arabick* Paper had been torn aſunder, and one Part was miſſing.

THERE needs no more to be ſaid, but to acquaint the *Reader*, that we are going forward with the *Engliſh Tranſlation* of theſe *Letters*, as faſt as we can. So that in all Probability, you may expect a *Fourth Volume* before *Chriſtmas*. Wherein you will find more particular Remarks on our *Engliſh* Affairs, with political Diſcourſes on the Original and Diſſolution of Governments. As alſo many curious Paſſages during the *Wars* of *Paris*, which have not hitherto come to publick View. In fine, you will there be inform'd of all the *remarkable Events* that happen'd at that Time, either in *Peace* or *War*, on the whole *Globe*.

Adieu.

A

TABLE

OF THE

LETTERS and MATTERS
Contained in this VOLUME.

VOL. III.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

MAHMUT, an *Arabian* at *Paris*, to *Nathan Ben Saddi*, a *Jew* at *Vienna*. Page 1

He exhorts him to be prepared for the worſt Events: To ſtand upon his Guard againſt the Chriſtians; *but, above all, to beware of himſelf. He tells him a Story of* Carcoa, Nathan's *Predeceſſor.*

II. To

The TABLE.

II. To the *Kaimacham.* 6

Of the Tranſylvanian Agent's *Buſineſs at the* French *Court: Of* Monſieur Croiſly's *Negotiation with* Prince Ragotſki. *The Speech of* Prince Ragotſki's *Son.*

III. To the inſtructed in all Knowledge, the venerable *Mufti.* 10

He makes a Compariſon between the Chriſtians *and* Mahometans; *prefers the* Devotion *and* Charity *of the latter. And relates a pleaſant Paſſage of a* Chriſtian *that whipt himſelf.*

IV. To *Muſtapha, Berber Aga.* 13

Of the Battle of Mergentheim, *between the* Germans *and the* French: *The unfortunate Adventure of a* French *Officer.*

V. To *Shaſkim Iſtham,* a *Black Eunuch.* 16

He pardons the Scandals caſt upon him by the Eunuch; *commends his Apology; adviſes him to ſet a Watch on his Tongue; and relates an Adventure of a Buſy-Body.*

VI. To *Zelim* of *Rhodes,* Captain of a Galley. 18

He acquaints him with the Execution of three Witches *at* Naples, *who were hired to deſtroy him by Enchantments.*

VII. To the Invincible *Vizir Azem.* 24

He compares France *to the* four great Monarchies; *Relates the Battle of* Allerſheim, *and the Progreſs of the* French *Arms.*

VIII. To *Cara Hali,* a *Phyſician* at *Conſtantinople.* 28

Of a blind Man who diſtinguiſh'd Colours by his Touch. Of another who carved to the Life. Of the Mute Saqueda; *and of a deaf Man who apprehended ones Words by the Motion of the Lip.*

IX. To

The TABLE.

IX. To *Uſeph Baſſa.* 32
He congratulates his new Dignity; informs him of the Diſſolution of the Diet *of* Franckfort, *and of the King of* Poland's *deſiring the* Queen *of* Swedeland *in Marriage.*
X. To *Ichingi Cap' Oglani, Præceptor* to the *Royal Pages* of the *Seraglio.* 35
He expoſtulates with him concerning his Calumnies.
XI. To the *Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary* of *State.* 37
Of the taking of Canea, *and the Policy of* Sultan Ibrahim.
XII. To the magnificent and redoubtable *Vizier Azem.* 40
Of the Duke *of* Enguien's *Return to* Paris. Mahmut *extols the Hardineſs of the* Ottoman Generals. *He relates a private Amour of* Cardinal Mazarini.
XIII. To *Egri Boinou,* a *White Eunuch.* 46
He thanks him for his Intelligence of what is practiſed againſt him in the Seraglio.
XIV. To *Muſtapha, Berber Aga.* 47
Of the Elector *of* Saxony's *falling in Love with a* Swediſh *Lady in Armour: And of the odd kind of* Articles *agreed on between him and* General Koningſmark, *by that Means.*
XV. To *Muhammed, Hogia, Derviſe, Eremit,* Inhabitant of the *Sacred Cave,* at the Foot of *Mount Uriel,* in *Arabia* the *Happy.* 53
He extols his Abſtinence, and the Happineſs of a retired Life; Rehearſes the Bleſſing *which the* Angel *pronounced on that Cave.*
XVI. To *Uſeph, Baſſa.* 56
He acquaints him with the Marriage of Uladiſlaus, King *of* Poland, *with* Louiſe Marie de Gonzague, Princeſs *of* Mantua.

XVII. To

The TABLE.

XVII. To the *Kaimacham.* 58

He relates the Succeſs of the French *Arms in* Flanders, Catalonia, *and* Italy, *that Year; with an Adventure that happen'd to the* Duke *of* Orleans, *in his* Camp *before* Bourburgh.

XVIII. To *Dgnet Oglou.* 62

He entertains him with a familiar Diſcourſe of his Sickneſs, and of the Mind's Tranquility: Telling him a Story of a Man, whoſe Brains were turn'd to a Neſt of Serpents.

XIX. To the *Selictar Aga*, or *Sword-Bearer* to his *Highneſs.* 67

He reproaches the Europeans, *with their Rebellions, and other Inhumanities. Of the* Aſſemblies *at* Munſter *and* Oſnaburg. *Of a* private Treaty *between* Spain *and* Holland.

XX. To the *Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary* of the *Ottoman Empire.* 70

Of the mighty Fleet the French *are fitting out to Sea. Of the Predictions and Adventure of an old* Prophet, *who went to* Cardinal Mazarini. *Of* Monſieur Chanut, *the* French Ambaſſador *in* Swedeland.

XXI. To *William Voſpel*, a *Recluſe* in *Auſtria.* 74

He adviſes him to turn Hermit, *for the ſake of Silence and Contemplation.*

XXII. To the *Captain Baſſa.* 77

Of the Preparations the Europeans *were making to aſſiſt the* State *of* Venice. *He tells him, what the* Chriſtians *ſay of him.*

XXIII. To *Adonai*, a *Jew* at *Venice.* 79

He deſires him to ſend ſome Remarks on the People he has ſeen in his Travels. *A ſhort Character of* Italy, *with ſome Reflections on the* Goths *and* Vandals.

XXIV. To *Muſtapha, Berber Aga.* 80

Of the preſent War of Candy. *A memorable Saying of the* Duke *of* Orleans, *at the Surrender of*

of Graveling, *with a generous Action of that Prince.*

XXV. To *Naſſuff*, *Baſſa* of *Natolia.* 83

He congratulates his new Honour, puts him in mind of his Name-ſake's Fate, in the Reign of Achmet II. *and gives him many good Counſels.*

XXVI. To the *Kaimacham.* 86

Touching Moroſini's *quitting the* Port *of* Canea *to the* Turks.

XXVII. To *Cara Hali*, a *Phyſician* at *Conſtantinople.* 88

Some Remarks on the Spring, *and on the Difference between living at* Conſtantinople *and* Paris. *The Queſt of the* French Philoſophers.

XXVIII. To the *Teſterdar* or *Lord Treaſurer.* 90

Of the French *Deſigns by Sea, and other Matters.*

XXIX. To *Nathan Ben Saddi*, a *Jew* at *Vienna.* 92

He applauds his Reſolution, not to take Religion *on Truſt, but to enquire into the Grounds. And ſends him an Abſtract of the* Muſſulman Hiſtory.

XXX. To the ſame. 95

He exhorts him not to let Intereſt byaſs him in the Choice of his Religion. *Of the* Duke *of* Brandenburgh's *demanding the* Queen *of* Sweden *in Marriage.*

XXXI. To the *Kaimacham.* 97

Of a private League *between the* Venetians *and the* Baſſa *of* Aleppo, *diſcovered by* Adonai *the* Jew. *Several Inſtances of that* Baſſa's *Juſtice.*

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

TO the moſt magnificent and illuſtrious *Vizir Azem*, at the *Port.* 101

Mahmut's *Project to divert* Cardinal Mazarini, *from attempting againſt the* Ottoman Empire.

II. To

II. To *Ismael Mouta Faraca*, a *White Eunuch* 112
He condoles the Misfortune of Egri Boinou, *whose Eyes were put out by the* Grand Signior's *Command.*
III. To *Dgnet Oglou.* 114
He discourses more frankly to him, on the same Subject.
IV. To *Dicheu Hussein Bassa.* 116
Of the early Campaigns the French *made that Year. The Hardiness of a* French *Officer.*
V. To *Kerker Hassan Bassa.* 118
He thanks him for his Present of Coffee; *compares Part of* Arabia *with the* Fields *of* Tempe. *Concerning his Father's hunting of Lyons, Tygers,* &c.
VI. To *Hussein Bassa.* 120
Remarks on the taking of Retimo *in* Candy. *A Character of* Monsieur Varennes, *the* French Ambassador *at the* Port.
VII. To the same. 122
Remarks on the Nature of the French, *and their Method of obtaining Victories.*
VIII. To the *Venerable Mufti, Sovereign Guide* of the *True Believers.* 124
Touching the Books *of the* ancient Pagans. *Certain memorable Passages of* Alexander the Great.
IX. To *Murat, Bassa.* 131
Of the taking of Courtray *by the* French. *Of the Want of Rain, and Scarcity of Provisions at* Paris.
X. To the *Aga* of the *Janizaries.* 133
Of the Benefit of reading Histories, *and the ill Consequences of* Printing *in* Europe.
XI. To the same. 137
Of Gustavus Adolphus, King *of* Sweden, *and of* Queen Christina, *his Daughter. Remarks on* Queen Elizabeth.

XII. To

The TABLE.

XII. To the *Selictar Aga*, or *Sword-Bearer* to the *Grand Signior*. 142

Of the Duke *of* Orleans *his Return to* Paris, *after he had taken* Mardyke. *Of the Diet of the* French.

XIII. To *Abubeckir Hali, Merchant* at *Aleppo*. 144

He exhorts him not to grieve for the Loſs of one of his Wives, *who ran away with his* Slave: *Relates a Story of an* Italian Lord.

XIV. To *Solyman* his *Couſin*. 146

He reproves him for deſerting the publick Aſſemblies *of the* Faithful, *and following of* Schiſmaticks.

XV. To *Haſnadar-Baſſy, chief Treaſurer* to the *Grand Signior*. 148

Of the Duke *of* Enguien's *Triumphant entering into* Paris, *after the taking of* Dunkirk.

XVI. To *Ibrahim Hali Cheik*, a Man of the *Law*. 150

Touching the Suppreſſion of Brothel *Houſes in* Paris.

XVII. To *Muſtapha, Baſſa* of *Siliſtria*. 152

He attributes the Loſs of Aſac, *to the Valour of the* Muſcovites. *A Character of that People, with the Manner of the* Czar's *Succeſſion in former Times.*

XVIII. To *Solyman Kyzlar Aga, Chief* of the *Black Eunuchs*. 155

He acquaints him with the Death of the Prince *of* Conde. *The Character of that* Prince, *with a brief Account of his Life.*

XIX. To the *Kaimacham*. 158

Of the Count d'Harcourt's *Diſgrace, in decamping from before* Lerida. *The Succeſs of the* French *Arms in* Italy. *Of a ſtrange Fountain in the* Iſle *of* Elbe.

XX. To *Bojazet, Baſſa* of *Greece*. 160

He acquaints him with his Suſpicion of ſome deep Deſigns

The TABLE.

Designs in the French Court. *Of a Fellow who raised a Sedition in* Paris.

XXI. To *Pesteli Hali*, his Brother 163

He thanks him for the Journal *of his* Travels; *Congratulates his Escape from Male and Female Thieves; tells him a Story of the* Mogul's *Father: And another of a Merchant's Widow in the* Indies; *With other Discourses of that Nature.*

XXII. To *Asis Bassa.* 173

Of a Quarrel between Monsieur Chanut, *the* French Ambassador *at* Stockholm, *and the* Swedish Secretary *of* State. *The* Repartee *of a* French Ambassador *to the King of* Spain.

XXIII. To the *Mufti*, most *venerable*, and worthy of all Honour. 176

A Comparison of the three Ministers *of* State, Ximenes, Richlieu, *and* Mazarini.

XXIV. To *Danecmar Kesrou, Kadil-squier* of *Romania.* 181

Of the Perfidy of the Scots, *in selling* King Charles I. *to the* English Parliament. *A Story of Bishop* Hatto.

XXV. To *Regel Hamet, Antiquary* to the *Sultan.* 186

Remarks on old Magical *Statues and Images: Of the* Palladium *and* Ancilla: *Of the true Name of the City of* Rome.

XXVI. To the *Vizir Azem.* 189

Mahmut *acquaints him with his Return from* Orleans; *the Reason of the great Conflux of Strangers to that City.*

XXVII. To the *Aga of the* Janizaries. 191

Of Joan d' Acre, *the* Maid *of* Orleans.

XXVIII. To *Dgnet Oglou.* 194

Of Eliachim's *falling in Love with a* French *Lady on the Road, as he accompanied* Mahmut *to* Orleans.

XXIX. To

XXIX. To the *Captain Baſſa.* 199
Of the bold Propoſal which a Sea-Captain made to Cardinal Mazarini; *And of a magnificent Ship, which* Queen Chriſtina *preſented to this* Miniſter.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

TO *Bedredin, Superior* of the *Convent* of *Derviſes,* at *Cogni* in *Natolia.* 202
He makes an Apology *for his* Faith *againſt ſuch as ſlandered him. Of a* Hermit *then living near* Paris, *who had almoſt doubled the Years of* Bedredin.
II. To *Murat Baſſa.* 207
Of the Chriſtians *Joy for their Victory by Sea and Land: A Compariſon between* Sultan Ibrahim, *and* Sultan Amurath.
III. To *Mahomet Tecli, Baſſa* of *Boſnia,* at his *Camp* in *Dalmatia.* 210
He reproaches him with Cowardice, in decamping from before Sebenico.
IV. To *Achmet Beig.* 212
He tells him of an Attempt to murder Queen Chriſtina *in her Chapel.*
V. To *Cara Hali,* a *Phyſician* at *Conſtantinople.* 215
He diſcourſes of the Manna *in* Calabria, *ſome of which he ſends him.*
VI. To *Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.* 219
Of the Revolution *in* China.
VII. To *Darniſh Mehemet, Baſſa.* 226
Of Maſſianello, *and the* Revolution *in* Naples.
VIII. To *Solyman,* his *Couſin.* 230
He again reprehends his Manner of Life, and perſuades

ſuades him, by the Example of his Grandfather, *to obſerve the* Laws *of* Purity.

IX. To the *Kaimacham.* 234

Of the Cruelty executed by the Turkiſh General, *on a* Chriſtian Prieſt. *Of the* Veneration *the ancient* Mahometans *paid to* Scanderbeg's *Bones. Of* Porſenna's *Generoſity.*

X. To the *Mufti.* 238

Remarks on the Spaniſh *Misfortunes, the* Inſurrection *in* Sicily, *and particularly on the* Revolution *in* Naples. *He prays him to furniſh* Nathan Ben Saddi *with* religious *Books.*

XI. This Letter wants the Title and Beginning. 242

Of the Chriſtians *Revenge on the Son of* Ali Sangiac, Bey *of* Lippa, *for the Sufferings of the* Chriſtian Prieſt. *The extravagant Revenge of an* Italian Captain.

XII. To the *venerable Mufti.* 244

Of Cardinal Mazarini's *ſupporting the* Tumults *in* Naples. *Remarks on the* Duke *of* Guiſe *his Attempt to ſuccour the Revolted. A Deſcription of the Extent and Riches of that* Kingdom.

XIII. To *Abdel Melec Muli Omar, Superintendant* of the *College* of *Sciences* at *Fez.* 250

He diſcourſes about the Duration *of the* World. *The* Viſion *of* Omar, Succeſſor *of* Mahomet. *Of* Adam's *firſt Wife* Alileth. *That the* Earth *was* inhabited *for* many Ages *before* Adam.

XIV. To the *Mufti.* 257

He relates to him the Tragedy *of the* Sicilian Veſpers. *Of a Woman and her Daughter, that were* immured *ſeventeen Years by a* Scribe *in* Naples.

XV. To the *Kaimacham.* 260

He informs him, what Reason he has to be jealous of Cardinal Mazarini's *Designs against the* Ottoman Empire. Osmin *the* Dwarf's *Dexterity in prying into the* Cardinal's *Secrets, and those of the* Grandees.

XVI. To *Pesteli Hali*, his Brother. 264

He farther commends his Journal. *A Rare Example of* Indian *Charity. Of the Ingenuity of the* Chinese. *Of the* Conquest *of that* Kingdom *by the* Tartars. *He discourses of the* Original *of* Nations, *and the* unmix'd Blood *of the* Arabians *and* Tartars. *Of a* Gun *at* Pequin, *Two Thousand Years old.*

XVII. To the *Aga* of the *Janizaries*. 270

Of the famous Victory of the French *obtain'd at the* Battle *of* Lens. *Of the* Tumults *at* Paris, *and the King of* France's *Speech to the* Senators. Mahmut *informs him, how he employs certain* Agents *to foment the* publick Sedition.

XVIII. To *Achmet Beig*. 274

He acquaints him with the Death of Uladislaus, King *of* Poland, *for which the* Court *of* France *was in* Mourning; *as also with the* Duke *of* Bavaria's *Death. Of the* French *Campaigns in* Flanders. *Of a Sea-Fight between the* French *and* Spaniards. *Of a formidable* Conspiracy *against the* Czar *of* Muscovy.

XIX. To the *Mufti*. 276

He seems to approve of Sultan Ibrahim's *being deposed*, &c. *Censures his Attempt on* Sultan Amurath's *Widow, and his* Rape *of the* Mufti's *Daughter. The Continence of the* African Scipio. *The Stratagem of* Athenodorus *the* Philosopher. *He incites the* Mufti *to encourage the* Translation *of* Greek *and* Latin Historians.

XX. To *Chiurgi Muhammel, Bassa*. 280

Of the Conclusion of the Peace *of* Munster. *Of the*

the Troubles *of* Paris, *and the* Duke *of* Beaufort's *Escape out of the* Caſtle *of the* Wood *of* Vinciennes.

XXI. To *Dgnet Oglou.* 281

He complains of the unjuſt Proceedings of the Conſpirators *againſt* Sultan Ibrahim; *Refuſes to defame him after his Death: Owns that he did but diſſemble in his laſt Letter to the* Mufti. *Of the* Statue *of a famous* Wreſtler, *which fell down and cruſhed to Death, a Man that through Envy went to demoliſh it. Of the* Motto *on* Plato's Ring.

XXII. To *Danetmar Keſrou, Kadileſquier* of *Romania.* 284

Remarks on the Murder *of the* Engliſh King, Charles I. *and what* Cardinal Mazarini *ſaid, when he firſt heard of the News of that* horrid Tragedy. *Of* Machiavel's *corrupt Principles.*

LET-

LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY *at* PARIS.

VOL. III.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut, *an* Arabian *at* Paris, *to* Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

I Believe the News of my Impriſonment might fill thee with Doubts of thy own Liberty, and make thee careful to avoid at *Vienna*, ſuch a Misfortune as befel me at *Paris*. Yet if thou wert much ſurprized at this Accident, it is an Argument that thou art but a Novice in the World, and art yet to learn the firſt Rudiments of uſeful Wiſdom, which teach us, *That there is no Stedfaſtneſs in Human Affairs.*

There has Nothing happen'd to me in this, which I was not before provided for; neither did the Suddenneſs of the Event make me change Countenance. I ſmiled at the fulfilling my own Preſages, and went to Priſon as uncon-

cern'd, as I would have gone home to my Lodging. Not that I would have thee think, I was inſenſible of a Loſs ſo afflicting as that of Liberty; but my Chains did not appear ſo very formidable, having made them familiar to my Thoughts long before.

When I firſt came to *Paris*, I look'd on my ſelf but as a Priſoner at large, owing the Freedom I had to walk about, only to the Careleſsneſs of the *State*, and the Favour of *Deſtiny*. So that when that Indulgence was retrench'd, no new Things happen'd to me. What I had expected for Seven Years together, could not ſeem ſtrange when it came to paſs.

By what I have ſaid, thou may'ſt learn to prepare thyſelf for the worſt Events, which commonly ſteal upon the Secure and Unthinking, being wrapp'd up in greater Darkneſs and Silence, than the Moments which bring them to Light. Theſe ſlide away without our Advertiſement, unſeen, unheard: Neither can our Watches or Dials inform us any Thing of them, 'till they are paſs'd. So there is no *Index* to point out to us the *hidden Decrees* of *Fate*, 'till they are accompliſh'd; no *Ephemeris* of *Deſtiny*, but our own Experience.

Thou, and all thy Nation, are ſuſpected by the *Chriſtians:* They eſteem you Enemies of their *Intereſt* as well as of your *Law*. They deſpiſe and vilify you, calling you, *The Accurſed of God*. Yet they admit you as Members of their Commonwealth. They receive you to the Protection of their Laws, and entruſt you with their Secrets, that they may ſerve themſelves of your Money. Thus are you become Bankers for your ſworn Enemies: And while you profeſs an Eternal Obedience to the Injunctions of *Moſes*, you make underhand Leagues with the *Diſciples* of

of *Jesus*. I do not accuse your Commerce with these Infidels: But, I say, you have Reason to be upon your Guard, when you are environed with so many Millions of Enemies. They are not ignorant of the Intimacies between the *Ministers* of the *Sublime Porte*, and those of thy Nation: It is common in the Mouths of the *French*, *That the* Jews *are the* Turks *Intelligencers*. Thou oughtest therefore to have a special Regard to thy Conduct, that no imprudent Actions may expose thee to the Jealousy of the *State* where thou resydest. That *Court* is full of *Eyes*; and thou hast need of a stricter Veil, than what thou weares in the *Synagogue*. The very Walls of the House will betray thee, and thy Domesticks may prove thy greatest Enemies: Yet suspect none more than thy self. This will not seem harsh Counsel, if thou reflectest twice on it, there being nothing more certain, than that it is not so easy to defend ones self from him in whom we confide, as from one we are jealous of. And every Man is apt to put too much Trust in himself. I believe thou art faithful, and abhorrest Treachery; yet at the same Time, thou may'st be remiss and weak: What could not be extorted from thee by an open Enemy, may be discovered by the Insinuations of a pretented Friend. Thy own good Nature may cajole thee; and therefore it will be no small Point of Wisdom *To beware of thy self*. As for Contingencies, I advise thee not to be perplexed about them, or be uneasy. Thou canst not avoid the inevitable Appointments of *Heaven*. Only be ready for the worst that may happen, since thou canst never be certain of any Thing.

Thy Predecessor *Carcoa* was a Man of exquisite Forecast, always on the Watch, prying into the dark Orb of Futurities; yet an Accident

ſurprized him once, of which his ſtricteſt Caution never gave him Warning. I read it in one of his Letters to the *Kaimacham*, which thou ſenteſt me from *Vienna*. The Story is this: As he was one Day writing *Diſpatches* to the *Port*, a certain tame Bird which he kept for his Divertiſment, ſnatches from the Table the Paper on which he was writing to the *Tefterdar*: And the Window being open flies with it out into the Street. The Paper was dropped in the Garden of the *Auguſtin Friars*, the very Moment when the *Spaniſh Ambaſſador* was walking there with the *General* of that *Order*. 'Tis true, the Letter was unfiniſh'd, no Name ſubſcribed, and ſo *Carcoa* eſcaped an imminent Hazard of his Life. But the Secrets therein contain'd gave a vaſt Suſpicion to the *Imperial Court*, it being ſoon carried to the *Principal Secretary* of *State*, and by him communicated to the *Emperor* and *Divan*. Strict Inquiſition was made throughout the City for the Author of that Letter. A Reward of a Thouſand *Rix-Dollars* promis'd to any that would diſcover him. The Bird was ſeen by many to fly along with a Paper in her Bill, but from whence ſhe came, none knew. Nor had any curious Eye attended her uncertain Motion back: No Man divining, that that Paper was deſign'd to tranſmit to the *ever happy Port*, the moſt important Counſels of the *German Empire*. Neither was *Carcoa*'s Hand taken notice of, having lived very privately, and uſed another Character in his common Dealings. But how near he was to a Diſcovery, when he ſays himſelf in his Letter, That he wanted but five Words to the Concluſion, where he would have ſubſcribed his Name! From hence thou may'ſt learn, That a *Mariner* in a Tempeſt, amongſt Rocks and Sands, runs not greater Hazards, than he who acts in thy *Station*.

However,

However, thou may'ſt now continue thy Advices to *Paris*, but obſerve the Directions of *Eliachim*, who brings thee this Letter. He will inform thee of whatſoever is neceſſary for thee to know, taking this Journey on purpoſe to prevent the wakeful Jealouſy, and active Inquiſition of *Cardinal Mazarini*, from whom nothing can be hid that's truſted to the *Poſts*. Receive him with ſingular Honour; he is an incorruptible Friend of the *Ottoman Port*. From him thou ſhalt learn the ſafeſt Method of our future Correſpondence. He is the *Apollo* of thy Nation; and his Wiſdom and Fidelity will be recorded in the *Regiſter* of that *Empire*, which ſhall know no earlier Period than the *Moon*, whoſe *Creſcent* is her *Arms*, and the *happy Omen* of her *encreaſing Luſtre*.

When thou beholdeſt that *noble Enſign* of *Mahomet* on the Top of the chief *Temple* of *Jeſus* in *Vienna*, let it augment thy Veneration of our *Law*, and convince thee, that all Nations muſt ſubmit to the *Meſſenger* of *God*, and *Seal* of the *Prophets*. Be faithful and wiſe, and thou canſt not miſs of Happineſs.

Paris, 28th *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.
According to the Chriſtian *Style*.

LETTER II.

To the Kaimacham.

SINCE my Releaſe, I have informed my ſelf of ſome Paſſages, to which I was a Stranger during my Reſtraint. The *Tranſylvanian Agent* continues ſtill at this *Court*; and his *Negotiation* is not now a *Secret*. *Monſieur Croiſſy* is gone *Ambaſſador Extraordinary* to *Prince Ragotſki*, on the ſame Errant from this Crown. The ſubject Matter of both their *Embaſſies*, is a League. Cardinal *Mazarini* ſuſpected Tergiverſation in that *Prince* and that he would privately treat with the *Emperor*, if the *Grand Signior* ſhould withdraw his Aſſiſtance and Protection from him; or if he himſelf ſhould grow weary of the War. Wherefore *Monſieur Croiſſy*, according to the *Cardinal*'s Inſtructions would not ſign the *League*, till *Ragotſki* had called home his *Ambaſſadors*, who were treating with the *Imperialiſts* at *Tyrne*, and ſent away the *German Envoy* from his Camp.

The *League* being concluded, he inſiſted on the Neceſſity the Prince lay under, of marching his Army nearer to *Torſtenſon* the *Swediſh General*, that ſo they might ſupport one another againſt the *German* Forces.

This was the Pretence; but in Reality it was deſigned to engage the *Tranſylvanians* beyond the Power of a Retreat, and to poſt them under the Eye of the *Swediſh General*, who ſoon after poſſeſſed himſelf of *Tyrne*, the Place appointed for Treaty between the *Imperialiſts* and *Prince Ragotſki*.

It is a Town in the Lower *Hungary*, not far from *Preſburgh*. The *Swedes* enter'd this Place the 17th

17th of the 5th *Moon*, but left a Garriſon in it of Seven Hundred *Hungarian* Horſe, and Three Hundred Foot, according to their *Articles* with the Beſieged.

Theſe were ſoon forc'd to quit the Town by *Count Forgatſch*, an *Imperialiſt*, the *Swedes* and *Tranſylvanians* being march'd a great Diſtance off: And 'tis ſaid, this *Hungarian* Garriſon yielded not unwillingly to the *Imperial* Arms.

'Tis certain, *General Torſtenſon* puts but ſmall Confidence in the *Hungarian* Soldiers: For above Six Hundred of the common Sort deſerted him, the 29th of the 5th *Moon*, and the reſt raiſed ſuch frequent Tumults and Mutinies, that their Commander ſtood in more Fear of them, than of their Enemies. It's reported likewiſe, That there has been lately no good Underſtanding between *Ragotſki* and *Torſtenſon*, about the deſigned Siege of *Preſburgh*: The former ſeeming too much to favour the *Hungarians*, and being rather inclined to carry his Arms into the *Emperor*'s Hereditary Countries. Yet he would not conſent, that *Preſburgh* ſhould be in the Hands of the *Swedes*.

The *French* ſay, that the *Prince* is humorous, and wavering, yet of a fair Intention, but that the greateſt Part of his Officers are corrupted by the *Emperor*: And that therefore both they and the common Soldiers were for Peace; only his Wife, his Son, ahd ſome few of his Counſellors perſuaded him to adhere to the *Swedes*.

They add, that the *Young Prince*, being inſtructed by his Mother, one Day in a full Aſſembly of the chief Commanders, made the following Oration, *Ragotſki* himſelf being alſo preſent.

" PErmit me, moſt Serene and Illuſtrious " Prince, my Royal Father, to perform the " Part of a dutiful Son, a faithful Counſellor, " and a loyal Subject. The *Law* of *Nature* and " of *Nations* entitles you to my *Obedience*; and " the particular Honour you have done me, in ad- " mitting me to your Cabinet, obliges me to ex- " emplify it, in an humble Remonſtrance of my " Sentiments, at a Time when the Intereſt of " *Tranſylvania* calls for Freedom of Advice.

" It is with no ſmall Complacency that I now " behold you encompaſſed with a Circle of *Heroes*, " whoſe Valour and Fidelity may give ſuch a Lu- " ſtre to your victorious Arms, as ſhall eclipſe the " Glory of the *Roman* and *Grecian* Conquerors. " The *Alexanders*, *Cæſars*, *Scipios*, and *Hannibals*, " ſhall no longer draw the World into an Admi- " ration of their obſolete Atchievements. The " *Regiſter* of your *Deeds* ſhall foil their *antiquated* " *Hiſtories*; whilſt *Plutarch*, *Tacitus*, and *Livy*, " muſt veil to *modern Pens*, the *Recorders* of your " *matchleſs Actions*.

" Let not the crafty Inſinuations of the *Ger-* " *man Court*, warp your Reſolutions, and cajole " you with the deceitful Umbrages to Peace, only " to gain Time, that they may more ſucceſsfully " carry on the War. Neither ſuffer yourſeves, " already in part victorious, to be amus'd with " feign'd Treaties and Overtures, which you can- " not but ſuſpect. We are now in a Condition " to give the Law, and ſhall Fortune turn the " Scale, it will ſtill be in our Power to make " our own Terms of Compoſition. The *Alliance* " of *Sweden* and *France*, have rais'd us to a Ca- " pacity of braving all *Europe*; whilſt the one " with a potent Army on the *Rhine*, the other on " the *Danube*, keep the *Imperialiſts* in ſuch perpe-

" tual

" tual Actions, that it will be impoſſible for them " to barrier *Germany* from our conquering Arms. " Now is the Time to raiſe *Tranſylvania* above " the Title of a *Tributary Province*, and reſtore " this *Kingdom* to her ancient Renown. If we " miſs this Opportunity, we muſt for ever be " *Slaves* to the *Turks* or *Germans*. Let us not " ſeek any longer Protection, but from the Juſtice " of our Cauſe, and the Dint of our Swords. " Let not *France* and *Sweden* boaſt of their *Tu-* " *renne*, their *Torſtenſon*, as if no other Nations " could furniſh the World with famous *Generals!* " Whilſt *Prince Ragotſki* lives, and lives at the " Head of ſuch an Army, your Fidelity and Cou- " rage ſhall render his Name more terrible than " that of *Tamerlane*, and his Attempts more pro- " ſperous than thoſe of *Scanderbeg*. And our " Poſterity ſhall be obliged to raiſe *Pyramids* to " your Honour; and from your preſent Atchieve- " ments to date a new *Epocha*, the eternal *Me-* " *moir* of *Tranſylvania*'s Redemption.

'Tis ſaid, that *Ragotſki* was not very well pleaſed with his Son's *Speech*, ſuſpecting that he held ſome private Correſpondence with *Torſten-ſon*, for whom he had no great Affection. Laſt *Moon* he inſiſted earneſtly on the Money and Men promiſed him by *Rebenſtock*. But *General Torſten-ſon* thought it ſufficient, that he himſelf was ſo near him with his Forces. Yet leſt he ſhould take an Occaſion of Diſcontent, he ſent him a Supply of Money; though he was not without ſome Apprehenſions that the *Prince*, having re-ceived it, would under-hand treat with the *Em-peror*.

'Tis ſaid here, that a *Chiaus* was arrived in the *Tranſylvanian* Camp, expreſly forbidding *Ragotſki* to enter into the *Hereditary Provinces* of the

Emperor. But that he, truſting to the Strength of his Army, (which conſiſts of Five and Twenty Thouſand *Germans*, *Tranſylvanians*, *Hungarians*, and *Walachians*) was reſolved to purſue his firſt Reſolution.

Thou knoweſt what Reaſons the *Port* had to ſend him this Prohibition. The *French* ſay, 'twas out of Fear that he would join with the *Emperor*'s Forces.

By this thou mayeſt know what Opinion the *Infidels* entertain of the Meaſures taken by the *Soveretgn Divan*. They deſcant at Liberty, whilſt I ſend up *Vows* to *Heaven* for the Exaltation of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 4th *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER III.

To the Inſtructed in all Knowledge; *the* Venerable Mufti.

HAIL, *Holy Interpreter* of the *Sacred Law*; may the *Divine Light* guide thee beyond the Errors of *Human Frailty*. I am amongſt *Infidels*, Enemies to the Truth; who yet ſeem as certain of being in the Right, as thou art ſure they are in the *Wrong*. They hate us with an inevitable Hatred. I muſt diſſemble my Reſentments; whilſt, with the loweſt Proſtrations to the *Unity*, I celebrate his glorious Mercy, who has ſent us ſuch a *Star* to guide our *Feet* into the *Way* of *Peace*.

The *Chriſtians* ſcoff at the *faithful People*, as divided into ſeveral *Sects*. Would my Death could

wipe

wipe out thoſe Reproaches, and vindicate the Honour of the *Holy Profeſſion*. I could retort, that Error ſhews itſelf infinite in them; but I muſt hold my Peace, and reſtrain myſelf, leſt my Zeal tranſport me beyond Diſcretion; remembring I am not ſent here to diſpute, but to act ſecretly for my *Great Maſter*, whoſe *Empire* be extended over all the *habitable World*.

Theſe poor Wretches boaſt much of their *Traditions*, their *Sacred Synods* and *Fathers*, as if we ever wanted *Holy Men*, working *Wonders*, and penetrating into the profoundeſt *Myſteries*, but only wiping their *Eyes* with the *Duſt* of their *Feet*.

They talk much of *Faith* and *Reaſon*; at which I ſmile, as knowing ir to be only *Education*. Yet, as the *worſt* of People have ſomething that is *good*, ſo theſe are not wholly deſtitute of *Devotion*. They pray often, but not ſo often as the *True Believers*; it being, as thou knoweſt, a juſt Exception againſt a Witneſs amongſt us, *That he prays not ſix Times a Day*. They pray to Men and Women deceaſed, whereas thou knoweſt, there is no *Deity* but One. They faſt often, but not ſo ſtrictly as the aſſiſted with the Virtue of the *Supreme Diſpenſer* of *Graces*. They are charitable, but this hinders them not from excluding all from the *bleſt Abodes*, who are not of their *Belief*: Whereas thou affirmeſt (who art the *Reſolver* of all the *Problems* of *Faith*) that it will go well at the *laſt Day* with all honeſt People, ſeeing theſe have all the *ſame Objects* of *Worſhip*; and their *different Religions* are but as ſo many *different Ways*, which lead a Man to the *ſame Place* of *Reſt*, like *various Roads* to the *ſame City*.

Theſe *Chriſtians* whip themſelves often with ſmall Cords; which Humour ſay they, was ſet on Foot by an *Hermit*'s Preaching and Example. Not many Countries diſtant from that where I

am, there happen'd ſuch an odd Inſtance of this extravagant Zeal (which was to be heighten'd, it ſeems, with the Fumes of Wine) as plainly juſtifies our *Prophet*'s Wiſdom, in charging the *Faithful* to avoid it. It was particularly the Cuſtom of ſeveral People in this Place, in their *Proceſſions*, to whip themſelves, 'till the Blood ſtreamed down their Frocks, which were ſo made, as to cover their Faces, and leave only their Backs bare. One of theſe *Zealots*, diſtruſting the Firmneſs of his Conſtitution, had taken ſuch large Draughts of this intoxicating Liquor, that reeling up and down with his Whip in his Hand, and his Head againſt the Walls, he was follow'd by all the Boys of the Town hooting after him, which ſo leſſened the Repute of this *ſottiſh Religion*, as made them abſtain for the future from this pompous Uſage of it. What low Thoughts have theſe People of the *Almighty Lord of All*; when, allowing him to be *Omnipotent*, yet repreſent him to themſelves and others, as delighting in Cruelty; whereas, thou knoweſt, this Paſſion is only to be found among the Weak and Miſerable.

That the *Divine Preſerver* of Men may continue thee long for the Edification of his *Elect*, are the paſſionate Wiſhes of the meaneſt of thy Servants, *Mahmut*.

Paris, 4th *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Muſtapha Berber Aga.

WOULD to GOD I could converſe with thee Face to Face in the *Seraglio*, as in former Times. I vent my paſſionate Wiſhes to *Conſtantinople*, that happy Reſidence of my beſt Friends, the Nurſery of my Childhood, the School of my Youth, and, I hope, the future Repoſitory of my old Age. When I think of that City, 'tis with a Paſſion hardly ſecond to that which I cheriſh for the Place of my Nativity. In *Arabia*, 'tis true, I firſt ſaw the Light of the *Sun*, but 'twas in *Greece* I received the more friendly *Illumination* of the *Moon*, the *Splendors* of the *True Faith*; which, though they diſcloſe not to us ſo clear a Proſpect of the *Earth* and all its Gaieties; yet they preſent us with an unveiled Diſcovery of the *Heavens* and *Stars*; ſhewing us *Paradiſe*, with its glittering Inhabitants, the *purpled Colonies* of *True Believers*, *Champions* and *Martyrs* of the *Eternal Unity*. In the *Deſart* I left my Father, or rather he left me, before I found myſelf, being but an Infant when he died, but in the City I found Friends, which is not a leſs endearing Title. He gave me but my Birth, whereby I entered on the Stage of Miſeries; with which he ſoon after left me to ſtruggle, before I could diſtinguiſh Miſery from Happineſs. But they gave me Education, which taught me how to ſhun thoſe Evils, which are the natural Conſequences of our Birth. So that in the main, I am more indebted to them than to him. Let it be how it will, I cannot ceaſe to love them, and often wiſh myſelf with them. This

is

is a ſecond Nature. And becauſe I cannot have my Deſires fulfill'd in that, I gratify my ſelf by often writing to them. Should I make Compariſons, thou wilt ſay, I am a Flatterer. Suffice it to tell thee, that thou art one of the Number, whoſe Remembrance affects me with ſenſible Complacency. Yet I cannot write to thee, nor any of my Friends. ſo often as I would, without entrenching on the Obligations I have to the other *Miniſters* of the *Sublime Porte*. I ſend *Diſpatches* to all by Turns, ſacrificing my private Regards to the *Expectations* of the *State*, and the *Pleaſure* of my *Superiors*.

Had I been at Liberty, I could have ſent thee the earlieſt News, of the Slaughter which the *Germans*, made three *Moons* ago in the *French* Army at *Margentheim*. 'Tis not too late now to ſay ſomething of it. The *Imperialiſts* owe that Triumph to the Candour of *Turenne*, and the degenerate Craft of the *Duke* of *Bavaria*; who, to lull the *French* in a fatal Security, ſent an *Agent* into *France* to negotiate a *Peace*, with deceitful Overtures and Umbrages; commanding alſo, that none of his Soldiers ſhould dare to call the *French* their Enemies. Yet ſome lay the Blame of this Overthrow to the *Swedes*, whoſe unſeaſonable Suſpicion of a *private Treaty* between the *French* and *Germans*, hinder'd *Torſtenſon* from joining with the former; and expos'd *Turenne*, with his raw and unexperienc'd Forces, to the numerous Army of Veteran *Imperialiſts*.

'Twas a fatal Engagement, and the *French* loſt many brave Men; beſides an Hundred and Fifty Commanders taken Priſoners, Fifteen Hundred of the common Soldiers, Fifty Enſigns, with many Waggons, and Four Mules laden with Money.

It is reported, that whilſt *Turenne*, in the general Retreat and Flights of his Army, betook himſelf to *Margentheim*, as he lay on his Bed the firſt Night, one of his Officers was coming to alarm him with the News of the *Germans* Approach to that Town, but unfortunately ſtumbled at his Chamber Door, with the Noiſe of which *Turenne* awaked; and fearing ſome Attempt on his Life, leaping off his Bed with his drawn Sword, and making toward the Door, juſt as the Officer open'd it, he run him into the Heart. By which Miſtake he himſelf, and the Troops that were in the Town with him, had like to have fallen into the Hands of the *Bavarians*. But receiving Notice of their Approach accidentally by ſome other Means, he withdrew his Troops out of the Town by a contrary Road, and eſcaped the Purſuit of his Enemies.

This Victory has given new Courage to the *Imperialiſts*, and has not much diſpirited the *French*, who are by this Loſs enflamed with greater Ardors, meditating a ſpeedy Revenge. The *Genius* of this *Court* ſeems to be undaunted, breathing nothing but War.

I ſhall not fail to ſend thee ſuch Intelligence, as will demonſtrate, that *Mahmut* paſſes not away his Time in vain.

I pray the *Sovereign* of as many *Empires* as there be *Worlds*, to diſtinguiſh thee by ſome particular Mark of his Favour, from the Crowd of thoſe he makes happy.

Paris, 4th *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To Shahim Iſtham, *a* Black Eunuch.

AT length thou haſt condeſcended to beg my Pardon, for the Calumnies thy Tongue has loaded me with. I am not ill pleaſed with thy Letter. It abounds with elegant Expreſſions of thy Sorrow, for an Offence to which thou hadſt no Provocation. Thy Submiſſion, though late, abates my Reſentment; and, If thou performeſt thy Promiſe, 'tis baniſhed. The firſt Crime ſo ingenuouſly acknowledg'd, claims a Title to Forgiveneſs. Let eternal Oblivion ſeal it. I am not by Nature revengeful. I rather bluſh for Shame, than grow pale with Anger at him that injures me. Yet Self-Preſervation will rouze our Choler, which is the moſt active Humour, and precipitates many to violent Courſes. The Effect it has on me, is to put me on my Guard, leſt he who has wronged me, without any Signs of Repentance, ſhould continue his Malice to my Deſtruction. But thou haſt diſperſed all my Suſpicions by thy ſeaſonable Addreſs; and if I cannot pronounce thee innocent, I will believe thou art not incorrigible. The beſt Advice I can give thee is, henceforwards to attend to thy own Affairs, and refrain from thoſe of others; remembring the *Arabian* Proverb, *He that peeps in at his Neighbour's Window, may chance to loſe his Eyes.* There is a great deal of Wiſdom couch'd in theſe ſhort Sentences. They are not the Product of one Man's Experience, nor of a *few*; but they are the Reſult of *Univerſal* Obſervation. And out Country has been happy above others in the Choice of her *Proverbs.* This

that

that I mention'd, is peculiar to the *Eaſt*, yet I can produce an Inſtance, whereby 'twas lately verified in the *Weſt*.

There is hardly a Night paſſes in this populous City, wherein ſome Murder is not committed in the Street. Two Nights ago a Man was found dead on the Ground: whereupon a Tumult was gather'd about his bleeding Carcaſe. Amongſt the reſt, a Fellow came crowding in, inquiſitive what ſhould be the Matter. Thoſe who ſtood by beholding his Cloaths bloody, which he was not ſenſible of himſelf, ſeized on him as the Murderer. His wild Looks encreaſed their Jealouſy, and the incoherent Words with which he endeavour'd to excuſe himſelf, render'd him guilty in the Judgment of the Rabble. They carried him before a *Cadi*, by whom he was ſtrictly examin'd: He ſtoutly denied the Fact; and no Proof could be brought againſt him, but his ſtained Cloaths. 'Tis the Cuſtom here, to put to the Torture Perſons ſuſpected of capital Crimes, in order to draw a Confeſſion of the Truth. This they did to this poor Wretch; and in the Extremity of his Pains, he acknowledged, he had killed his Wife that Evening, but was altogether innocent of this poor Man's Death, who was murder'd in the Street. All the Torments they inflicted, could force no other Confeſſion from him, ſave that which his real Guilt prompted him to make. For which he was condemn'd to Death, according to the Laws. Thou ſeeſt by this, that had he gone about his Buſineſs, without prying into other Men's Matters, he might have eſcap'd a Diſcovery. But that meddling Itch of the Imprudent betray'd him (not without the particular Direction of *Fate*) to a Death, which indeed he merited, but not

not on the Score of the murder'd Man, whom he went out of his Way to ſee.

Thou wilt ſay, this Story is not applicable to thy Caſe, ſince thou haſt never yet embru'd thy Hands in any Man's Blood. I tell thee, what I have ſaid, was not deſigned as a Reflection on thy paſt Offence (let it be forgotten); but as a Caution for the future, not to engage thyſelf in Matters out of thy Sphere. For a buſy Body is never without Troubles.

Above all, I counſel thee to practiſe the Government of the Tongue, which is a great Vertue, eſpecially in the *Courts* of *Princes*. The *Arabians* ſay, *That the wiſe Man's Soul repoſes at the Root of his Tongue; but a Fool's is ever dancing on the Tip.*

Thou haſt no Reaſon to take in ill Part the Freedom with which I adviſe thee for thy Good; unleſs thou thinkeſt thyſelf too old to learn. But, I have a better Opinion of thee, than to rank thee among *Pythagoras*'s Aſſes.

I have ſaid enough for a Friend; too much for an Enemy. It is in thy own Choice to make me which thou pleaſeſt. Adieu,

Paris, 4th *of the* 8th *Moon,*
of the Year 1645.

LETTER VI.

To Zelim *of* Rhodes, Captain *of a* Galley.

THOU haſt never vouchſafed to acknowledge the Advice I ſent thee ſome Years ago, of a *Chriſtian*'s Deſign againſt thy Life. Peahaps he wanted an Opportunity, to put his Revenge

Revenge in Execution that Way; and therefore the Caution I gave thee look'd like a falſe Alarm. Thou truſteſt in thy Courage, the Strength of thy Veſſel, the Multitude and Fidelity of thy *Slaves*, and thinkeſt thy ſelf invulnerable. But let me tell thee, That neither thy Courage, nor thy Veſſel, can defend thee from the *Stroke* of *Deſtiny*; and thou haſt no greater Enemies than thoſe who eat thy Bread. Whether it be the Continuance of thy Cruelty, or the natural Regret of Servitude has render'd them ſo, I know not; but if what I am informed of be true, thou art the miſerableſt Man in the World. Wert thou only in Danger to loſe thy Life by a Stab, a Bullet, or the ſwift Effects of Poiſon, it would be a Happineſs, in Compariſon of the Method that is now taken to deſtroy thee. And the inviſible Death which thou wert formerly to receive from a *Prayer-Book*, would have been ſoft as the Stroke of *Cupid*'s Arrow, in reſpect of the *Tragical* and *Unheard of Fate*, which is now preparing for thee. Think not I go about to amuſe or affright thee with *Chimæra*'s and *Tales*, ſuch as Nurſes uſe to awe their Children into Compliance and good Manners. What I tell thee is Matter of Fact, and confirmed by many Letters from *Italy*, to ſeveral eminent *Merchants* in *Paris*: I have ſeen ſome of them, and hear that the reſt agree in the ſame Relation

They give on Account, That at *Naples*, on the ſecond of the laſt *Moon*, three *Witches* were ſeized, and accuſed of practiſing *Diabolical Arts*; of Enchanting ſeveral Perſons; of doing great Miſchief; and, in fine, of having private Commerce with the *Devil*. They ſtoutly denied all at firſt, and made very ſubtle and plauſible Apologies. Inſomuch, as the *Inquiſitors* were almoſt perſuaded of their Innocence; till it was ſuggeſted

geſted, that their Houſes ſhould be ſearch'd. *Officers* were ſent accordingly, who after a narrow Scrutiny, found ſome *Magical* Books, ſeveral Vials of ſtrange Liquors, Pots of Ointment; with an *Image* of *Wax*, reſembling a Man, but partly melted. There were imprinted on the Breaſt of the *Image* ſeveral unknown Characters, Figures and *Magical* Symbols: And on the Forehead was to be read *ZELEM EBEN SAGRAN.* All theſe were brought, and expoſed before the *Inquiſitors*; (of whoſe *Office* thou art not Ignorant) great Deliberation was had about this unuſual Emergency. The *Imaums* and *Cheiks* were ſent for and conſulted. The *Witches* were examined apart, and put to the Torture, as is the Cuſtom in Capital Crimes. Admirable was their Conſtancy for a conſiderable Time; but at length, overcome by the Continuance and Sharpneſs of their Pains, they confeſſed they had for ſome Years practis'd *Magick Arts*, convers'd with *familiar Spirits*, raiſed Tempeſts, Earthquakes, and done other wicked Feats. Being examin'd about the *Image* of *Wax*, they declared, That it was the *Image* of a *Turkiſh Captain* of a *Galley* whoſe Name was written on the Forehead: And that they were hired by certain *Italians*, who had been *Slaves* in the *Galley* of the ſaid *Captain*, to bewitch him to Death, in the moſt lingring Method they could invent; that in order to this, they had made this *Image*; that every Night they met together, with a Fourth of their Gang, (who was not to be found) and made a Fire of the *Bones* of *dead Men*, which they ſtole from the *Graves* and *Charnel Houſes*. That they laid this *Image* down at a convenient Diſtance before this Fire, repeating certain *Magical Words* and *Charms*; and as this *Image* gradually melted, ſo the Body of the ſaid *Turkiſh Captain* did inſenſibly

ſibly waſte and decay. And, to add to his lingring Death an intolerable Torment, they baſted the melted *Image* with the Oils, and others Liquors which were contained in the Vials and Pots: That by this Means he was perpetually racked with moſt pungent and acute Pains in his Bowels, Head, and all Parts of his Body, raging under moſt violent Fevers, inſatiable Thirſt, and want of Sleep. Finally, That this lingring Kind of Death would continue, as long as they pleas'd to protract the Diſſolution of the *Waxen Image*.

This *Confeſſion*, tho' extorted from the *Witches* in the midſt of inſufferable Torments, yet was deliver'd without any Inconſiſtencies, and with all the Demonſtrations of a real *Penitence*. And being ſeconded with the Teſtimonies of many credible Witneſſes, who had overſeen them in ſome of their *nocturnal Ceremonies*, the *Inquiſitors* moved with a juſt Horror of ſo nefandous Abominations, ſentenc'd them *To be burnt, and their Aſhes to be ſcatter'd into the Sea*. Which was accordingly executed on the Sixth of the laſt *Moon*, in the Preſence of infinite Spectators.

The News of this Extraordinary Event is freſh in the Mouths of almoſt all the Inhabitants of this City; yet no Man, I dare ſay, hears it with that Concern for the *Turkiſh Captain*, as I do. Even thoſe among the *Chriſtians* who abhor *Witchcraft*, would nevertheleſs rejoice, if not only thou, but all the *Muſſulmans* were deſtroyed with *Enchantments*; ſince they can never hope it will come to paſs by Succeſs of their Arms.

I am not credulous of every Story, that is related of *Witches*, being ſatisfied, That *Superſtition* and *Ignorance* has liſted many in that *Infernal* Number, who were innocent, and never deſerv'd it; ſome having been forced by Racks and Tortures

tures to confeſs themſelves guilty of practiſing *Enchantments*, when, after their Execution, there have appear'd evident Proofs to the contrary. Yet I cannot be ſure, but that there have been ſome in all Ages and Notions, who have entered into Leagues and Aſſociations with *Devils*, and have been enabled thereby to perform Things above the Power of *Nature*. However, I have a particular Deſire to hear from thee, and to be informed, Whether thou haſt experienc'd the Effect of their *Enchantments*. If thou haſt not, bleſs thy Stars that thou wert born and bred a *Muſſulman*, againſt whom the *Magick* of the *Infidels* cannot prevail; and that thou haſt ſwallowed the *Impreſſion* of *Mahomet*'s *Seal*, which is of Force to diſſolve and make invalid, all the *Charms* of *Men* and *Devils*. But if thou haſt felt the Force of their *Enchantments*, and pineſt away with unaccountable Pains and Langours, then think with thyſelf, that thou art defective in keeping ſome *Point* of our *Holy Law*; that *Mahomet* is angry with thee, withdraws his Protection, and expoſes thee to the Malice of *Evil Spirits*, Neither perſuade thy ſelf, That becauſe the *Three Witches* are put to Death, thou ſhalt preſently recover thy former Health and Eaſe again: For, ſo long as there is a *Fourth* living, and out of the Reach of *Juſtice*, thou art not ſafe. Nay, if ſhe were taken and executed too, ſo long as thy Enemies are yet alive, who firſt employed theſe *Hags*, thou art ſtill at their Mercy. They will ſearch every Corner of *Italy*, and of all *Europe*, but they will find Inſtruments of their Revenge. They will rummage *Hell* it ſelf, to gratify their Fury. The beſt Counſel I can give thee in this Caſe is, to pacify thine Enemies, by extraordinary Acts of Civility to the *Chriſtians*, whereever thou meeteſt them; by uſing thy *Slaves* mildly,

mildly, and giving them their Freedom, after a limited Time of Service, without exacting a Ranſom, which neither they nor their Relations and Friends can ever be able to pay. This will abate the Rancour of the *Infidels*, and turn their Revenge into Kindneſs and Love. Thou wilt every where be free from Dangers; and thoſe very Perſons, who now ſtudy all Means to take away thy Life, will then hazard their own, to preſerve thee from Death.

Think not that I go about to perſuade thee to change Temper with thy *Slaves*, and from the Reſolution and Bravery of a true *Muſſulman*, to ſink into the abject Timorouſneſs of a *Chriſtian*. Be fearful only of *thy ſelf*, and ſtand in Awe of none more than of thy *own Conſcience*. There is a *Cato* in every Man, a *ſevere Cenſor* of his Manners; and he that reverences this *Judge*, will ſeldom do any Thing he need to repent of. Let not the *Authority* of any *Station* tempt thee to be cruel and unjuſt; but, in all Things, *Do as thou wouldſt be done unto*. This is a *Precept* engraven on every Man's Heart; and he whoſe Actions write after this Copy, will always be at *eaſe here*, and tranſcendently *happy hereafter*. Follow this *Rule*, and thou wilt experience the *Effect*. Adieu.

Paris, 1ſt *of the* 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem.

IF one may judge of future Events, by applying to them the Symptoms of Things paſt; and if a Man may compare one Kingdom with another, I ſhould think that *France* will in Time extend the *Limits* of her *Empire*, as far as any of the *four great Monarchies*, that have been recorded in *Hiſtories* for the *univerſal* Sway. I will not ſay, as far as the wide-ſtretch'd *Empire* of the ever-victorious *Oſmans*. Yet the *Genius* of this Nation ſeems in ſome Manner to inſpire the *French* with as ardent a Thirſt of Glory and Conqueſt, as that, which has in all Ages appear'd to be the *inſeperable Virtue* of the *Muſſulmans*. They preſs forward to the Mark for which they take up Arms; that is, to ſubdue all before them, and lay Kingdoms, Provinces and Cities, at the Feet of their *Sovereign*. They are not diſcouraged at Difficulties and Loſſes. The Checks and Oppoſitions they neet with, do but animate them with new and freſh Vigours. So that it is become a ſure Prognoſtick of ſome great Succeſs to that Nation, when at any Time they receive ill News from their Armies. In this, their Courage ſeens to be of the Quality of *Naptha*, which by pouring on of Water takes Fire, although, thou knoweſt, theſe two *Elements* be contrary to each other. So this Warlike People, inſtead of being dejected, or made timorous by any Defeat given to their Armies, are rather inflamed with more active and valiant Reſolutions, as will appear by the Repulſe given them by the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, not many *Moons* ago.

As

As ſoon as that Vews arrived in this City, one would have expected to have ſeen ſome Tokens of Fear in the People, but it wrought a contrary Effect. No Tears of Women and Children, no compaſſionate Sighs for their ſlain Huſbands, Fathers, or other Relations; no down-caſt Looks, or ominous ſhaking of Heads; no melancholy Whiſpers or portentous Stories were murmured in the Ears of the Multitude: But all Things appeared lively and proſperous: The very Women exciting the young Men to liſt themſelves Soldiers, and the Boys in the Streets making all their Paſtimes conſiſt in imitating the *Men* of *Arms*, and learning the *Diſcipline* of *War*. There was no need to force Men to the Field. No ſooner was the King's Intentions to raiſe new Forces divulged in the *Provinces*, but Thouſands came voluntarily, and took up Arms, chuſing rather to ſeek honourable Deaths in the Toils and Hazards of War, than to lead inglorious Lives at Home, in the ſoft Enjoyments of Peace.

Theſe Things appeared to me as certain Preſages of the riſing Greatneſs of this *Monarchy*, and an evident Sign that the *French* Nation in this Age, ſhall out-do their *Anceſtors* in *Warlike Deeds*.

The Stage of that bloody Combat, between the Forces of the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, and thoſe under the Command of *Mareſchal Turenne*, was *Mergentheim*. Since which there has been a more fierce Encounter between the *French* and *Imperialiſts* at *Allerſheim*. Wherein the former have recovered the Honour they ſeemed to have loſt in the *Spring*, owing much to the Bravery of the *Landgrave* of *Heſſe-Caſſel*, who, with his Regiments, had a conſiderable Share in the Actions of this Day; and therefore he has been preſented

with magnificent Gifts by the *Queen Regent*. The *Bavarians* loſt in this Battle above Two Thouſand common Soldiers, beſides many Officers of Note. On the *French* Side, the Duke of *Enguien*, (who had newly joined his Forces to thoſe of *Turenne*) was wounded in the Arm, with two other Commanders. *Monſieur Grammond* was taken Priſoner, but honourably treated, and ſent away with Preſents by the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, together with Inſtructions about a Neutrality, who is exchanged for a *German* of equal Quality. The *French* have alſo loſt in this Battle above a Thouſand of the common Soldiers; ſo that their Victory coſt them dear.

The *Duke* of *Enguien*, notwithſtanding his Wounds, marches on the next Day with his Army to *Norlinghen*, offering that Town a Neutrality, and Liberty for the Garriſon to march out, which conſiſted of Three Hundred *Bavarians*. But receiving a fierce Anſwer from the *Governour*, he cauſed the Approaches to be made in order to an Aſſault, which was begun that very Night, and a Breach made in the Walls; upon which the Inhabitants were forced to intercede with the *Duke*, that there might be a Ceſſation of Violence till the next Morning, promiſing, that then the Soldiers ſhould ſurrender at Diſcretion; which was done accordingly.

There he tarried Eight Days to refreſh his Army. Then he marched to *Dunkenſpule*, which was defended by a Garriſon of Five Hundred *Bavarians*. He took this Place by Storm, yet gave Quarters to the Soldiers, who laid down their Arms, and yielded themſelves Priſoners. Leaving a Garriſon of Three Hundred *French* in the Town, he remov'd his Forces toward *Heilbrun*. But in regard this Place was defended by Fifteen Hundred Men, he forbore to aſſault it, and only quartered

quartered his Army in the neighbouring Villages.

Since that Time, which was about the Middle of the laſt *Moon*, there has been no conſiderable Action between the *French* and the *Germans*.. Yet thoſe who pretend to be vers'd in *Military* Affairs, laugh at the ill Conduct of the *Arch-Duke Leopold*, who, when he had the *French* ſhut up in a narrow *Streight*, through which it was impoſſible for them to paſs but by ſingle Files, neglected that Opportunity to cut them off, deferring the Victory (whereof he was too ſecure) till the next Day, by Reaſon of the preſent Wearineſs of his Soldiers. In the mean Time *Turenne*, with his whole Army paſs'd the *Streight* in the Middle of the Night, and came to *Philipſburgh*.

This Over ſight of the *General* is much talk'd of, becauſe, had he purſu'd his Advantage he had not only entirely defeated the *French*, but in all Probability, falling with the whole Force of the *Empire* on the *Swedes*, he had likewiſe vanquiſh'd them, and ſo put an End to the War. But it ſeems as if the *inſcrutable Providence* had determined to infatuate the Minds of the *Germans*, and reſerve thoſe two potent Nations, their Enemies, to be a farther *Scourge* to the *Empire*.

Adieu, *great Guardian* of the *eternal Monarchy*, and believe *Mahmut*, when he ſolemnly ſwears by *Mount Sinai*, and by the *tenth Night* of the *Moon*, that he adores thy conſummate Virtue and Wiſdom, which never fail thee in Extremities.

Paris, 8th *of the* 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER VIII.

To Cara Hali, *a* Phyſician, *at* Conſtantinople.

I AM weary of writing News of Battles and Sieges to the *Grandees*, and I know, thou ſeldom troubleſt thyſelf with the Care of foreign Tranſactions. Beſides, I have no certain Intelligence of Moment to communicate. But I can acquaint thee with ſomething more agreeable to thy Studies and *Genius*.

Here is a Man in this City who was not born blind, but by ſome ill hap loſt the Uſe of his Eyes. Yet *Nature* ſeems to have recompenſed that Misfortune in the Exquiſiteneſs of his *Feeling*. Thou would'ſt ſay he carried his Eyes in his Fingers ends, ſince he diſtinguiſhes thoſe Things by his *Touch*, which are the only proper Objects of *Sight*. Believe me, I think, there can be no Deceit of Confederacy, whereby he might blind others, inſtead of being ſo himſelf. I ſaw him muffled up with a Napkin which covered all his Face, then divers Pieces of *Eaſtern* Silks, of various Colours, were laid on the Table before him. He felt them attentively, and told us the Colour of each Piece exactly. I who was never over-credulous of extraordinary Pretences, ſuſpecting that either the Fineneſs of the Linen which veiled his Face, might give him ſome Glimpſe of the different Colours, or that ſome By-ſtander, with appointed Signs, might inform him, cauſed all the Company to withdraw, except a learned *Derviſe*, who was intimate with me. We threw a thick Velvet Mantle over his Face which reached down to his Navel, girding it about

about his Waiſt, ſo as to leave his Arms at Liberty. Then I procured ſmall Shreds of Silks, ſuch as I could conceal in the Palm of my Hand: Theſe I cauſed him to touch with his Fingers, brought up as high as his Chin, ſo that 'twas impoſſible for him to ſee them, had he had the Uſe of his Eyes; yet he made not the leaſt Miſtake in five ſeveral Colours. We changed the Order of the Silks, and ſometimes gave him the ſame Piece four or five Times together; yet, as ſoon as he had felt it, he readily told us, 'twas the ſame Colour.

I tell thee, O learned *Hali*, ſuch an uncommon Experiment, afforded me Matter both of Delight and Wonder. I concluded from hence, that *Nature* is no Niggard in her Gifts, but ſupplies the Defects of one Senſe, by the ſuper-abundant Accuracy of another. We aſked this blind Perſon, By what Diſtinction he thus knew one Colour from another without the Help of his Eyes. He was not able to expreſs the particular Manner of this diſcriminating Senſation; but only told us in general, that he felt as much Difference between the *red* Silk and *black*, as he had formerly done during the Enjoyment of his Eye-ſight between the *Silks* of *Perſia*, and the *fine Linen* of *Europe*: Which, thou knoweſt, are as different to the Touch as fine Paper and Vellum.

Thou that daily pryeſt into the Faculties of Humane Bodies, art better able to judge whether this Man's Excellency lay in the Tenuity and Fineneſs of his Skin, the Subtilty of his Spirits, or ſome unuſual, powerful, yet delicate Energy of his Soul; or, whether it conſiſted in all theſe together.

The *Derviſe* who was with me, ſeemed not much to admire at this rare Quality of the blind Man: Telling me moreover, that about Ten

Years ago in his Travels, he had ſeen a blind *Statuary* at *Florence*, who undertook to make the Reſemblance of an *Image* in the chief *Temple* of that City, which he finiſh'd ſo much to the Life, that his Work could no otherwiſe be diſtinguiſh'd from the Original, than by the Difference of the Materials, *that* being Alabaſter, *his* white Clay, which he ſo temper'd and moulded with his Fingers, as he continually felt of the other, that no Lineament was left unexpreſs'd.

Indeed, when I reflected on our *Mutes* in the *Seraglio*, and the unaccountable Sagacity with which they apprehended thoſe Words which they never heard, I ceas'd to be ſurpriz'd at what I had ſeen the blind Man perform, or what the *Derviſe* had ſaid of the *Statuary*. I remember in *Sultan Amurath*'s Time there was a *Mute*, in whom the *Grand Signior* took infinite Delight. For, beſides a Thouſand pretty Geſtures and Tricks with which ſhe uſed to divert that *Prince*, he often made her his *Secretary*, employing her in writing Letters to his *Baſſa*'s and others, whilſt he dictated to her by Signs. Although ſhe could never receive the Sound of Words, nor utter any that were articulate; yet I have ſeen her tranſcribe a whole *Chapter* in the *Alcoran*, containing a Hundred and Seventy *Verſicles*, in as fine a Character, as the moſt celebrated *Scribes* of the *Empire*; and when ſhe had done, would explain what ſhe had thus written by Signs, which made it evident that ſhe perfectly underſtood the *Alcoran*.

Theſe are rare Gifts, my Friend; yet were all the *Mutes* educated with as much Diligence and Care, as was *Saqueda*, (ſo ſhe was call'd) 'tis poſſible they would attain to greater Perfection. I have been told, that her *Tutor*, one of the learned'ſt Men in *Arabia*, beſtow'd many Years in teaching her this Method of Reading, Underſtanding, and Writing. This

This puts me in Mind of a Man who was bred a *Mahometan*, but being taken Captive by the *French*, embraced their Religion, not in his Heart, but only in outward Profeſſion. When I firſt came to *Paris*, I fell into his Company by Accident, and underſtanding that he was an *African*, I deſired to aſk him ſome Queſtions, but he was dumb, ſo that I had almoſt laid aſide my Hopes of converſing with him; till perceiving that he moved his Lips, and opened his Mouth, as one that was talking, I offered him Pen, Ink, and Paper, making Signs to him, that I would gladly know his Mind in Writing. He accordingly writ in *Moreſco*, That he was ſtruck deaf and dumb about eighteen Years ſince, telling me alſo the Place of his Nativity, and how he came hither; I took the Pen, and in the ſame Language expreſs'd my Compaſſion of his Misfortunes. When he ſaw that I underſtood *Moreſco*, he writ again, ſignifying to me, that if I opened my Mouth wide at the pronouncing of every Syllable, he could underſtand my Meaning by the Poſture of my Lips and Tongue. I found his Words true, to my no ſmall Admiration; for he could write down what I had ſaid. We converſed together often; and at length I procured his Eſcape in the Retinue of a *Chiaus* that was returning from hence to *Conſtantinople*.

I beſeech the *wiſe Architect* of *Nature*, and *Repairer* of *Humane Defects*, either to continue to us the Uſe of our Senſes, or to ſupply that Want by ſome ſuperlative Endowments of the Mind.

Paris, 20th *of the* 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER IX.

To Uſeph, Baſſa.

THOU wilt ſay, I am unmindful of my Duty in not congratulating thy *new Honeur* before this; and that I forget the good Offices which formerly paſs'd between us in the *Seraglio*. I tell thee my Obligations are infinite, not only to thee, but to many others of my Friends at the *Port*: It is impoſſible for me to acquit myſelf of ſo many Engagements. As for the *Dignity* to which the *Sultan* has raiſed thee, I received the firſt News of it within theſe Fourteen Days. And I dare affirm, That none of my Friends, or of thoſe whoſe Dependence is on thee, could with greater Complacency behold thee veſted by our moſt *auguſt Emperor*, than I read the Letter which conveyed to me this welcome Intelligence.

Long mayeſt thou live to enjoy the Bleſſings which thy good Fortune has heaped on thee. Yet I counſel thee to enjoy them ſo, as not to forget thou muſt die. Let not the *Grandeur* of thy *Station* render thee proud and wilful: But remember, when thou art ſurrounded with a Crowd of adoring Suppliants, That *Death* ſhall level thee with the *meaneſt* of thy *Slaves*. Thus the ancient *Philoſophers* ſpared not to perform the Office of Monitors to their *Kings* and *Princes*: And I hope, thou wilt not take in ill Part the wholeſome Advice of *Mahmut*, who diſcovers a Temper void of Hypocriſy, in the Freedom he aſſumes. If thou giveſt Ear to Flatterers, they will complement thee to thy Ruin; and when thou art on the Brink of a Precipice, they will

will perſuade thee there is no Danger, though, if thou goeſt on, they know thy Fall is inevitable. They will pride themſelves in the Dexterity of their Malice, and inſult over thee with ſcornful *Sarcaſms*, whom not long ago they idolized.

The eminent Command thou haſt, requires thy frequent Preſence in the *Sovereign Divan:* And that thou may'ſt not ſit there, only as an Auditor of other Men's Counſels, and incapable of making one in the Number of thoſe, who become remarkable by their Orations, or Reports of Foreign Events; I will now entertain thee with ſome Paſſages, which have happened in *Europe* ſince the Beginning of this Year, whereof the other *Baſſa*'s may poſſibly be ignorant.

The *Diet* of *Francfort*, which had continued for Three Years, was diſſolved on the 12th of the 4th *Moon*. This may be known at the *Port*, while they remain Strangers to the Reaſons of it. There are a Sort of *Chriſtians* in *Germany*, whom they call *Evangelicks*. Theſe are oppoſite to the *Roman Church*, both in *Religion* and *Intereſt:* And their Cauſe is chiefly eſpous'd by the *Dukes* of *Saxony* and *Brandenburgh*. It was to comply with theſe, that an *Aſſembly* was appointed at *Oſnaburgh*; but the *Emperor* and the *Catholicks* were either for continuing that at *Francfort*, or tranſlating it to *Munſter*. While the contending Parties were bickering and ſtriving to gain their ſeveral Ends, the *Deputy* of the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, tired out with ſuch intolerable Delays, departed from *Francfort*, whom the reſt of the *Deputies* followed. And this thou may'ſt report for the true Occaſion of the *Diſſolution* of that *Diet*.

Thus, at the Beginning of the Year, the Diſputes which thoſe *Infidels* raiſed about ſafe Con-

duct, Exactneſs of Titles, Priority of Addreſs, and many other vain *Punctilio*'s, hindred them from coming to any Concluſion about a *Peace*, which was the principal Cauſe of their aſſembling. And this is a Folly peculiar to the *Nazarenes*, that in all *publick Aſſemblies* the very Strength and Vitals of their Counſels are ſpent in a vain adjuſting of *empty Ceremonies*.

It is credibly reported here, That the King of *Poland* earneſtly ſolicites a Match with Queen *Chriſtina* of *Swedeland*, but has not hitherto had any poſitive Anſwer, or effected any Thing in it. In the ſecond *Moon* of this Year, that Queen ſent an *Ambaſſador*, to give the King of *Poland* an Account, That ſhe had taken the *Government* upon her. While he tarried in the *Poliſh Court*, there were not wanting ſuch, as by the King's Order, ſifted his Inclination, in Reference to this Affair. It was propoſed to him that this *Match* would be a happy Occaſion to unite the Two *Kingdoms* in a firm and durable *League*: That the *Evangelicks* in *Poland* would be much eaſed thereby: That *Uladiſlaus* was not much decay'd in his natural Vigour: That *Swedeland* might in the mean while be govern'd by the *Council*, with many other Propoſals and Encouragements, to this Purpoſe. Among which I muſt not omit, that it was ſuggeſted, how eaſy 'twould be for two ſuch potent Crowns, in *Conjunction*, not only to humble the *Germans*, but alſo to put a Stop to the victorious Arms of the *Ottoman Empire*. But all this came to nothing, that wary Queen ſuſpecting that there was a deeper Deſign in the Courtſhip of this old Fox; and that by ſuch a *Match*, the *Kingdom* of *Swedeland*, in Default of the *Iſſue Royal*, might be ſubjected to a *Foreign Crown*.

However,

However, it is eaſy to apprehend from this, that if the *Poles* maintain at preſent their Accord with the *Sublime Port*, 'tis for want of Strength to break it; and that they only wait an Opportunity to make ſome potent and firm *Alliance*, which may ſecond the Deſigns formed by that *Court* againſt the *firſt Throne on Earth*, whereof thou art one of the *principal Pillars*.

Remain firm in thy *Station*, and let neither the Tempeſts of War, nor the Convulſions of State, ſhake thy Conſtancy. But above all, ſuffer not thy *Integrity*, which is the *Baſis* of all *Virtues*, to be undermin'd by *Bribes*.

If thou followeſt this Counſel, *God* and his *Prophet* ſhall eſtabliſh thee, all Men will honour thee, thy *Sovereign* ſhall exalt thee; and *Mahomet* will rejoice to ſee thee in Time become the *Atlas* of the *Eternal Empire*.

Paris, 5th *of the* 10th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER X.

To Ichingi Cap' Oglani, Præceptor *to the* Royal Pages *of the* Seraglio.

THERE is a vaſt Difference between thy Letter, and that of *Shaſhim Iſthan*. He is eloquent in the Acknowledgment of his Crime, thou rhetorical in thy own Juſtification. Thou haſt plunder'd *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*, and robb'd 'em of all the *Flowers* and *Tropes* of *Oratory*, to dreſs up a faint, lifeleſs Excuſe. Such an artificial Apology, inſtead of cancelling, heightens thy Offence. It

might have procured thee the Applauſe of the *Academy*; but it comes ſhort of giving me Satisfaction for the Injuries I have received at thy Hands, I have Reaſon to eſteem them ſuch; becauſe ſo deſign'd, altho' they took no Effect. For Wrongs of this kind ought to be meaſured by the Intention of the Author, not by their Succeſs. The *Miniſters* of the *Divan* will hardly be prevailed to ſuſpect *Mahmut*, wha has given ſubſtantial Proofs of his Fidelity.

Tell me, in the Name of *God* and *Mahomet*, What was the Motive that induced thee to ſlander me? Wherein have I merited this Perſecution at thy Hands? It could not be Revenge, becauſe I never gave thee Occaſion; unleſs thou ſtill retaineſt a Grudge on the Score of my Studying in the *Academies*; und that at my Return from *Palermo*, thou wert not able to expoſe me in the Preſence of the *Mufti*, in any Point of Language or Learning. But I had rather charitably believe 'twas thy Ambition, not thy Malice, which gave Birth to thoſe Calumnies thou haſt vented againſt me. Thou envieſt me the Honour of ſerving the *Grand Signior* in this Station, thinking thyſelf capable of diſcharging this Office more ſucceſsfully than *Mahmut*. I cenſure not thy Abilities; but think 'tis beſt for every Man to be content with his own Condition, ſince *Deſtiny* diſtributes the Employments of the World among Men, by Rules into which we cannot penetrate.

Thou art Maſter of the *French* Tongue; but doſt thou think that a complete Qualification for a Man in my Poſt? Art thou fit to converſe in the *Court* of a *Foreign Prince*, who canſt not govern thy Tongue in *that* of thy *native Sovereign?* Thou art yet to learn a *Courtier*'s Maſterpiece, which is, To diſſemble even the neceſſary

Art

Art of Diſſimulation. That is, as the *Arabians* ſay, *To have a Veil upon a Veil*; or as the *Italians*, *To have a Maſk with a natural Face on the Outſide*. Thou art ſo far from this, that thou canſt not yet draw perfectly the firſt rough Strokes of a Counterfeit.

To ſpeak plain, Hadſt thou by any artificial feigning of Friendſhip to me, made Way to inſinuate thy Story into the Belief of the *Grandees*, thou mighteſt have praiſed me to my Ruin. But to go bluntly to Work, without preventive *Encomiums*, diſcovered at once the Weakneſs of thy Judgment, and the Strength of thy Paſſion; giving the *Miniſters* Occaſion to think there was leſs of Truth, than of Deſign in thy Accuſations.

For the future, I adviſe thee to mind thy Books and Scholars, and meddle not with *Mahmut*, whoſe Buſineſs is to ſtudy Men. Adieu.

Paris, 5th *of the* 10th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XI.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of* State.

WITH extreme Joy I have received the certain News of the taking of *Canea* by the invincible *Ottoman* Arms.

I muſt confeſs, when I firſt apprehended the Intentions of *Sultan Ibrahim*, to make War with the *Republick* of *Venice*, I was apt to hearken to ſome thinking Men in this *Court*, who, making their Obſervations of the *Sultan*'s indulging himſelf

himſelf in Female Pleaſures, conjectured from thence (as by a common Rule) that he would not have diſcovered ſuch a martial and active Spirit, in aſſerting the Honour of the *Ottoman Empire*. His dextrous concealing his Deſigns, even to the very Execution of them, has ſtruck a Damp into all the *Courts* in *Europe*, inſomuch as *Cardinal Mazarini* this Day told the *Queen Regent*, That he doubted left *Sultan Ibrahim* would prove another *Junius Brutus*, who being the *Nephew* of *Tarquin*, one of the *Primitive Kings* of *Rome* for ſome Years, counterfeited an extraordinary Simplicity and Weakneſs of Spirit: But having privately ſecured a Faction to his own Intereſts, by popular Arts, he, to gain the *Sovereignty*, changed the *Form of Government*, procured himſelf to be made *Conſul*, and diſcovered a *Genius*, ſurpaſſing in Policy and mature Judgment, all his Predeceſſors.

Though the *Cardinal*'s Compariſon be diſproportionate to the *Grandeur* of the *ſovereign Emperor* of the *World*, who cannot without a vaſt Injury be poſtpon'd in Virtue, Wiſdom or Power, as a *Second* or *Imitator* of any *Prince* upon *Earth*: Yet the Character holds good in the main, That he has timely and maturely diſſembled the moſt ſublime Abilities and Endowments a *Sovereign Prince* is capable of, rendering thereby his Enemies ſecure and careleſs: Till at length all thoſe illuſtrious Attributes exert themſelves on a ſudden, breaking forth like the *Sun* from an *Eclipſe*; at once dazling the aſtoniſh'd World, and ſurprizing the Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*, in the Slumbers which proceeded from the Contempt of his *ſacred Majeſty*.

I thought indeed once that the *Venetians* would have been in a Condition to have faced the *Ottoman Navy*, and diſputed their farther Progreſs

on

on the Seas. I expected no leſs than that they would have made ſome huffing Attempts on the *Iſles* of *Archipelago*; that they would have enter'd the *Helleſpont*, brav'd the *Dardanels*, and ſailing forward would have block'd up the *Ottoman Navy* in the *Propontis*, or driven them into the *Euxine* Sea for Shelter. And who could have thought otherwiſe, had they been provided for a War? But our ſage *Emperor*, by Secrecy, which is the very Soul of all great Undertakings, hat anticipated their very Fears, and leap'd upon the Prey, while the Keepers were aſleep.

Had the *Chriſtian Princes* and *States* laid aſide their private *Punctilio*'s and Animoſities, when the *Venetians* firſt made their Application to them for Aſſiſtance, it might have proved a doubtful War. But inſtead of generouſly uniting their Forces in the common Defence of *Chriſtendom*, they begin to divide their Intereſts and Hearts one from another, and that upon the vaineſt Motives in the World, one *State* diſputing with another about Precedency of Poſts in the Army, which proceeded to that Height, as to fruſtrate the main Deſign: For the *Pope* himſelf at laſt is forced to raiſe the greateſt Aids the *States* of *Venice* are like to have; joining his Gallies with theirs, and ſending a Thouſand Foot on Board at his own Coſt.

Thus does *Divine Providence*, out of the Diſcords of *Chriſtian* Princes, draw Occaſions to enlarge the *ſacred Empire* of the *Muſſulmans*, and to ſpread the *Ottoman* Conqueſts o'er the *Weſtern World*.

Paris, 20th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LET-

LETTER XII.

To the Magnificent *and* Redoubtable Vizir Azem.

IT appears that the *Queen* of *France* is very indulgent to her *Generals*, having called home the *Duke* of *Enguien* from the Toils of War. This *Prince* neglecting the Wounds he received in the Battle of *Allerſheim*, not many Days after, fell into a violent Fever; ſo that he was carried in a Horſe-Litter to *Philipſburgh*, with no ſmall Danger of his Life. As ſoon as he recovered his Health, he was commanded to return to *France*, and the Charge of the whole Army committed to *Mareſchal Turenne*.

Such Tenderneſs is never ſhew'd to the Invincible *Ottoman Generals*, neither would they eſteem it a Favour, but a Diſgrace. When they go to the Wars, they make no under-hand Leagues with the Elements to ſpare their Bodies, but are reſolved to combat with Cold, Heat, Hunger, Thirſt, and all the Hardſhips to which Soldiers are liable, as well as with the Swords of their Enemies. They take no other Armour againſt the rigorous Froſts of a *Ruſſian* Winter, or the ſcorching Sands of a *Perſian* Summer, but an unſhaken Reſolution, and invincible Patience, and a Mind incapable of bowing under the worſt Misfortunes. They are not angry with the Weapons of their Adverſaries, when they carve in their Limbs, the Marks of an Honour, which will far out-laſt the Pain of their Wounds; and in their Fleſh hew deep Characters of an immortal Fame, and a Renown which ſhall know no Period. They are not parſimonious of their Blood

Blood, but court their Enemies to ſpill it on the Ground, from whence it will ſpring up in Laurels and Wreaths, to crown them with Triumphs and Glory whilſt they live, and for to ſweeten their Memory with the Praiſe of future Generations.

Thus, Magnanimous *Vizir*, do the *Muſſulman Heroes*, the *Props* of the *firſt Empire*, manifeſt their Courage, in defying of Dangers and Wounds, and ſcorning to capitulate with Fortune, for Eaſe and Exemption from Death. They know, that when they march againſt the *Infidels*, 'tis in Vindication of the *eternal Unity*; and therefore, inſtead of endeavouring to ſhun, they court a Death ſo glorious, as that which will immediately tranſport them to the *Boſom* of our *holy Prophet*, and to the *inexpreſſible Delights* of the *Gardens* of *Eden*. Where this Truth is firmly rooted, there is no Room for Fear to plant it ſelf. But the Caſe is otherwiſe with *Infidels*, who blaſpheme that pureſt *undivided Eſſence*. They aſſert and believe a *Plurality of Gods*, and therefore, in Time of Danger, amongſt ſo many *Deities*, they know not whom to addreſs, or whom to confide in. The Apprehenſion of Death is terrible to them, whoſe Hope is only in this Life; whoſe Conſciences are ſtained with a Thouſand Pollutions, and yet renounce the very Method of being clean. Who not only err themſelves, but by their evil Example and Influence, (for I ſpeak of the *Princes* and *Great Ones*) draw innumerable after them, to taſte of the *Tree Zacon*, which grows in the *Middle of Hell*.

People ſpeak variouſly of the *Duke* of *Enguien*'s Conduct in the Battle of *Allerſheim*. His Creatures extol his Valour and Experience with *Hyperboles*; whilſt his Enemies endeavour to leſſen his Reputation. Some ſay, he owes his Revo-

Revocation to the *Queen*'s Diſlike; others attribute it to the extraordinary Concern ſhe has for his Health. But ſuch as would be eſteem'd the wiſer Sort, ſay, his Return is voluntary, and ſought by himſelf, ſcorning to hold his *Commiſſion* any longer at the Pleaſure of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who, 'tis thought, firſt procured him this Employment, only to have him out of the Way, and take off his Application from the *domeſtick* Affairs of *France*. Theſe are the Diſcourſes of the People at preſent, who yet perhaps may change their Opinions before the Sun goes down. They will always be cenſuring and deſcanting on the Actions of their *Superiours*; few being willing to think their Tongues were given them to lie idle. It is but a little Member, but often does great Miſchief by its Activity. One of the *Ancients* gave no good Character of it, when he called it a *Dæmon*. Yet we are not bound to believe all that the *Philoſophers* ſaid. *Æſop* gave the moſt impartial Account of this Member, when he ſaid, *'Twas the* beſt, *and the* worſt. Sometimes I ſit ſilent many Hours together; not for want of Company, (for here's a Glutt of that in this populous City;) nor becauſe I know not what to ſay, (for I could ſpeak a great deal more than 'tis fit for others to hear) but that I may ſtudy with leſs Interruption, how to ſerve my *great Maſter*. For much Talking enervates the Judgment, and evaporates the Mind into Air. Beſides, by thus practiſing Silence in private, I learn the Art of reſtraining my Words in publick, when it is requiſite to promote the Ends at which I aim. 'Tis not for a Man in my Station to be open and talkative; but to diſtinguiſh Perſons and Seaſons; to underſtand the due Stops and Advances of my Tongue; ſometimes to ſay much in a little, at other Times

to

to ſay little or nothing at all; but ever ſo to ſpeak, as not to lay myſelf naked to the Hearers; yet to ſeem a very frank, open-hearted Man, in what I diſcourſe of.

I would not have thee conclude from what I have ſaid, that *Mahmut* uſes any Reſerve to the *Miniſters* of the *Divan*, who are *Mines* of *Science* and *Wiſdom*, and can eaſily diſcern the Heart thro' the moſt artificial Veil of Words. But it is abſolutely neceſſary for me to uſe Diſſimulation in this *Court*, ſeeming many Times ignorant of what I really know, that I may not be thought to know more than they would have me. I was never yet ſo indiſcreet, as to publiſh any Secret that was committed to my Charge, whereby I have gain'd great Confidence with Men who delight to unboſom their Intelligence. They eſteem me a Man of Integrity, and fit to be truſted. Thus am I made privy to many Intrigues of the *Grandees*, and a Repoſitory of the *Court* News: Whilſt they whiſper in *Mahmut*'s Ear what is tranſacted in the Royal Bed-Chambers, and private Apartments.

By this Means I am acquainted with an Amour of *Cardinal Mazarini*, which is known but to a few. This *Miniſter* has none of the worſt Faces, and a proportionate Elegance in his Shape: Much addicted alſo to the Love of Women; yet he manages his Intrigues with that Caution and Privacy, as not to expoſe the Honour of his *Function*. Among the reſt, he had frequent Acceſs to the Chamber of a certain *Counteſs Dowager*, her Huſband being lately deceas'd. This was not carried ſo privately, but 'twas whiſper'd about, That a Man was ſeen often to come out of this Ladies Chamber a little before Day; but no Body knew who it was (for the *Cardinal* went diſguiſed.) At laſt it came to the

the *Queen*'s Ear, who was reſolved to unravel this Intrigue. She cauſed *Spies* to be placed at a convenient Diſtance from the Lady's Chamber-door, which opened in a Gallery of the *Royal Palace*, with Orders to trace him home. That Night the deſigned *Watch* was firſt ſet, it fortuned that the *Cardinal* being in the *Counteſſes* Chamber, her Maid, who was privy to this Amour, overheard theſe *Spies* talking to each other concerning her Lady, which made her more attentive (being in a Place where ſhe could not be ſeen) till at length ſhe plainly diſcovered, That they lay in wait to find out who it was that had been ſeen coming out of the Chamber. She quickly acquaints the *Counteſs* with this News. She conſults the *Cardinal* what was beſt to be done to avoid Diſcovery. In fine, it was agreed between them, that the *Counteſs* ſhould put on the *Cardinal*'s Diſguiſe, and he a Suit of her Cloaths; that ſhe ſhould go out at the uſual Hour of his Retreat, and walk in the Gardens; that if examined, ſhe ſhould pretend this Diſguiſe was to guard her from the rude Attempts of Men, who if they found a Lady alone in the Night Time, would not fail to offer ſome Incivilities; that ſoon after her Departure, the *Cardinal* ſhould go forth in her Dreſs, and ſhift for himſelf. This was perform'd accordingly. The *Counteſs* walk'd into the Gardens in the *Cardinal*'s Diſguiſe, follow'd by the *Spies*, whilſt he goes to an intimate Friend's Houſe, (an *Italian*, whoſe Fortune depended on this *Miniſter*) and changes his Female Accoutrements for the proper Apparel of his Sex. The *Counteſs* having walked about half an Hour in the Garden, was ſeiz'd on by ſome of the *Guards*, under Suſpicion of ſome ill Deſign. She was carried before the *Queen*, and examined. She then

then discovered herself, begging the *Queen*'s Pardon, and telling her, that a particular Devotion had obliged her to take that Course for several Mornings; but if it offended her *Majesty*, she would hold herself dispensed with, and would forbear. The *Queen* seeming satisfied with this Answer, dismissed her. Thus the Amours of the *Cardinal* and the *Countess* remain'd a Secret; and there are but three Persons (besides themselves) that know any thing of it, among which *Mahmut* is one.

Thou seest, *Illustrious Minister*, that the Reputation of my Secrecy, has gain'd me the Confidence of one of the *Cardinal*'s *Privado*'s; for I had this Relation from the *Italian* whom I mention'd, at whose House the *Cardinal* changed his Disguise. I am not without Hopes, by the prudent Management of this Discovery, to penetrate farther into the *Court* Intrigues. For he that told me this Story, considered not that he made me thereby Master of his Fortune, and that it is no longer safe for him to deny me any Intelligence I require of him. He has put a Key into my Hand, which will open his Breast at my Pleasure.

Yet I need not magisterially claim Discoveries from him, as the only Conditions on which he is to expect my concealing what he has already disclosed. There is a more dexterous and serviceable Way to become his *Confessor*, without such an ungrateful Insult; whilst with a well acted Candour I feign a Relation of such Things as I suspect, yet cannot be certain are true, till attested by himself, professing at the same Time not to believe those pretended Reports I heard. If I shall be so happy as to do any effectual Service to the *Grand Signior* by this Engagement, it will answer my Ends, and I shall not repent of my Craft.

Mahmut

Mahmut ſalutes thee, *Sovereign Baſſa*, in the humbleſt Poſture of Adoration, lying proſtrate on the Ground, in Contemplation of thy Grandeur. Beſeeching *God* that he would grant this Favour to thee, to live happily, and to die in thy Bed.

Paris, 20th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XIII.

To Egri Boinou, *a* White Eunuch.

THOU giveſt me abundant Proofs of thy Affection and Friendſhip, in frankly telling me what they ſay of *Mahmut* in the *Seraglio*. I do not expect to be free from Cenſure; and am ſo far from being diſcouraged at the Obloquies ſome Men faſten on me, that it adds to my Comfort; it being an aſſured Mark of Innocence to be traduced. I am not deſirous that the *Arabian Proverb* ſhould be verified in me, which ſays, *That he deſerves no Man's good Word, of whom all Men ſpeak well.* I dread to be popular at ſuch a Price, and will rather court the Slanders of the Envious, by a ſtedfaſt Perſeverance in my Duty, than lay a Train for the Compliments of Flatterers, by favouring Sedition. Thou knoweſt what Reaſon I have to ſay this. There needs no Interpreter between us. Though the *Black Eunuch* has recanted his Aſperſions, yet there are others who perſiſt in their Malice; and it will be difficult for the *Maſter* of the *Pages*, with his beſt *Rhetorick*, to exempt himſelf from the Number.

I have

I have received both their Apologies, and have anſwer'd them I wiſh they would reform this Vice; not ſo much for my Sake, who am Proof againſt their Accuſations, as for their own: For the Injury they intended to do me, will redound moſt to themſelves. Miſery is on him that perſecuteth his Neighbour.

He that is merciful and gracious, who hath ſeparated the Brightneſs of the Day from the Obſcurity of the Night, defend both thee and me from the Malice of Whiſperers, from the Enchantments of Wizards, and ſuch as *breathe thrice* upon the *Knot* of the *Triple Cord*.

Paris, 20th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XIV.

To Muſtapha, Berber Aga.

THOU wilt laugh at the Hypocriſy and Folly of the *Nazarenes*, when thou ſhalt know the *Articles* agreed upon between the *Elector* of *Saxony*, and *Koningſmark*, one of the *Swediſh Generals*, on the 27th of the 8th *Moon*.

The *Swedes* had prevail'd on the Son of the *Elector*, to intercede with his Father for a *Truce*; but the old Duke would not hearken to any Thing of that Nature, till *Torſtenſon* gave Orders to the *Swediſh* Army in thoſe Parts, that they ſhould oppreſs the *Elector*'s Subjects, by exacting from them unreaſonable Taxes and Contributions; and that they ſhould lay deſolate all the Countries about *Dreſden*, if they refuſed to pay what was demanded of them. Accordingly they took a Caſtle,

Caſtle, which commanded a large Valley of Meadows and Corn-Fields. The *Swedes* burnt the Corn on the Ground, led away the Peaſants Captives, and demoliſhed many Towns and Villages; yet not without ſome Loſs on their Side: For the *Saxons* one Night ſtole upon them while they were ſecurely ſleeping, and ſlew an Hundred and Twenty, taking above Three Hundred Priſoners. Thoſe who were left in Poſſeſſion of the Caſtle, met with no better Fortune; being compell'd in a few Days to ſurrender this their new Conqueſt, with Five Enſigns, and a Hundred and Fifty Priſoners, which were all carried in Triumph to *Dreſden*.

One would have thought that theſe Succeſſes ſhould have confirm'd the *Elector* in the Averſion he had already conceived for a *Treaty*, that he would rather have purſued his good Fortune with Arms; eſpecially when by entring into a private ſeparate *Treaty* with the *Swedes*, he muſt needs give a great Suſpicion to the *Aſſembly* of the *Deputies*. But the old Duke doted; and when neither the repeated Solicitations of his Son, nor the continual Ravages which *General Koningſmark* made in his Territories, could procure from him, that he granted to the charming Addreſſes of a beautiful Lady.

The *Elector*'s Son adhering much to the *Swediſh* Intereſt, and finding all other Means ineffectual to oblige his new Friends; it was agreed upon between him and *Koningſmark*, that he ſhould at leaſt, perſuade his Father to a *Truce* of a few Days: That, during the Ceſſation of Arms, the Son ſhould invite his Father to a Banquet, where *Koningſmark* ſhould be preſent, with ſome of the principal *Swedes* in his Army. All this ſucceeded according to their Wiſhes. The good Old Man conſented to a Ceſſation of Arms, and

and to give *Koningsmark* a Meeting at his Son's Banquet. The *German* Gallantry, and indeed all that of *North Europe*, conſiſt much in their exceſſive Drinking: He is eſteemed the moſt polite Man who can bear moſt Wine, with leaſt Alteration of his Temper. This they call *Carouſing*. The Son had provided Plenty of thoſe Wines which grow on the Banks of the *Rhine*, eſteem'd the wholeſomeſt and moſt delicious of all theſe Parts. It is not neceſſary to repeat particularly the firſt Salutes and Addreſſes: Both Parties ſeemed emulous to exceed in Civilities. They fell to the Wine with Freedom and Mirth, after the Manner of the Country. When in the midſt of their Glaſſes, whilſt the Heart of the old *Duke* was elevated with the Juice of the Grape, came into the Room a tall Perſonage all in Armour, and making his Obeyſance to the Company, delivered a Letter to *General Koningsmark*; the General having received it, the Stranger was invited by the *Elector*'s Son to ſit down with them. He was Maſter of the Feaſt, and only *Koningsmark* and the Stranger, beſides himſelf, were privy to the Intrigue.

The Stranger unbuckled his Helmet, and pulling it off (for all the reſt of the Company were uncovered, it being the hotteſt Day in all the *Summer*) diſcover'd a Face and Hair, much like one of thoſe *Nymphs* deſcribed by *Poets* and *Painters*,

The *Duke* could not withdraw his Eyes from this ſurprizing Beauty, nor fix his roving Thoughts: Sometimes it put him in Mind of *Ganymede*, the diſcarded Minion of *Jupiter*; but *Ganymede* was never ſeen in Armour. Then he thought of *Adonis*, then of the *Babylonian Pyramus*, the *Indian Atys*. In fine, he run over all the celebrated Youths of the *Eaſt*, to match the

Beauty of this illuſtrious Stranger. He drank and gaz'd, whilſt his Son and *Koningsmark* were pleas'd to ſee the Baits take. From ruminating on our Sex, he paſs'd to that of Women: And remembring that in ſome former Battles between the *Swedes* and *Germans*, ſeveral Ladies had diſguiſed themſelves in Armour, and followed General *Torſtenſon* to the Field, he concluded preſently, that this was ſome beautiful Female of *Swedeland*.

This Thought put the old Duke into a pleaſant Fit of Raillery, yet not without ſome Mixture of Paſſion for this lovely *Heroine*. There was ſomething ſo peculiarly graceful in all her Carriage and Addreſs, as charm'd the *Elector*'s Heart. The Women in thoſe Parts of *Europe*, are not ſo preciſe in their Converſation with Men, as in the *Eaſt*. And 'tis a great Point of Education, ſo to adjuſt the *Punctilio*'s of their Deportment, as neither to appear too open, nor too reſerv'd. This was her Maſter-piece, for ſhe ſo equally divided the Parts ſhe was to act, both of a Maid and Soldier, that neither entrenched on the other, but ſhe acquitted herſelf with excellent Honour and Gallantry.

The next Day after the Banquet, the Son renewed his Mediation for a *Treaty*, but the Elector ſeem'd cold. All his Thoughts were buſied in ruminating on his fair Enemy.

Not to detain thee longer in Expectation of the Iſſue, the Love of this young *Amazon* had taken ſo deep Root in his Heart, that he would grant Nothing but for her Sake, neither could he deny any thing which ſhe deſired. Thus, by this Stratagem, they accompliſh'd their Aims, and he condeſcended to a *Treaty*, after fourteen Days Debate on the *Articles*: Of which I here ſend thee a true and particular Copy, that thou may'ſt find ſome Divertiſement in the Folly of the *Infidels*. The Articles are as follow:

That

THAT it ſhould be lawful for the Duke *to keep due* Faith *to the* Emperor; *nor ſhould he be obliged to admit any Thing contrary to the Intereſt of the* Empire.

That the Elector *ſhould not lend the* Emperor *above three Regiments of Horſe, nor ſhould permit him to raiſe Soldiers in his* Principality.

That the Swedes *ſhould have free and ſafe Paſſage through* Saxony, *provided they came not within three Miles of* Dreſden.

That there ſhall be free Traffick between the Elector's *Subjects and the* Swedes, *by Land and Water.*

That at the End of three Months, each Party ſhould be obliged to declare, whether they would prolong the Truce, *or break it off.*

That the Elector *ſhould again enjoy his Revenues, except thoſe which were drawn from* Leipſick. *That he ſhould pay the* Swedes *Eleven Thouſand Rix-dollars a Month, and a certain Quantity of Corn.*

That the Elector *ſhould no nothing which might hinder the Siege of* Magdeburgh.

Theſe *Articles*, at firſt Sight appeared to be equally favourable to the *Saxons* and to the *Swedes*. But in reality, they ſerved only as an Umbrage to deeper Deſigns, which the *Swedes* had in Agitation. For this was the firſt Step to draw the *Saxons* off from the *Emperor*'s Party; and *Torſtenſon* was now ſecure, that whilſt the *Swedes* ruſhed farther into *Germany*, the *Saxons* would not moleſt them behind.

For my Part, I neither underſtand the *Policy* nor the *Integrity* of the *Elector*, in ſigning theſe Articles; nor how he can reconcile the firſt of them with any of the reſt: To give ſafe Con-

duct, and kind Entertainment to the Enemies of his *Sovereign:* To be obliged not to lend him any more Aſſiſtance than his Enemies ſhall allow, nor ſuffer him to raiſe Forces at his own Charges: To be cheated of his own Revenues, and tamely yield to pay a Monthly Tribute beſides: To be tied up from ſuccouring one of the principal Towns in his *Principality*, at that Time beſieged by the *Swedes:* This is a new Method of keeping due *Faith* to *Sovereigns*, or of obſerving common Prudence for one's ſelf. But *Women and Wine cauſe a wiſe Man to ſtumble*, as the *Arabians* ſay. And this old Prince is bleſs'd in a hopeful Son, who is not aſhamed to turn *Pimp*, that he may betray his Father to his mortal Enemies. But let the *Chriſtians* proceed in their Falſehood and Treachery one againſt another, whilſt every good *Muſſulman* proſtrates himſelf *five Times* a Day; and prays in his Integrity for the Conſummation of that Time, wherein *God* has determined to put a Period to the *Monarchies* of theſe *Infidels*, and to reduce them to the Faith and Obedience of his *holy Law*.

I wiſh ſome of my Friends would ſend me ſome Relation of what paſſes in the *Eaſt:* I have heard nothing of Moment out of *Aſia* theſe many *Moons*. I could almoſt think my ſelf baniſhed from the *Eternal Providence*, whilſt I reſide among theſe *Uncircumciſed*.

Think ſometimes on *Mahmut*; and if thou canſt not relieve his Melancholy, at leaſt pity him, whom all the Honours and Pleaſures of the *Weſtern* Parts, would not be able to exhilerate, ſo long as he apprehends himſelf forgotten by his Friends at *Conſtantinople*.

Paris, 20th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To Mahummed Hogia, Derviſe, Eremit, *Inhabitant of the* Sacred Cave *at the Foot of Mount* Uriel *in* Arabia the Happy.

THY Remembrance is as the Dew of the Evening, or the Midnight Breezes in *Africk*, after the ſcorching Fervors of a Summer's Day, when neither Trees, nor Houſes, nor higheſt Mountains afford any Shadow. Such are the Employments of State, keeping the Mind in as reſtleſs an Activity, as that which the *Philoſophers* ſay is the Occaſion of Heat. Such alſo is the Refreſhment I find in thinking on thee, whoſe Soul is a Manſion of Tranquillity, an *Umbrella* of Temperance, and all Virtue. Thither I retreat for Reſpiration from the Fatigues of worldly Buſineſs. Pardon the bold Acceſs of an humble Slave, who cannot be ſo happy as to viſit thee any otherwiſe, than by Letters, yet would be miſerable in the Want of this Privilege.

Ever ſince I had the Honour to kiſs the Duſt of thy Feet in that *ſacred Retirement*, I was filled with Love and Admiration of thy Sanctity. Thrice happy are the neighbouring Shepherds, whoſe Flocks feed under thy auſpicious Protection No fierce Lions, no ravenous Tigers, dare violate that Sanctuary, or hunt for Prey within thoſe Meadows, conſecrated by thy Preſence. That rich and flowery Vale, was firſt ſecured with an eternal Immunity from Spoil and Rapine, by the Bleſſing of our *Holy Prophet*. Now that Bleſſing ſeems to be redoubled by thy Prayers and Abſtinencies, who inheriteſt his Spirit as well as his Abode. 'Twas in that *Holy*

Cave, the *Meſſenger* of *God* faſted for the Space of three *Moons*. Thy whole Life there is one continued Abſtinence. When thou lifteſt up thy venerable Hands to Heaven in Prayer, the Enemies of our *Holy Law* are ſeized with Fear and Trembling: Thou art the *Guardian Angel* of the *Ottoman Empire*. Thy Body attenuated with twenty Years Faſting, is purified almoſt to *Immortality*: Thou art become a *Denizen* among the *Spirits*. Neither the Beaſts of the Earth, nor the Fowls of the Air, nor the Fiſh of the Sea, will charge thee with their Blood. Thy Table never ſmoak'd with ſlaughter'd Dainties. Every Tree affords thee a Feaſt, and the Meadows regale thee with a thouſand harmleſs Delicacies. Thy Thirſt is allay'd with the Chryſtal Streams; and when thou art diſpoſed to banquet, the *Arabian* Sheep ſupply thee with *Nectar*. Thus like a prudent Traveller, thou accuſtomeſt thyſelf before-hand to the Diet of the Country whither thou art going: Thou liveſt the Life of *Paradiſe* here on Earth.

Thou art not privy to the Wickedneſs of the Age: That Cell guards thee from other Mens Vices, while thy incomparable Humility defends thee from thy own Virtues. Thou art not puffed up with thy ſublime Perfections. Pride is a Serpent which commonly poiſons the Root of the faireſt Endowment. But thou haſt cruſh'd this Serpent in the Egg.

In that Solitude the *Angel* opened the Heart of the *Sent of God*, and took out from thence the *Devil's Seed Plot*. When *Mahomet* awaked (for this was done while he lay in a *Trance*) he ſaid, *I am a Worm*. When *Gabriel* ſaw his Humility, he pronounced a Bleſſing on the Place, That whoſoever would dwell in that Cave, *ſhould be meek as* Abraham, *chaſte as* Joſeph, *and temperate as* Iſmael.

Iſmael. Thou haſt experienced the Effect of his Benediction.

There is another Happineſs alſo attends thy Retirement; thou liveſt free from Cares and Anxieties; thou committeſt the publick Good to the Conduct of thy Sovereign, and thy private Welfare, to the Protection of Providence; neither diſquieted for the one, nor ſolicitous for the other. Who riſes, and who falls, in the Favour of the *Sultan*; who purchaſes the Government of the *Empire* by their Merits, or who by their Money; whether it be better to remain in the *Seraglio*, or to be made *Baſſa* of *Egypt*, are Cares that never moleſt thee. Thou canſt ſit in that *Sanctuary* of *Peace*, and pity thoſe whoſe Ambition, and the Love of Glory, has driven into the *Toils* of *War*. Thou canſt behold with Compaſſion the burthenſome Attendants of the Great; their Labours by Day, and their Watchings by Night; their reſtleſs Thoughts and buſy Actions; macerated Bodies, and uneaſy Souls; while with indefatigable Pains they purſue mere Shadows; and endeavour to graſp the Wind, or ſecure to themſelves a Bubble, which is no ſooner touch'd, than it vaniſhes. Thou in the mean Time art filling thy Mind with ſolid Knowledge, and laying up Poſſeſſions which ſhall never be taken from thee: For the Soul carries her Goods along with her to that other World.

I often wiſh myſelf with thee; and the Remembrance of what I once enjoyed in thy Converſation, cannot be effaced by Diſtance of Time and Place. The farther I am from thee, the more ardently do I long to ſee thee. But even in theſe innocent Deſires, there is a neceſſary Mortification; ſince we are not born for ourſelves, but to comply with the *myſterious* Ends of *Fate*. I am appointed to ſerve the *Grand Signior*

in this Place; where I endeavour to acquit myſelf a *faithful Slave*, and a *good Muſſulman*. If I fail in the *firſt*, my *great Maſter* will puniſh me; if in the *laſt*, *God* and his *Prophet* will revenge it. Yet I hope every Frailty will not be deem'd a Tranſgreſſion, ſince the Heart and the Hands go not always together. I often ſtrive to imitate thy Abſtinence, but my Appetites are too ſtrong for me: I return to my old Courſe again, like a Bow that is forcibly bent. Yet I ſin not in this, ſince it is not required at my Hands.

Pray for me, *Holy Man of God*, that while I aim at the *beſt* Things, I may not fall into the *worſt*; and by ſtriving to aim at *Perfection*, I may not crack thoſe Powers which are requiſite to keep me ſtedfaſt in the High-way of *moral Virtue*. I leave thee to thy Contemplations, and the Society of thy courteous *Angels*, who ever wait at the Door of thy *Cell*.

Paris, 20th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XVI.

To Uſeph Baſſa.

I Formerly acquainted thee, That *Uladiſlaus*, King of *Poland*, ſought *Chriſtina*, Queen of *Sweden*, in Marriage; but that his Propoſal was rejected. Now thou mayeſt know that this *Monarch* has made a more ſucceſsful Amour, being married to *Louiſe Marie de Gonzague*, *Princeſs of Mantua*. The *Nuptial* Solemnities were performed in this City by the *Ambaſſador* of *Poland*, who was his Maſter's *Proxy*. The greateſt Part of the laſt *Moon* was ſpent in Maſks, Banquets, and Court-Revels, to honour the *Eſpouſals* of this new

new Queen, who is ſince gone toward *Poland*, being attended to the Frontiers by a numerous Train of the Nobility, with all the Ceremonies and Regard due to a Perſon of her Rank.

The *French*, who are never ſparing in Words, are too liberal in the Praiſes they beſtow on this Princeſs. For if all were true they ſay of her, ſhe might be liſted in the Number of *Angels*; whereas, ſome more impartial Eyes have diſcovered ſuch Imperfections, as ſpeak her yet on this Side a *Saint*. But ordinary Virtues in *Princes* dazzle the Multitude, borrowing a greater Luſtre from the Nobility of their Blood, and the Eminence of their Quality; whilſt their Vices are either ſhrouded from the Vulgar, or made to paſs for Virtues, in the artificial Dreſs which Flatterers put on them. 'Tis under this Advantage the new Queen of *Poland* is cry'd up for a *Diana*; tho' a late *Satyriſt* vindicates her from being half ſo cruel as that *Goddeſs*. It being no Secret that a young *Italian Marquis* had ſomething kinder Uſage than had *Actæon*, when he accidentally encounter'd this Princeſs, as ſhe was walking alone one Evening in a Grove belonging to her Palace.

I am no Patron of Libels; nor would I ſpeak irreverently of thoſe whoſe Royal Birth claims Reſpect from all Mortals. But the Stupidity of the *Nazarenes* provokes my Pen, who allow their Women all the uncontroulable Freedom and Opportunities, that commonly give Birth to the moſt irregular Amours, and yet believe them innocent. They are perfect Idolaters of that Sex, not having learned, with the illuminated *Muſſulmans*, That Women are of a Creation inferior to that of Men, have Souls of a lower Stamp, and conſequently more prone to Vice; and that they ſhall never have the Honour to be admitted into our *Paradiſe*.

But thou who believeſt the Doctrines clear and intelligibly, and haſt kiſs'd the Garments of the *Sent* of *God*, wilt not ſuffer thy Reaſon to be blinded by the Enchantments of theſe deluding Fair ones; but ſo love Women, as ſtill to remember thou art a Man, which is ſomething more ſublime.

Paris, 1ſt *of the* 12th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XVII.

To the Kaimacham.

IT is hard to gueſs where the *French* Victories will terminate. Either Fear, or the Deſire of Novelties, opens the Gates of moſt Cities to them; and when that will not do, the Force of their Cannon makes a Paſſage into the ſtrongeſt Holds of their Enemies, and puts whole *Provinces* under their Protection.

Their Enemies ſay, that the *French* never beſiege a Town, but their firſt Aſſaults are made with Bullets of Gold; and when that will neither prevail on the *Governor*, nor win a Party, then they only try the Force of the coarſer Metal. Yet this will appear but a Slander, if thou conſidereſt a late Action of the Duke of *Orleans*, when he lay down before *Bourbourgh*.

He had ſcarce finiſhed his Trenches, when the next Morning an Arrow was found with a Letter faſtened to it, not far from his Tent. The Letter was directed to the *Duke*, and ſubſcribed by the *Governor* of the Town. The Contents of it were, to ſignify to him, *That if he would give him Fifty*

Fifty Thouſand Pieces of Gold, and continue him in his Office, he would the next Night open the Gates, and let in his Army; and, *that before Mid-day he would ſend a Meſſenger to know his Pleaſure.* The *Duke* waited the Arrival of the Meſſenger, who ſeconded what his Maſter had ſaid. But the magnanimous *Prince*, inſtead of accepting his Offer, ſent him back to his *Maſter*, with this Meſſage, *That he came not before the Town as a* Merchant, *to purchaſe it at the Price of a needleſs Treaſon*; *but as a* Soldier, *at the Head of an Army, flush'd with continual Victories*; ſummoning him forthwith to ſurrender at Diſcretion, *That being the only Way to experience his Generoſity.*

This Year has been ſignalized with much Action in *Flanders*, *Catalonia*, and *Italy*. The Field was ſhared among many brave *Generals*.

The *Duke* of *Orleans* had the Command of the Army in *Flanders*, where he took the *Forts* of *Vandreval*, *Bourbourgh*, *Link*, *Dringhen*, *Bethune*, *S. Venant*, *Guiſca*, *Lens*, *Mardyke*, *Lillers*, *Mening*, and *Armentiers*.

Theſe Places were won by ſeveral Parties, under the Command of the *Mareſchals de Geſtion*, *de Rantzau*, and the *Duke* of *Guiſe*, who all acted in ſeparate Bodies under the *Duke* of *Orleans*.

Nor was the *Count d'Harcourt* idle in *Catalonia*, where he ſucceeded in the Charge of the *Mareſchal de la Mothe*. The firſt Effort of his Arms was the Retaking of *Agramont*, which the *Spaniards* had ſeized; a ſtrong City, and which kept a large Part of *Catalonia* in Subjection.

From hence he marched toward *Roſes*, one of the moſt important Places for Strength under the *Spaniſh* King's Dominions, and governed by an experienced Soldier, who failed not to defend the Place to the laſt Extremes, but after a Siege of two *Moons*, was compell'd to yield for Want of Proviſions.

After this, the *French General* cut off ſeven hundred *Spaniards*, who were poſted to hinder his Paſſage over the River. The next Day the whole Armies meeting in the Plains of *Liorens*, there was a furious Encounter, in which the *Spaniards* loſt ten Regiments of Horſe on the Spot; the reſt threw down their Arms and yielded. The *Marquis* of *Mortare*, one of the *Spaniſh Generals*, was taken Captive, with other Perſons of Note; among which was the *Standard-Bearer* of *Spain*.

But this was but the Engagement of one *Wing*. For when the other enter'd the Combat, the Slaughter was dreadful. Of the *Spaniards* were ſlain Six Thouſand Horſe, and Sixteen Hundred Foot; and Three and Twenty Hundred of them were made Priſoners. The *French* loſt not above Three Hundred in all, and they had but a few wounded.

This Battle has brought infinite Glory to the *Count d'Harcourt*. After which there happen'd nothing remarkable in *Catalonia*, ſave the taking of *Balaguier*, which is like to end this Year's Campaign on that Side.

Prince Thomas of *Savoy* commanded in *Italy*, but had no great Number of *French* in his Army, the *main Body* being drawn off to ſerve in *Catalonia*. Yet vexed to ſee the Succeſs of the *Spaniards*, who had poſſeſſed themſelves of a ſtrong Caſtle, and kept the Field in *Bravado*, as if he were not able to face them; he raiſed ſome Recruits, and entered the *Milaneze*, where he took the City and Caſtle of *Vigevano*. After this, deſigning to return into *Piedmont*, he found all the Paſſages block'd up by the *Spaniards*, who had a far greater Army than his. Yet aſſuming Courage, he attempted to paſs the River *Moura*; and the Enemy preſenting themſelves to oppoſe his Deſign, he gave them Battle, and killed Five Hundred

Hundred and Threeſcore of them; among which were Nine Officers of principal Command and Quality: On his Side were loſt Two Hundred common Soldiers, and twelve Officers; among which was his Brother, *Prince Maurice* of *Savoy*. Theſe are the chief Actions on that Side. As for *Portugal*, there has happened Nothing in that Kingdom worthy of Remark.

I have in this Letter, ſage Governor of the *Imperial City*, obſerved the Method thou enjoinedſt me; I have acquainted thee, with whatſoever has occurred in the preſent Wars of *France* and *Spain* during this Year.

'Tis diſcourſed here, that the *Venetians* will lay Siege to *Canea*, next *Spring*, in hopes to recover that important Place from the Arms of the victorious *Ottomans*.

The *Duke* of *Orleans* will be on his March to *Flanders*, toward the latter End of the next *Moon*, reſolving to make an early Campaign, being alarmed with the late Loſs of *Mardyke*, which the *Spaniards* took by Surprize, without much Bloodſhed, having not the Fourth Part of an Hundred Men killed on their Side. Whereas, when the *French* took it from them, it coſt Five Thouſand Lives of the beſt Soldiers the King of *France* had in his Army.

The Hour of the Poſt will not permit me to ſay more, than that I am the humbleſt of thy *Slaves*.

Paris, 14th *of the* 12th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Will not make Tryal of the Virtue of Friendſhip at this Time, in the Way that *Philoſophers* propoſe to be uſed between ſuch as own that Title. I will not complain of the Dolors I undergo, that ſo by making thy Compaſſion ſhare them with me, I may eaſe myſelf of a Part. It appears to me a puſillanimous, if not an unjuſt Action, for a Man to transfer his Sufferings by diſcovering them to his Friend, and deſignedly throw that upon another, which is ſcarce tolerable to himſelf.

I am ſick, and Cuſtom has render'd this almoſt as natural to me as Health. My Conſtitution is not Proof againſt the envenom'd Arrows that are ſhot from the *Stars*. Nor am I conſtellated, to reſiſt the ſecret Contagions that lurk in the *Elements*. The Herbage of the Field languiſhes, when poiſon'd with inviſible Atoms from above; and all the Leaves of the Foreſt wither, when touched with the baneful Emiſſions of certain *Meteors*, or ſcorched with the winged Exhalations of the Night. So our Bodies receive a Thouſand Impreſſions from Things without us, and not a few Maladies from ourſelves. The very Channel of Life proves many Times the Vehicle of Death, while our Lungs ſuck in unwholeſome Airs, and our very Breath becomes our Bane. We have radical Poiſons in our Complexions, which though they do us no Hurt, while we let them lie dormant, yet once excited by our Paſſions and Vices, they become noxious and fatal, hurrying us into the Chambers of Death,

Death, by unaccountable Diſeaſes, and Pains, which are under no *Predicament*.

This makes me bear my preſent Diſtemper with an equal Mind, becauſe I know its Original, and 'tis not in the Liſt of thoſe Maladies which have no Name; whereby I can eaſiy calculate its Duration, and almoſt point a Day when I ſhall be well again. For, 'tis in the Number of thoſe, *Phyſicians* call *Acute*; and the Anguiſh it inflicts confirms that *Title*.

Take not this for a Complaint, nor what I am about to ſay for a *Paradox*, when I tell thee, That I know not which is greater, my Pleaſure or Pain, during this excruciating *Fever*. Theſe Afflictions border ſo near upon one another, that I find it difficult to diſtinguiſh them. They ſeem to be Inmates to each other, and blended together in their Roots. Sure I am, they are ſo twiſted and interwoven in my Conſtitution, that I never felt one without the other. Every Man may experience, that his ſtrongeſt Deſires are compounded of theſe two Paſſions, and the very Moment of Fruition itſelf, cannot ſeparate them. The Minute of Enjoyment is but conſecrated to his Loſs, while the Heighth of his Joy is the Riſe of his Grief, ſince the ſmalleſt Particle of Time cannot diſtinguiſh the Life and Death of his Pleaſure.

Dot but reverſe this Contemplation, and apply it to my Sickneſs, and thou wilt find no Riddle in my Words, when I aſſure thee, that as the Torment of my *Fever* advances, ſo does my Eaſe; Pleaſure and Pain ſit and ſhake Hands in my Heart, embrace, and equally divide its *Syſtole* and *Diaſtole* between them.

Yet I muſt needs own, I am indebted for this Allay of my Dolors, to the Preſence of my Mind, which I ſuffer not to be torn from itſelf,

or

or carried away by the violent Motion of my agitated Spirits. Were it not for this a *Fever* would prove a *Hell* upon *Earth*, and every *Pulſe* a tormenting *Fury*. My very Drink (which is all my Subſiſtence now) would appear but the loathſome Diſtillation of that *Tree*, whoſe *unpalatable* and *ſcalding Gum*, is appointed for a *Beverage* to the *Damned*. The ſofteſt Entertainment of my Bed, while awake, would be but a Tranſlation of the Torments of *Ixion* and *Siſyphus*; and the flattering Intervals of Sleep, would but renew the Sufferings of *Tantalus*. Whereas now, whether aſleep or awake, my Mind keeping aloft in her proper Sphere, buſied in the Contemplation and Enjoyment of herſelf, and ſuperior Objects, partakes not in the *Fever* of my Body, but as if on the cool Top of ſome high Mountain, ſurveys all the Valleys beneath, without being ſenſible of their raging Heats.

I owe this Tranquility, in the midſt of bodily Perturbations, to the *Examples* of ancient *Philoſophers*, which thou knoweſt have far more Influence than *Precepts*. But ever ſince I read that *Plotinus* could chace away the racking Tortures of the Gout and Stone, by the ſole Force of his Thought, I daily try'd the Experiment, ſpurr'd on my Emulation of his Virtue; as judging it ignoble in a *Muſſulman* to give the Palm to a *Pagan*, in any Point of Maſculine Bravery.

'Tis recorded of the ſame *Philoſopher*, that by the mere Strength and Majeſty of his Mind, he diſſipated the *Enchantments* of *Apollonius Tyanæus*; and the *Infernal Spirits* confeſs'd they were baffled by that *thinking Man*: As if his Soul were of the Nature of *Meduſa*'s Head, which turn'd all into unactive *Statues*, who did but look on it.

Surely, great is the Efficacy of Contemplation, hinted at in the *Arabian Proverb*, which ſays,

He

He that can ſee his own Eyes without a Glaſs, ſhall be able to move the Bull's Horns. Which myſterious Expreſſion is thus interpreted by the learned *Avicen.* A *Prophet*, or *Spiritual Man*, who always converſes within, ſhall have Power to ſhake the *Foundations* of the *Earth*; which, thou knoweſt, reſt on the *Horns* of a *Bull*, according to the *Doctrine* of the *Holy Law-giver.*

I need ſay no more to convince thee, that I am in a *Fever.* My thus expatiating and running from one Thing to another (when I thought to have ſaid all in a few Words) will ſatisfy thee what Temper I am in. Yet recollecting myſelf, with Comfort that I know my Diſtemper, I will crave Leave to tell thee a ſhort Story of a Man who was ſick for many Years, and yet the ableſt *Phyſicians* in *Paris* could not diſcern his *Malady.*

This Perſon was an *Officer* of the City, whoſe Buſineſs 'twas to arreſt Men that were in Debt. He was obſerved to be the ſubtleſt of all his Brethren, and the moſt dextrous at plotting another Man's Ruin. This augmented his Eſtate, and he grew extremely rich. But in the one and fortieth Year of his Age, he was ſeiz'd with an unknown Malady, a Diſtemper to which the moſt ſkilful were Strangers. He languiſhed five Years, in a Condition which moved all Men to Pity. It will be tedious for to recount the Symptoms of his Illneſs. At length he died, and according to his own Will was diſſected. The *Phyſicians* found all Parts of his Body decayed and waſted; but when they came to his Head, they were above Meaſure aſtoniſhed to ſee a Neſt of *Serpents* inſtead of Brains. This was concluded by all to be the Source of his Diſtemper; and People deſcant variouſly on it. Some ſay, 'twas a *Judgment of God* inflicted on him, for his cruel Subtlety, in trepanning Men out of their Liberties

Liberties by a Thouſand Wiles. Others are of Opinion, that it is a *natural* Product, it being uſual in ſome Conſtitutions, for this Sort of Creature to be bred out of their Vitals. A *Merchant* that had been at *Paris*, told me, that in a *Province* of that *Empire*, there were People, who by drinking the Water of a certain River, had *Serpents* often engender'd in their Bowels; that he had ſeen one preſented to the *King* of *Spain*, which was taken out of a dead Man's Heart, a Cubit in length. He ſaid 'twas of a Crimſon Colour, without Scales or Eyes; neither was it venomous. This he aſſerted very ſolemnly, and with Imprecations.

I tell thee, dear Friend, if theſe Things be true, who can be ſure he harbours not ſome ſuch loathſome Inmate in his Body; yet I would not have thee grow melancholy upon it, and diſturb thy Repoſe. The Day will come, when we ſhall all be metamorphoſed into *Worms* and *Serpents* in the *Grave*.

In the mean while live thou happily, in the *Favour* of thy *Sovereign*, in the *Enjoyment* of thy *Health*, the *Vigour* of thy *Senſes*, and have ſometimes in thy Thoughts a Man full of Infirmities, without murmuring, *Mahmut*, that loves his Friend in all Conditions.

Paris, 26th *of the* 12th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To the Selictar Aga, *or* Sword-Bearer *to his* Highneſs.

I Wiſh I could time my Letters ſo, as to gratify all the *Miniſters* of the *Bleſſed Porte*, by making each alternately, the firſt Relater of ſome acceptable News in the myſterious *Divan*, where all human Events are ſcanned with impartial Judgment. But every *Moon* does not preſent us with Sieges or Battles; neither can I receive Intelligence of all remarkable Events, ſo ſoon as they come to paſs. What I ſhall now tranſmit to thee, is an Account of what as been omitted in my *Diſpatches* to the other *Miniſters*.

Europe is a Field, fertile in *Rebellion*, *Tumults*, *Diſorders*, and *unnatural Wars*. No Part of *Chriſtendom*, which is not polluted with Treaſons, Perfidies, and Maſſacres; no Corner undefiled with Human Blood. The Son conſpires the Death of him who firſt gave him his Life. The Brother lays Trains to enſnare the Partner of his Blood, the Offspring of her that bare himſelf. No Bond of Affection, or Tye of Conſanguinity, is of Force to reſtrain theſe *Infidels* from purſuing each other with Malice. Neither has their Religion any more Influence on their Paſſions, than the *Fables* of the ancient *Poets*. In publick and private, all Things are governed by Intereſt. Thus while every Man and every *State*, are only byaſs'd by the narrow Principles of Self-Preſervation; they abandon the general Good of *Chriſtendom*, and expoſe it as a Prey to the next daring Invader.

There

There is no Reaſon that we ſhould grieve at this Folly of the *Nazarenes*. 'Tis from their Impiety and Vices, the Virtue and Wiſdom of the victorious *Muſſulmans* receive the greater Luſtre, who are created to diſplant theſe *uncircumciſed*, and inſtruct the Nations which they poſſeſſed, in the *Faith free from Blemiſh*.

Yet ſince the Depredations which the *Swedes* have made in *Germany* and *Denmark*, the neighbouring *Crowns* and *States*, notwithſtanding their Inſincerity, have ſeemingly interpoſed their Endeavours, to prevent the worſt Effects of a War, ſo deſtructive to the common Intereſt of *Chriſtendom*. *Deputies* were ſent from all Parts to *Munſter* and *Oſnaburgh*, with Inſtructions from their reſpective *Sovereigns*. They have ſquandered away much Time in Overtures of *Peace*; whilſt the *Swedes* daily get Ground on one Side of the *Empire*, and the *French* are not unſucceſsful on the other.

The Enemies of *France*, ſenſible that they cannot reduce this Crown by open Force, have Recourſe to Artifice. They endeavour to corrupt her Allies, and inſinuate into the Minds of the *United States* of the *Low Countries*, all thoſe Apprehenſions which may ſerve to improve the Jealouſy they had already conceived of the *French* Neighbourhood. Suggeſting that the *Spaniſh Netherlands* are the only Bar which ſtops the Armies of *France* from over-running *Holland*, and the reſt of the *United Provinces*. In fine, they have prevailed on them to enter into a ſeparate *Alliance*, and not to treat in Conjunction with the *Miniſters* at *Munſter*.

On the other Side, the *French* by their *Agents* in *Holland*, endeavour to unmaſk the Artifice of the *Spaniards*; repreſenting that they have no other Deſign in theſe Inſinuations but

but to breed an ill Underſtanding between this *Crown* and the *United Provinces*, that ſo by their ill Offices, in Time, Things may come to a Rupture, and the *States* be deprived of the Friendſhip and Protection of *France*, which alone is able to ſupport that *Commonwealth* againſt the Pretenſions of their old Enemies, the *Spaniards*. All *Europe* is aſtoniſhed to ſee, that notwithſtanding the utmoſt Condeſcenſions of the *French Court* to conſerve Peace, yet the *States*, led by their *ill Deſtiny* ſhould embrace the Propoſals of *Spain*. This makes a great Impreſſion on all the *Miniſters* aſſembled at *Munſter* and *Oſnabrugh*, who now conclude, that the *Spaniards* only ſeek Occaſions to perpetuate the War in *Europe*; that whilſt the *Princes* of the *Empire* are engaged in a Defence of their Territories, and the *Swedes* and *French* are buſied in purſuing their Conqueſts, they may pick a Quarrel with their new Friends, whom they have deprived of a more powerful Protection, and reeſtabliſh themſelves in the *Revolted Provinces*.

The *Deputies* have had ſeveral Conferences about this important Affair; and the Reſult of their Counſels, is to ſolicite the *French Court*, to uſe its utmoſt Power to prevent the ill Conſequences which this *ſeparate Treaty* will bring along with it.

'Tis diſcourſed here, that *Monſieur de la Tuillerie* will be recalled from the *Court* of *Swedeland*, being eſteem'd the fitteſt Man to diſſuade the *Hollanders* from this new *Alliance*; he having been already employed in ſeveral Negotiations with the *States*, and as well vers'd in the Methods of treating with that Nation.

This ſome judge to be the Reaſon of the *Sieur Chanut*'s being ſent to *Swedeland*, that he may reſide at *Stockholm*; and continue to act there in the Abſence of *la Tuillerie*.

So

ſo nice and delicate in this Affair, that all *France* cannot afford another Man duly qualified, to manage it with any Probability of Succeſs. If he ſhew not more Candour in this Negociation, than he did when he was ſent to mediate a Peace, between *Swedeland* and *Denmark*, he will receive but ſlender Thanks at his Return. But if he ſucceeds, 'tis ſaid, That Cardinal *Mazarini* has declared, he will merit to be inſtall'd in the *Order* of the *Holy Spirit*. I have formerly ſpoke of this in one of my Letters, as the moſt eminent *Order* of *Knighthood* in *France*.

I wiſh the *Chriſtians* may ever find Difficulties to obſtruct the Meaſures they take to eſtabliſh an *univerſal Peace*, and may continue to amuſe and vex one another, till the *Day* of the *Scourge*.

Paris, 20th *of the* 1ſt *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XX.

To the Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

IT is not yet publickly known what Deſigns have moved this Court to order a mighty Fleet to be fitted out to Sea; but it is privately whiſper'd, that they will ſail to the *Levant*, to aſſiſt the *Venetians* againſt the *Turks*.

People diſcourſe variouſly, according to the Strength or Weakneſs of their Reaſon; and Five Days ago an old Man went to Cardinal *Mazarini*, pretending to ſpeak by *Inſpiration:* He told him, That 'twas in vain to truſt to their winged

winged Caſtles, (ſo he called the Ships) the Multitude of their Armies, or in the Treaſures of their Money; for a *Decree* was ſign'd in *Heaven* againſt all the Nations in *Europe*; that the *War* was begun *above*, between the *Potentates* who have the *Cuſtody* of *Kingdoms* and *Empires*; that they ſhould ſoon ſee the *Banner* of the *Eternal* diſplay'd in the *Firmament*; that the *Stars* ſhould fight in their Courſes, againſt the *wicked Profeſſors* of *Chriſtianity*; that the *Iſmaelites* ſhould come out of their Holes, and ſhould flow down like a Torrent from the Mountains of the *Eaſt*, over-running all *Chriſtendom* In fine, that *Germany*, *France*, *Italy*, and *Spain*, ſhould be laid deſolate, their beautiful Cities ſack'd, and the Inhabitants led into Captivity, that the *Pope*, with all his *Prieſts*, ſhould be exterminated; and that all Nations ſhould embrace *One Law*.

They put him in Priſon, but he was found walking next Day in the Streets. The *Keeper* chained him in Irons, but in the Morning he was ſtanding at the Gate of the Priſon, preaching to the People. Some ſay he is a *Chymiſt*, and has found out the *Maſter-Secret*; others ſay, He is a *Prophet*; but moſt judge him to be a *Magician*. He ſeems now to have loſt his Vigour, not being able to releaſe himſelf from the Chains, which faſten him to the Ground where he lies, yet he continues to foretel the Ruin of *Chriſtendom*. 'Tis ſaid he will be ſent to *Rome*, there to receive *Sentence* of the *Holy Father*, according to his Demerits. I am no Admirer of *Viſionaries*; yet there appears ſomething extraordinary in the Conſtancy of this Man. Time will demonſtrate, whether he be a *true* or a *falſe Prophet*.

A *Courier* came to this City laſt Night from *Swedeland*, who brings Letters from *Monſieur Chanut*, which ſay, that he has received great Encouragement

ragement to hope for the Ships which he was to buy in *Swedeland*. Thou haſt already heard, that *Monſieur la Tuillerie*, *Ambaſſador* for this *Crown* to Queen *Chriſtina*, was thought the only proper Inſtrument to diſſuade the *United States* of the *Low Countries*, from entering into a *ſeparate Treaty* with *Spain*; and that therefore *Monſieur Chanut* was ſent to reſide in his Abſence at *Stockholm*, to obſerve what paſſes, and to continue the *Alliance* between the two *Crowns*.

This *Miniſter* arrived in *Swedeland*, the 15th Day of the *Moon* of *December*, in the laſt Year; where *Monſieur la Tuillerie* had prepared all things ready for a ſpeedy Diſpatch of his Negotiation; having the Day before his Arrival made known to that *Court* the Pleaſure of the *King* of *France*, and the *Queen-Regent*, whoſe Letters were receiv'd by *Queen Chriſtina*, with all the Marks of Royal Affection; ſhe telling the *Ambaſſador*, that ſhe infinitely honoured the Perſons of the *King* and the *Queen-Regent*; and, that ſhe would give them ſuch Proofs of the Integrity of her Friendſhip, as would demonſtrate, That ſhe was ſenſible of her Obligations to them, for what they had contributed to the good Succeſs of her Affairs: And that there was Nothing more dear to her, or more fixed in her Reſolution, than to conſerve inviolably the *League* that was between them. She farther told the *Ambaſſadors*, that it was with no ordinary Complacency ſhe now beheld two *Miniſters* of *France* in her *Court*, after ſhe had been without any for a long Time. In fine, ſhe aſſured them, That whatſoever could be ſpared from the neceſſary Defence and Service of the Kingdom, whether Ships, Arms, or Men, ſhould not be wanting to the Aid of the King of *France*.

By this thou mayeſt perceive, That though the King of *France* has powerful Armies by *Land*, yet

yet he is defective in *Naval Forces*: Or, if he has Ships enough to defend his own Realms by Sea, and to ſerve as Convoys to his Merchants, it muſt be concluded, That ſome foreign Expedition is deſign'd, which has put him upon this extraordinary Method to increaſe his Fleet.

I thought it highly neceſſary to acquaint thee with this Paſſage, that the *Miniſters* of the *Porte*, auguſt and ever happy, may conſult what Meaſures to take with this *Prince*, if it be true, That he deſigns to break the *League* which he made with *Sultan Ibrahim* four Years ago. There is but little Confidence to be repoſed in the moſt ſolemn Oaths of *Chriſtian Monarchs*, who hold not themſelves obliged to keep *Faith* with thoſe whom they eſteem *Infidels*; and, thou knoweſt, that is the beſt *Title* they can afford the *Obſervers* of the *moſt perfect Law* in the *World*. Yet the *French*, among all the Nations of the *Meſſias*, ſeem to bear the greateſt Reſpect to the *Ottoman Empire*. But they are inconſtant and changeable, which is an Argument of Inſincerity. They are very prompt and warm in contracting Friendſhips, and as ready to infringe thoſe ſacred Bonds, on the leaſt Occaſion, eſpecially where Intereſt and Ambition have the Aſcendant.

The *Venetian Reſident* at this *Court* makes daily Viſits to the *Queen Regent*, and has frequent Conferences with *Cardinal Mazarini*. Many *Couriers* paſs between *Munſter*, *Stockholm*, and this City. Yeſterday one arrived from the *Venetian Ambaſſador* at *Munſter*, giving an Account that the *Secretary* of that *Embaſſy*, whom he had ſent to Queen *Chriſtina*, was return'd, with the Promiſe of eight Ships of War, lent by the Queen to the *Republick*, to aſſiſt them againſt the All conquering *Muſſulman*.

It ſeems as if *Sweden* were become the common *Arſenal* of *Europe*, from which the other Kingdoms are ſupply'd with all the Inſtruments of War. But what is moſt obſerveable, is, that the *Venetians* obtain'd not this Favour, without the Mediation of the *French Miniſters* at *Stockholm*. By which it ſeems evident, that this *Court* has newly enter'd into a private *League* with the *Republick*; and that they deſign to ſurprize the *Ottomans* with ſome ſudden Enterprize by Sea.

I ſhall not let a Moment eſcape which may preſent me with the leaſt Opportunity, to diſcover what is in the Hearts of the *Infidels*.

If thou wilt favour me with thy Inſtructions, I ſhall make the ſafer Steps. *God*, whoſe Eye penetrates into all Obſcurities, enlighten us with a Ray to that Wiſdom, which once revealed to his *Meſſenger*, the ſecret Conſpiracy of the *Corei*'s when they plotted to deſtroy the *Temple* built without Hands.

Paris, 17th *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXI.

To William Voſpel, *a* Recluſe *at* Halmerſtadt *in* Auſtria.

I Received thy Letter with Abundance of Complacency, in that it argues the Continuance of thy Friendſhip; and that I trace therein no Footſteps of an angry Pen, notwithſtanding the Liberty I took to deſcant on thy Manner of Life. On the contrary, thou ſendeſt me an Apology

logy full of Meekneſs. Thy Reaſons have a marvellous Force in them; they ſeem to ſpring from a Soul vegete and living, and yet dead to Paſſion. Thou almoſt perſuadeſt me to affect a *monaſtick* Life, which may not unfitly be term'd a *ſociable Solitude*.

I much admire what thou ſay'ſt concerning *Silence*, and wiſh I conld practiſe that *paſſive Virtue*. It is the firſt Step of Wiſdom, the Nurſe of Peace, and the Guardian of Vertue. Words do but ruffle and diſcompoſe the Mind, betraying the Soul to a Thouſand Vanities. Therefore *Pythagoras* enjoin'd his Diſciples Five Years Silence, before he admitted them to his *myſterious Philoſophy*.

But tell me why thou didſt not rather chuſe to live in a *Deſart* remote from Men, where thou wouldſt have no Temptations to ſpeak, unleſs thou wert diſpoſed to hold a Conference with the Trees or Beaſts, or hadſt a mind to ſport thy ſelf, and have thy Words retorted by mocking *Eccho*'s? If a *Recluſe* Life be thy Choice, for the ſake of Contemplation, I would adviſe thee to turn *Hermit*. But perhaps thou dareſt not venture thy ſelf among the *Satyrs* of the *Wilderneſs*, or thou art afraid of the Wild Beaſts. As for the Firſt, they are either the Dreams of *Poets*; or if there be any ſuch Beings in reality, they will not hurt thee, ſince thou voluntarily forſakeſt the Company of Men, to become a *Sylvan*, as they are. As for the latter, I moſt confeſs, I cannot diſcommend thy Fear, there being no Friendſhip or Intelligence common between us and the Lyons, Tygers, Bears, *&c.* of the Foreſts. Yet I can tell thee for thy Comfort, That by long and aſſiduous Practice, the fierceſt of theſe Creatures have been taught to converſe with Men, to obey their Commands, and to perform

the Parts of diligent Servants, and faithful Friends.

This *Wilderneſs* will afford thee a fair Opportunity of ſtudying the Natures of Plants and Animals, the various Alterations of the Elements, the Influence of the Winds and Rains, Meteors and Exhalations, with many other Secrets which are hid from the greateſt Part of Men, who are buried alive in populous Towns and Cities, baniſh'd from the Familiarity of their Mother Earth, and moſt of her genuine Products.

In the *Deſart*, the unforced Harmony of Birds ſhall lull thy Soul in innocent and grateful Slumbers; the gentle Winds ſhall waft immortal Whiſpers to thy raviſh'd Ears, breathing unutterable Sounds from *Paradiſe*. The murmuring Streams ſhall warble forth their ſoft and ſweet eternal *Stories*. All ſhall conſpire to ſerve thy Contemplation, and tranſport thy Mind with *ſacred Ecſtaſies*.

If after all this thou ſhall prefer the *monaſtick* Encloſure, follow thy Reſolution, and be happy. Only remember, That though thy Body be ſhut up within thoſe Walls, yet if thy Mind ſtraggle in vain and worldly Thoughts, thou art no longer a *Recluſe*. Adieu.

Paris, 25th *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To the Captain Baſſa.

IF all be true that I have Reaſon to ſuſpect, thou wilt find a warm Divertiſement at Sea this *Spring*. Though the *Europeans* have ſeem'd ſlow in their Preparations to aſſiſt the *State* of *Venice*, ſuffering their ſeparate Intereſts to ſuperſede the Care of that *Republick*, yet now they turn their Eyes thither. Their Backwardneſs hitherto is owing to the Secrecy with which our ſage *Emperor* meditated the preſent War. His Counſels were never whiſper'd out of the *Seraglio*, 'till the ſame Winds tranſported the News, which wafted our *invincible Fleet* to the Shore of *Candy*. Now they behold the Ocean cover'd with the Ships of the *Eaſtern Empire*, Fear ſurprizes them; the *Prince* of the *Nazarenes* tremble. They look no longer on the *Republick* of *Venice* with the Eyes of Envy, becauſe of her Pre-eminence in Traffick, but with another Regard: They conſider her as the *Bulwark* of *Chriſtendom*, the only Bank of which has hitherto ſtemm'd the Tide of the *Ottoman* Puiſſance, and ſtopp'd our victories Armies from overflowing all *Europe*.

I have informed the *Reis Effendi*, of what I knew concerning the *Naval* Forces which are fitting it out in ſeveral Parts of the *North* and *Weſt*, to aid the *Venetians*; but I have not told him what the *Chriſtians* ſay of thee, neither am I willing to believe it. They ſpeak of thee, as of a Man not more difficult to be corrupted, than was thy Predeceſſor, who was ſtrangled by the Order of the *Sultaneſs Mother*. This Cenſure, I hope, is an Effect of their Impotence; while

they flatter themſelves with the Imagination of bribing him, from whoſe Courage and Fortune thou can expect nothing but Defeats.

They truſt much in the Force of thy Birth and Education, and diſcourſe of a certain *Magical* Character, imprinted on thy Soul, when thou was baptized, which, they ſay, is indelible: And they promiſe themſelves, That thy native *Chriſtianity* has more Influence on thy Heart, than forced *Circumciſion*; and that thou wilt not fight with any Zeal againſt Men of the ſame Principle, as thoſe who gave thee thy Breath. But they confide more in the Charms of their Gold, with which they deſign to bribe thee. In fine, they drank Healths to the *Honeſt Renagado*. So they term him, who commands the whole Fleet of the *Ottoman Empire*.

I do not give Credit to theſe Calumnies, having good grounds to boaſt of thy Integrity. However, I counſel thee, by ſome extraordinary Service to thy *Maſter*, to give the Lye to the *Infidels*: And ſuffer not that, which at preſent may be but a bare Suſpicion, to be improved by thy Neglect or Cowardice, into a palpable Evidence, that thou art falſe and perfidious to the *Sublime Lord* of the *Globe*.

Paris, 6th of the 3d *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

To Adonai, *a* Jew, *at* Vienna.

NOW thou art fix'd, 'tis Time to write to thee. Thou haſt been a Rambler theſe three or four Year, and no Body knows where to find thee. I have receiv'd eleven *Diſpatches* from thee, ſince thy firſt Departure from *Genoua*; wherein thou haſt inform'd me of many Paſſages of *State*. Now I deſire thee to ſend me ſome Remarks of the different Nature of the People thou haſt ſeen, their various Cuſtoms and Laws, with whatſoever was worthy Obſervation in thy *Travels*.

Italy is a fair Field, yet produces *Darnel* as well as *wholeſome Corn*. It is a beautiful Garden, yet bears *Aconite* intermix'd with her *Roſes*: Great Virtues, and no leſs Vices. The Region is famous for the Wiſdom of its Inhabitants, and for their *Proverbs*: It is the *Arabia* of *Europe*, in many Senſes; yet much leſſen'd in its own Renown, ſince the Decline of the *Roman Empire*. The *Goths* and *Vandals* turn'd all into *Deſerts* where they came, and have left ſuch Impreſſions of their *Northern Barbariſm* behind them, as made the People they conquer'd half Savages. Hence came the general Decay of Learning and Knowledge in theſe *Weſtern* Parts: Hence the Corruption of ancient Manners. The Great, the Noble, and the Wiſe, bowed under the Yoke of their *New Maſters*, learned their Faſhions, and gloried in their Shame. Their Examples influenc'd the Vulgar; Debauchery became modiſh and authentick. Thus a general Depravation of priſtine Integrity took place, and Men became vicious by a Law.

Neither has Wickedneſs planted it ſelf only in *Europe:* The Sea could not ſtop this boundleſs Evil. *Aſia* is infected alſo, and the Vice of *Italy* is Tranſported to the *Empire* of the *true Believers.* Thou haſt ſeen all the chief Cities between the *Alps* and *Rhegium,* which is the utmoſt Angle of *Italy,* to the *South:* Tell me, whether *Sodom* could exceed any of them in Licentiouſneſs: We will not except even *Rome,* the Seat of the *Chriſtian Mufti.* Theſe *Uncircumciſed* have learned of thy Nation, to call the *ancient Philoſophers, Infidels.* But had any of thoſe *Sages* lived to ſee the Abominations of the *modern Nazarenes,* they would have deſpiſed the *Faith* which produced no *better Works.*

Adonai, put in Practice the Import of thy Name, be *Lord* of thy ſelf; and if thou ſtumbleſt at the *Light* of the *Muſſulmans,* walk in that of *Moſes* but ſhun the *Paths* of the *Chriſtians:* For they are enveloped in Darkneſs, and grope at Mid day. Live according to *Reaſon,* and thou ſhalt be happy. Adieu.

Paris, 18th *of the* 3d *Moon,*
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXIV.

To Muſtapha, Berber Aga.

THE preſent War of *Candy,* is like to render that *Iſland* as much the Subject of the World's Diſcourſe, as it was formerly famous, for being the *Cradle* of *Jupiter.* In thoſe Days it was called *Crete,* much celebrated in the Writings of the *Greek Poets.* Afterwards it

beca me

became a *Province* of the *Roman Empire*; then of the *Grecians*; next it ſubmitted to the *Saracens*. But in the Time of the *Chriſtian* Expeditions in *Paleſtine*, when *Baldwin* Earl of *Flanders* was crown'd *Emperor* of *Conſtantinople*, this *Iſland* came into his Poſſeſſion, which he gave to a certain valiant Commander in his Army, a Man of a noble Deſcent, of whom the *Venetians* purchaſed it; and in their Hands it has continued ever ſince. But now, in all Probabiliay it will be the Prize of Arms, which nothing ſublunary can reſiſt.

The Poſt from *Italy* and the Sea Coaſts of this Kingdom confirm each others News; all agreeing, That nowithſtanding the utmoſt Efforts of the *Venetians* and *Candiots*, to hinder the Relief of *Canea*, yet our General is got into that Haven with vaſt Quantities of Proviſions, and a ſufficient Reinforcement of Men. They add, that Forty Thouſand of our Soldiers have made a Deſcent in another Part of that *Iſland*, have gain'd the Forts of *Ciſternes Colmi*, and *Bicorno*, and were on their March towards *Suda*, with a Deſign to beſiege that Place. They accuſe our *General* of barbarous Cruelty, in that he cauſed Five of the principal *Noblemen* of that Kingdom to be put to Death, becauſe they refuſed to betray their Country, or enter into the Intereſts of the *Grand Signior*.

I muſt confeſs, magnificent *Aga*, that whatever may be ſaid in Commendation of this *General*'s Policy and Fidelity to his *Maſter*; it is no Argument of the Goodneſs of his Diſpoſition. I rather admire the Temper of the Duke of *Orleans*, who, when *Graveling* was ſurrendered to him, juſt as he enter'd the Town, was heard to ſay theſe Words; *Let us endeavour, by generous Actions, to win the Hearts of all Men; ſo may we hope*

for a daily Victory. Let the French *learn from me this new Way of Conqueſt, to ſubdue Men by Mercy and Clemency.*

Theſe are heroick Sentiments, and agree well with the Character of this *Prince*, who is ſaid never to have been the Author of any Man's Death, nor to have revenged himſelf of any Injury; yet a valiant Soldier, an expert Commander, and no bad Phyſician.

It is not hid from the *Court*, with what a matchleſs Virtue diſmiſs'd a Gentlemen that was hired to murder him. This *Aſſaſſin* was ſuffer'd to paſs into the *Duke*'s Bed-Chamber one Morning early, pretending Buſineſs of great Moment from the Queen. As ſoon as the *Duke* caſt his Eyes on him, he ſpoke thus; *I know thy Buſineſs, Friend; thou are ſent to take away my Life: What Hurt have I done thee? It is now in my Power, with a Word, to have thee cut in Pieces before my Face. But I pardon thee; go thy Way, and ſee my Face no more.*

The Gentleman, ſtung with his own Guilt, and aſtoniſh'd at the excellent Nature of this Prince, fell on his Knees, confeſs'd his Deſign, and who employ'd him: And having promiſed eternal Gratitude for his Royal Favour; departed without any other Notice taken of him; and fearing to tarry in *France*, enter'd himſelf into the Service of the *Spaniſh* King. It was his Fortune afterwards to incounter the *Duke* of *Orleans*, in a Battle in *Flanders*. The *Duke*, at this Inſtant, was oppreſſed with a Crowd of *Germans*, who ſurrounded him, and, in the Conflict, he loſt his Sword. Which this Gentleman perceiving, nimble ſtepp'd to him, and deliver'd one into the *Duke*'s Hands, ſaying withal, *Now reap the Fruit of thy former Clemency. Thou gaveſt me my Life, now I put thee in a Capacity to defend thy own.* The

Prince,

Prince, by this means, at length eſcap'd the Danger he was in; and that Day the Fortune of War was on his Side. The *French* had a conſiderable Victory.

Thou ſeeſt by this, That Heroick Actions have ſomething *divine* in them, and attract the Favours of *Heaven*. No Man was ever a Loſer by good Works; for tho' he be not preſently rewarded, yet in Tract of Time ſome happy Emergency or other ariſes to convince him, *That vertuous Men are the Darlings of* Providence.

Thou that art near the Perſon of the *Grand Signior*, may'ſt find an Opportunity to relate this Story to him, which may make no unprofitable Impreſſion on his Mind. *Princes* ever ſtand in need of faithful Monitors.

Adieu, Great Miniſter, and favour *Mahmut* with the Continuance of thy Protection and Friendſhip.

Paris, 25th *of the* 3d *Moon*,
of the 1646.

LETTER XXV.

To Naſſuf, Baſſa *of* Natolia.

I Received thy Letter as an Argument of the Continuance of that Friendſhip which was between us, when we lived together in the *Seraglio*. Since that Time thou and I have been employed Abroad, in different Services of our *Auguſt Emperor*, who has now rewarded thy Fidelity with a Command; which if it be not adequate to thy Merit, is nevertheleſs agreeable to thy Wiſhes.

I congratulate thy Honour. and wiſh thee a gradual Increaſe of it; for ſudden and violent Leaps are dangerous. But our Glorious *Sultan* diſcovers his Abilities in nothing more eminently, than in adapting Places of Truſt to the Deſerts and Capacities of his faithful *Slaves*. So that if he ſhould in Time think fit to exalt thee to the higheſt Dignity in the *State*, we might from the Choice of ſo Wiſe a Prince, preſage thee a better Fortune than befel one of thy Name, in the Reign of *Sultan Achmet* III. who from a *Slave* ſold in the Market for Three Sequins, was advanced to an Honour too weighty for his Virtue; being made *Vizir Azem*, and *Lord* of the moſt delicious *Province* in *Aſia*. But being ambitious of abſolute *Sovereignty*, he plotted Treaſon againſt his *Maſter*, which being diſcover'd, the fatal *Firm* was ſign'd, and all his Deſigns were ſtifled with a Bow-ſtring,

By this thou may'ſt comprehend, how neceſſary it is for *Princes* not to over-load any Man with *Dignities*, beyond the Proportion of his Humility and Faithfulneſs. Yet Rewards well placed, give new Vigour to the Endearments of a *Slave*, whereas when good Services are ſlighted, it does but quench the Ardour with which they were perform'd. Few Men are ſo ſpiritual, as to do great and heroick Things, purely for the ſake of internal Complacency. And I doubt not but the *Decii* themſelves, in ſo freely ſacrificing their Lives for their Country, had Regard to to Human Glory. Even *Seneca*, whom one would take for the moſt mortify'd *Stoick* of that Age by his *Writings*, yet is conceived to have found more Encouragement in the Treaſures of Gold, with which *Nero*'s Bounty has fill'd his Coffers, than all his *Morals*, of which he had ſuch reſigned Sentiments and elegent Expreſſions.

What

What I have ſaid, thou haſt Wiſdom enough to apply to thy ſelf, without being vain-glorious: Let thoſe whom thou employeſt in any meritorious Services, and who diſcharges their Truſt well, be encouraged with the ſame Proportions of Bounty. Munificence will not only add to thy Glory, but alſo advance thy Intereſt, ſince thou wilt ever have Occaſion for thy *Slaves:* And he who has once taſted thy Liberality, as a Reward for any eminent Performance, had he no other Motive than the Pleaſure of renewing ſo profitable an Experiment, will freely hazard his Life to ſerve thee in an Extremity.

This Method thou wilt find of no ſmall Uſe to thee, in the Wars to which thou art going, where it will be neceſſary for thee to recompence the leaſt ſingular Bravery of the meaneſt Soldiers, nor only with Applauſe, but with ſome Preferment in the Army. This will not only prove a Spur to others, but even to the Perſon ſo rewarded; and put him upon new Efforts of Courage, to attract the Eyes of his munificent General. This will be the Way for thee, in Time, to have an Army compoſed of all Captains, or Men qualified for ſuch.

Yet let not this diminiſh the Severity of that Diſcipline, which is requiſite to retain a proſperous Army in their Obedience. I counſel thee to be ſtrict in requiring the leaſt military Duty, and induſtrious in performing thy own Part, which will be an Example to the reſt; yet rather be forward to lead in Labours than in Dangers: In regard thou wilt be more ſerviceable in a Battle, by thy Counſels and Orders, than by perſonally entering the Combat. In all Things prefer the Welfare of the *Ottoman Empire*, to whatſoever elſe is moſt dear to thee even to thy own *Honour*, which yet ought to be dearer to thee than thy *Life*.

If thou thinkeſt I have taken too much Liberty to adviſe thee, accuſe thy ſelf for having honour'd me with thy Friendſhip, which admits of no *Reſerves* in *Converſation*.

Paris, 7th *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Kaimacham.

IT is a vaſt Diſappointment to the *Venetians* that our General in *Candy* has ſo opportunely revictuall'd *Canea* and increas'd the Garriſon there. *Moroſini* is blam'd for this, by thoſe what wiſh him no Good. What will not Envy ſuggeſt, when it beholds a Man on the Top of Honour? This General, to give an Enemy his Due, is a Man of Spirit and true Fortitude; neither courting, nor ſhunning Dangers in the Service of his Country; but when once engaged in Perils for that Cauſe, he is fearleſs as a Lion. If he has not hitherto had Occaſion to give the State ſo deſperate a Proof of Loyalty, as once did the *Roman Curtius* (who bravely gallop'd into the bottomleſs *Chaſm* to pacify their angry God;) yet he has often demonſtrated, that his Courage and Fidelity come not ſhort of the ancient *Heroes*. In a Word, he has done too much for the *Republick* of *Venice*, to eſcape the Spleen of other Grandees. All muſt be *Generals*, or the War will not proſper. Each Man's Ambition dictates this to the *State*, that a Man of Conduct would ſoon expel the *Turks* out of that *Iſland*: Thus in his Conceit, laying a Train for his own Promotion.

Would'ſt

Would'ſt thou know *Moroſini*'s Crime, that excites all this Paſſion? To ſpeak the Truth, it was an Over-ſight advantagious to the *Ottomans*. He got out with his whole Fleet to Sea, and left the *Port* of *Canea* open. By which means, Three of our Ships got in with Plenty of Proviſions. So that the Town is now in a Condition to ſuſtain a long Siege, and the *Venetians* deſpair of ever recovering it. Yet *Moroſini* has made ſo plauſible an Apology, that the *Senate* have acquitted him, not judging it conſiſtent either with Juſtice or their Intereſt, to ſuffer one Miſcarriage, the Effect of a fair Intention, to out-weigh his numerous Merits and Servives. For the Occaſion of his thus ſuddenly abandoning the Avenue of that Haven, was, to chaſe ſome of our Veſſels then under Sail, not many Leagues; and the taking of thoſe Veſſels, on Board of which were Abundance of *Slaves*, juſtified to the *Senate* the Truth of his Pretenſions. However, there are not wanting ſuch as ſay, he held a private Correſpondence with our *General:* Others, that the preſent *Governour* of *Canea* has formerly taken Captive at Sea a Son of *Moroſini*'s, whom he now offer'd to reſtore, in Caſe he would withdraw his Ships from before the Haven for a few Days. I know not how far this may be credited. But 'tis a certain Truth that *Moroſini* has his Son again, and he defended himſelf by pleading, That he redeem'd him by exchanging a *Mahometan* Captive of equal *Quality*, whom he had Aboard his Ship.

And thou knoweſt, that this Manner of Barter is lawful in War. *Adonai* the *Jew* ſends me this Intelligence, and I dare believe him. For ſince the Inſtructions I ſent him to *Genoua*, he has taken Care to aſcertain his Reports. I wiſh it were as true that *Moroſini* could be prevail'd

on

on to accept the Friendſhip of the *ſublime Port*. But the Character of that *General* gives me no Encouragement to hope for ſo fortunate a Treachery, from his ſevere Virtue.

However, I will hope and believe, That the *eternal Patron of True Believers*, will give ſuch a happy Iſſue to the *Ottoman* Arms in *Candy*; and all other Parts, as ſhall diſpoſe the *Nazarenes* that remain unconquer'd, to honour *HIM* whom they have hitherto deſpiſed and blaſphemed; even the *Prophet*, who could neither write nor read.

Paris, 7th *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XVII.

To Cara Hali, *a* Phyſician, *at* Conſtantinople.

THE Time of the Year is now come, wherein the Earth turns her inſide out, and Nature calls forth the hidden Virtues of that Element, to grace the World with an infinite Variety of pleaſant Forms and Colours. The Eye is loſt in ſuch a Crowd of different Beauties, and every Senſe is raviſh'd with delightful Objects. The young Men and Virgins throng the Fields, to behold the Reſurrection of Flowers and Herbs; and the Old feel new Vigour ſpringing in their Bodies, as though they had been in *Medea*'s Cauldron. Even *Mahmut* himſelf, who has droop'd all the Winter, now begins to lift up his Head, and partake in the common Reſtauration of all Things.

If

If I am capable of gueſſing at the Occaſion of my frequent Sickneſs, I believe it may in part be attributed to the want of freſh Air, in the Place where I lodge. There is a vaſt Difference between the Streets of *Paris*, and thoſe of *Conſtantinople*. I ſeem to my ſelf to be buried alive in this cloſe City, where my Chamber-Window affords me no farther Proſpect than I can ſpit; whereas in *Conſtantinople* the Gardens are ſo intermix'd with Houſes, that it looks like a City in the midſt of a Foreſt; and by the Advantage of its Situation, is always refreſhed with Breezes from the Sea.

Beſides the Impurity of theſe *Infidels*, who empty all their Filth in the Streets, ſo that the Dirt of *Paris* may be ſmelt ſome Miles off; the Uncleanneſs of their Dirt, contributes in no ſmall Meaſure to my Diſtemper; being forced either to feed on Fleſh with the Blood in it, or live on Herbs. They laugh at the Niceneſs of the *Muſſulmans*, who will eat no Meat that was knock'd down or ſtrangled. They ſeem to be greedy of Blood, ſaving it in Veſſels, and mixing it with Flower of Wheat, make a certain Bread thereof, which they devour without the leaſt Squeamiſhneſs. A *True Believer* would tremble at the Sight of ſuch Impiety. I tell thee, it is impoſſible to live among them and not be polluted: They have no Method of Purification. They wallow, and hug themſelves in their Uncleanneſs: They are worſe than the Beaſts.

Now the *Spring* has provided a new Banquet, wherein there is no Impurity, I am reſolved to live like a *Muſſulman*, and conform to the Precepts of our *holy Law-giver*; who when he beholds my Zeal and Abſtinence, will ſend the *Angel* of *Health* from his *Paradiſe*, to repair my decay'd Conſtitution.

The

The *French Philoſophers* are buſied in an Inquiſition after certain Kinds of Birds, which from the ſecond Day of this *Moon*, they ſay, are not to be found in the whole Kingdom, though the Woods and Fields were full of them during the *Winter*. Some are of Opinion, that they fly to the *Moon*; aſſerting, That if their Wings will but carry them beyond the *Magnetick* Force of the Earth, it will be no Pain to glide through the upper airy Region, 'till they arrive within the attractive Energy of that *Planet*, where they will *naturally* ſeek Reſt. Others, with more Probability, ſay, That theſe Birds take their Flight to ſome other Region on Earth, whoſe Climate is more agreeable to their Nature, at this Time of the Year.

I wiſh I could as eaſily once a Year take my Flight to *Conſtantinople*, where my Heart is *Winter* and *Summer*. Adieu, dear *Hali*, and pity *Mahmut*, who counts himſelf unhappy in nothing ſo much, as in being abſent from his Friends.

Paris, 7th *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the Teſterdar, *or* Lord-Treaſurer.

IT appears that *France* has ſome extraordinary Deſign by Sea: When and where 'twill be put in Execution is not yet known; but the vaſt Preparations that are making ſeem to threaten ſome Foreign Invations, rather than a Naval Combat: It looks as if they had an Expedition in Hand greater than that of *Xerxes*; to make a Bridge

Bridge over the Ocean, and join the ſeparated Parts of the World together. *New Arſenals* are built in ſeveral Maritime Towns, and all the Foreſts are cut down to fill them with Timber for *Ships* of *War*; The Mountains are left naked of Trees, and the ſtately Woods are tranſplanted into the Havens. An infinite Number of Men are employ'd in making Cordage, Chains, Bullets, Anchors, Ordnance, and all other Neceſſaries belonging to a Navy.

This is *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Project, under Pretence of ſetting the Poor of the Kingdom at Work, and diſburthening the *Commonwealth* of Vagabonds and idle Perſons. But *Mahmut* is not placed here, to be amuſed with State-umbrages. It is evident, That this *Miniſter* deſigns to render his *Maſter* formidable on *both* Elements. *Agents* are ſent to buy Ships in all Parts; and the very Peaſants are forced from the Vineyards and Fields, to man the greateſt Fleet that ever this Kingdom fitted out to Sea.

Laſt Moon the *Sieur de Queſne* was ſent to aſſiſt *Monſieur Chanut*, in purchaſing Veſſels in *Swedeland*. It ſeems there has been ſome Demurs in his Negociation; to remove which, this latter was ſent with freſh Inſtructions. But *Monſieur Chanut* rejected him: And Ten Days ago came an Expreſs from that Miniſter, deſiring that a more intelligent Colleague might be ſent him, in regard he found it difficult to treat ſucceſsfully with a People too much elated with continual Victories.

Upon this, the *Court* have ſent a *Courier* to *Stockholm*, with new Orders, whereby he is forbid to make any further Overtures, in order to the Continuance of the *League* between theſe Two *Crowns*: That *France* may not always appear in a ſuppliant Poſture, whilſt the *Swedes* ſeem careleſs

careleſs to conſerve a Friendſhip which they themſelves firſt coveted.

Theſe Miſunderſtandings may in a ſhort Time proceed to a greater Alienation; and in the End, to an open Rupture. Which has the more Probability in that General *Koningſmark* lately ſtopped ſome *French* Troops in their March, under Pretence of ſeeing their Paſsports; but really, as 'tis thought, to corrupt the Soldiers, and withdraw them from the Fidelity they owe to their Sovereign.

This it highly reſented here; and they begin to diſcourſe of making *Peace* with *Germany*.

What the Iſſue of theſe Things will be, is yet in the Dark; but *God*, from whoſe *Throne* hangs the *Chain* of *Deſtiny*, which reaches to the Center of the Earth, will, I hope, ſo diſpoſe of all Human Events, that the Quarrels of the *Nazarenes* ſhall miniſter Occaſion to the *Oſmans* to encreaſe the Territories of our Puiſſant *Emperor*.

Paris, 1ſt *of the* 5th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXIX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew, *at* Vienna.

I Cannot but highly applaud the Reſolution thou haſt taken, as thy Letter intimates, to enquire into the *Grounds* of the *Religion* thou art of. This ſhews, That thou ſetteſt a Value on thy Reaſon, and thinkeſt thy ſelf beyond the Pupillage of a Child; that thou eſteemeſt thy ſelf of Years to make a Choice of thy *Religion*, and not to take it upon the bare *Credit* of thy *Fore-fathers*. 'Tis certain,

certain, that *Error* may be *traditional* as well as *Truth:* And the *Pagan Idolaters* pleaded a greater *Antiquity* for the *Altars* of their *Gods*, than could the *Followers* of *Moſes*, for the *Temple* of *Jeruſalem*, the *Tabernacle* in the *Deſart*, or the Promulgation of the *Law* it ſelf on *Mount Sinai:* Since there was ſcarce a Region on the *Continent*, which had not *eſtabliſh'd Rites* and *Ceremonies* of *Worſhip*, long before *Moſes*, or even *Jacob*, the great *Father* of thy *Iſraelites*, were born.

Amongſt the reſt of the Nations, *Arabia*, my native Country, was peculiarly bleſſed with the Footſteps of the *illuſtrious Ibrahim*, Grandfather to *Iſrael*, from whom the *Jews* deſcend. In this happy Country that renown'd *Prophet* ſojourn'd, converſed with *Angels:* And, with the *Majeſty* which cannot be utter'd, he preached the *Unity* of the *Divine Eſſence*, converted the People from their *Idolatry*, built an *Oratory* at *Mecha*, and was taken up into *Paradiſe*.

Iſmael his eldeſt Son, and Heir of his Father's Spirit, as of his Territories, trod in the Footſteps of the *Aſſumpt* of *God*. He brake down the *Idols*, aſſerted *one God*, the *Reſurrection*, the *Day* of *Judgment*, the *Joys* of *Paradiſe*, and the *Torments* of *Hell*. His *Off-ſpring* multiplied, and peopled all the *Eaſt:* The *Princes* of this *holy Line* ſubdued the *Infidel* Nations, and rooted themſelves in the moſt fertile Regions of *Aſia*, profeſſing themſelves *Muſſulmans*, or *True Believers*. Thus paſſed the *Light* of *God* from the *Face* of *Ibrahim*, to his *Poſterity* by ſucceſſive Generations; 'till at length it reſted on the *Face* of *Mahomet*, our *holy Lawgiver*, and was encreaſed with admirable Splendor, by the frequent Viſits of the *Angel Gabriel*. He took the *Root* of *Evil* out of the *Prophet*'s Heart, brought him down the *Alcoran* from *Heaven*, and gave him Victory and Honour;

call'd

call'd him by a new Name, *THE SEAL OF THE PROPHETS*; carried him to the *Throne* of *God*, through *Legions* of *Devils*, that waited below the *Moon* to deſtroy him. And finally, made his *Sepulchre* glorious and reſorted to, by the *Believers* of all Nations on Earth.

I ſent thee this *Abſtract* of the *Muſſulman Hiſtory*, to the End thou may'ſt ſee what Pretenſions the *Children* of *Iſmael* have to the *free Law*, which you, of the *Poſterity* of *Iſaac*, would monoplize to your ſelves: As if *God* had not ſent *Prophets* to all *Nations*, to lead them into the right Way, and not into the Way of *Infidels*. Nevertheleſs, take not theſe Things on my Credit, but examine the *Records* of thy *own Nation*, and the *Hiſtory* of *paſt Times*. Weigh all Things in the Ballance; conſult thy Reaſon, which is an indeficient Light to thoſe who follow it. Your *Law* was once pure and uncorrupted; but in Time the *Devil* inſerted many Errors: He ſeduced your *Fathers*: They return'd upon their Steps, and fell back into *Idolatry*. Then *God* raiſed up the *Meſſias*, to reform all Things; but him ye rejected. And when he was taken up into *Paradiſe*, ye reported, *That he was hang'd on a Tree*. In this the *Nazarenes* are your Fools, and fight againſt themſelves; Whilſt they aſſert, as you do, That he who is *Immortal* and *Triumphant*, among the Hundred and Twenty Four Thouſand *Prophets*, *was crucify'd between Two Thieves*: Thus bringing a Reproach on the *Apoſtle* of *God*, and on their *own Faith*, in believing Things inconſiſtent with the Goodneſs and Power of the *Divine Majeſty*. Without doubt, *Jeſus* the Son of *Mary*, is aſcended *Body* and *Soul* into *Paradiſe*; who, whilſt he was on *Earth*, ſaid, *Worſhip one* God, *your* Lord *and mine*.

Let

Let me not ſeem importunate or troubleſome. I ſeek not to circumvent thy Reaſon, but to direct it. Think ſeven Times before thou change once. I will procure the Books of our *Law*; peruſe them with Judgment, and tell me then, Whether thou haſt ever ſeen any *Writings* comparable to the *Alcoran?* The *Majeſty* of the *Style* ſpeaks it above *Human Original:* It is exempt from Contradictions from the Beginning to the End; It confirms the *Old Teſtement*, which thou believeſt. It is alſo over cloathed with Light. Doubtleſs it is no other than a Tranſcript of the *Book* written in *Heaven*.

If after all thy Search thou ſhalt determine otherwiſe, follow thou *thy Law*, and I will follow mine. We both worſhip *one God, Lord* of the *Univerſe*.

Paris, 10th *of the* 5th *Moon,*
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXX.

To the ſame.

LET not the Fear of diſpleaſing thoſe of thy Nation hinder thee from embracing the *Truth*. *God* ſhall protect thee from the Malice of *Unbelievers*. Thy Intereſt is already great among the *Muſſulmans*; our *Auguſt Emperor* will augment both that and thy Honour. Take hald of the ſtrongeſt Knot, and adhere not to *Tagot*. The Cleanneſs and Delicacy of the *Muſſulmans* may invite thee, which far exceeds that of the *Jews*, and yet is void of *Superſtition:*

We

We only obey the ſincere Dictates of *Nature*, which teach us, That ſo long as the Soul dwells in this Manſion of Fleſh, it partakes of Bodily Pollutions. 'Tis to avoid theſe, we abſtain from certain Meats and Drinks, which cannot be touch'd without Contamination. To this End, do we obſerve that ſuperlative Niceneſs in our Waſhings and Purifications, which diſcriminates us from all the World beſide. Doubtleſs, our *Law* is but the *Law of Moſes*, refined and ſublimated from the Dregs of adventitious Error.

Write often to me, and whatever Reaſons may prevail on thee not to change thy *Religion*, let no Arguments tempt thee to ſwerve from the *Fidelity* to the *Sovereign* of *Sovereigns* on Earth, the *Grand Signior*, in whoſe Veins run the moſt exalted Blood of Human Race.

Here is a Report in this City, That the *Elector Brandenburgh* will demand the Queen of *Sweden* in Marriage. Let me know if it be true, that I may inform the *Miniſters* of the *lofty Port*, from whom nothing ought to be conceal'd that occurs of Moment betwixt the two *Poles*.

Inform me alſo, what paſſes remarkable in the *Aſſembly* of the *Deputies* at *Munſter*, and whether it be true, that the *Danube* has lately over-flow'd its Banks, and away carried Four Hundred Houſes in its rapid Courſe.

Such Stories are told here, by thoſe who know not how to paſs away their Time, but in hearkening after Foreign News, to furniſh themſelves with Matter to amuſe the Credulous, and beget Admiration of their Intelligence.

I have ſent thee a *Watch* of my making: If thou acceptеſt it with good Will, 'tis a ſufficient Acknowledgment.

May

May *God* whoſe Preſence fills the *Univerſe*, diſcloſe himſelf to thee, in the Way of *Salvation*, and continue to breathe good Motions into thy Soul.

Paris, 10th *of the* 5th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXXI.

To the Kaimacham.

ADONAI the *Jew* has much improv'd himſelf in his late Progreſs through *Italy*. He is grown a perfect *Stateſman*; having found out the Way to penetrate into Secrets, and to diſpatch Buſineſs without any Noiſe. He may prove very ſerviceable at *Venice*, during the preſent War of *Candy*. His Acquaintance in that City gives him Acceſs to the Cabals of the *Senators*, who ſpare not, over their Wines, to whiſper the Counſels of the *State*, and to deſcant upon the Meaſures that are taken to defend the *Republick*, againſt the invincible Proweſs of the *Ottoman* Armies.

It is publickly known, that they have ſent *Ambaſſadors* to the *Crown* of *Muſcovy*, that of *Poland* and to the *Coſſacks*, inviting them to enter into a *League* againſt the *Grand Signior*. But few are acquainted with the private *Treaty* they are making with the *Baſſa* of *Aleppo*. We owe this Diſcovery to the Diligence and Wit of this *Son* of *Iſrael*. He has drawn the Secret form the Mouths of ſeveral eminent *Counſellors* of *State*; and aſſures me, That the *Senate* have made ſuch Propo-

ſals to the *Governor*, as cannot fail of inducing him to revolt.

This may prove of ill Conſequence, if not timely prevented: The pernicious Example of this *Baſſa*, may incite others to tread in his Steps, eſpecially his Neighbours of *Sidon* and *Damaſcus*, who have for ſo long Time meditated a Sovereignty, independent of the Throne, which firſt eſtabliſh'd them in thoſe Charges. Beſides, the ſingle Forces of this *Baſſa* will be able to give a powerful Diverſion to the Arms of the *Empire*, already engag'd in *Candy*, *Dalmatia*, and other Parts, by Sea and Land. He ſays, The *Venetians* ſpeak much in the Praiſe of this *Baſſa*'s Juſtice, whereof they relate many Examples; among the reſt, a certain *Cook* among the *Franks* of that City, was accus'd of dreſſing and ſelling putrify'd Fleſh, whereby many that did eat thereof, were infected with the *Plague*. Complaint being made of this to the *Baſſa*, he ſends for the *Cook*, and examines him about it: He reply'd. That he ſold none but good and wholeſome Meat, for if it happened, that at any Time, he was forced to keep any Fleſh in his Houſe above three Days, he ſo ſeaſon'd it with Spices and Herbs, as made it very ſavoury, and without any ill Scent.

The *Baſſa*, not having Patience to hear any more of this fetid Apology, commands his Arms and Legs to be cut off and the Veins to be ſeared up; ordering, That during the Time he had to live, he ſhould have no other Food, but what was made of his own Limbs.

They relate one more Paſſage, of a Complaint that was made by a Peaſant, whoſe Daughter this *Baſſa*'s only Son had raviſh'd: The *Baſſa* compell'd him to marry her, with this Charge, *Let me*

hear

hear no more Complaints of thee except thou art reſolved to leave me without a Son.

It is reported here, That the King of *Perſia* has made a *Peace* with the *Great Mogul*; and that they will both turn their Forces againſt our *Auguſt Emperor*.

Here is alſo a *Courier* arrived from *Marſeilles*, who brings News of the Revolt of *Cavarra*; the Inhabitants of that Place having ſhaken off the Obedience they owe to the *Sultan*, and put themſelves under the Protection of the *Venetians*; and that General *Grimani* has taken four Ships of *Raguſa*, laden with Ammunition for our Army. He adds alſo, That *Moroſini* has thirty ſmall Veſſels, beſides Gallies, under the very Walls of the *Dardanells*. I long ago ſuggeſted to the *Vizir Azem*, that the Weakneſs of theſe Caſtles would one Time or other, encourage the *Chriſtians* to perform ſome notable Exploit in the *Helleſpont*. But *Mahmut*'s Counſel was not regarded: Now the Event juſtifies my Advice, the *Porte* will conſult the Security of that Avenue. I wiſh they do not practiſe the *Trojan* Wiſdom. The *Venetians* have a powerful Fleet: If they block up the *Helleſpont*, and hinder our Ships from Sailing into the *Archipelago*; and the *Coſſacks*, in the mean while cover the *Black Sea* with their Barks, committing a Thouſand Piracies and Ravages, What will become of the *Imperial* City? Whence will they provide Suſtenance for ſo many Millions of People as inhabit that City, and the Parts adjacent.

Theſe Things are worthy of Conſideration: And thou haſt the Care of that *capital Seat* of the *Ottoman Empire*, wilt not blame *Mahmut*, for putting thee in Mind of the Danger which threatens even the *Seraglio* it ſelf at this Juncture. However, I have done my Duty, ſage *Miniſter*,

and refer the reſt to thy Wiſdom. My Letters are all regiſter'd; and if Affairs ſhould ſucceed ill, it will be manifeſted, that *Mahmut*, who watches Night and Day to ſerve the *Great Maſter* of the *World*, has not been wanting to give timely Notice of what might be advantageous to the *Monarchy* of the *True Faithful*.

Thou, who art celebrated for thy Juſtice and Probity, pardon the Liberty which my Zeal for thy *Maſter* and mine, renders worthy of Excuſe.

Paris, 19th *of the* 5th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

The End *of the* FIRST BOOK.

LETTER

LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY *at* PARIS.

VOL. III.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To the maſt Magnificent and Illuſtrious Vizir Azem, *at the* Porte.

OSMIN the *Dwarf*, whom I formerly mention'd, remains ſtill in the *Court*; and continues his good Offices in communicating to me ſuch Paſſages as come to his Knowledge. He has a ſubtle Wit, and bears no hearty Love to the *Chriſtians*, tho' he be one himſelf in *Profeſſion*. He frequently viſit me, and truſts me with his Secrets. One Day he convinced me by evident Circumſtances, that *Cardinal Mazarini* was projecting to give ſome ſecret aud ſudden Blow to the *Ottoman Empire* for which *Oſmin* ſeems to be concern'd by a natural Inclination; being, as I told thee, born of *Mahometan* Parents, he was uneaſy, till he had

acquainted me with his Apprehenſions; and I gave him ſuch Inſtructions, as I thought moſt proper on this Occaſion. I ſet my Thoughts on the Rack, to prevent ſo dire a Miſchief. And having premeditated well on this Affair, I pitch'd on a Courſe, which would at once clear me from the *Cardinal*'s Suſpicion; and by ſeeming to favour his Deſigns, would abſolutely overthrow them. I went to him boldly one Day, and being admitted to his *Cloſet*, I thus addreſs'd that *Politician*.

" THERE are now nine Years elaps'd, great " *Miniſter*, ſince I firſt breath'd the Air " of *France*; during all which Time, I have " not only ſhared in common with the Natives, " the Benefits which have accrued to this noble " Kingdom, under the auſpicious *Miniſtry* of *Car-* " *dinal Richlieu*, and his no leſs eminent Succeſ- " ſor; but have alſo received many particular " Honours from that illuſtrious Prince of the " *Church*, to which your *Eminence* has been plea- " ſed to make ſome undeſerved Additions. 'Tis " to you both I owe the Character which has in- " troduced me into the Acquaintance and Favour " of the *Nobility*, who on that Score have thought " me worthy to inſtruct their Children in the " *Greek* and *Arabick* Tongues; have vouchſafed " to admit me to their *Salt*, and to encourage me " with the Hopes of finding a conſiderable Re- " poſe in the Boſom of the *Gallican Church*, after " a tedious Peregrination from my own Country.

" When I reflect on all the accumulated Bleſ- " ſings I enjoy, under the Protection of your *Emi-* " *nence*, Bleſſings equally tranſcending my Ambi- " tion, as they do my Merits; I apply all my " Studies, to find out ſome acceptable Way of

" Acknow-

" Acknowledgement to my gracious *Benefactors*
" And becauſe Nothing can be more welcome to
" the *Guardian* of *France*, than the Means of ad-
" vancing the publick Good of the Kingdom com-
" mitted to his Care; I now preſume, as a Teſti-
" mony of my Gratitude, to propoſe to your
" *Eminence* ſome Speculations, which if put in
" Execution, will, in my Judgment, not only
" render *France* the moſt formidable and abſolute
" *Monarchy* on *Earth*, but alſo the whole *Catho-*
" *lick* World in eternal Obligations to her; and
" give juſt Reaſon to change the *Style* of the *moſt*
" *Chriſtian Majeſty*, from the *eldeſt Son of the*
" *Church*, to that of *Father of all* Chriſtendom.

" Your *Eminence* will not wonder at the Zeal
" of a Stranger, or the Care that *Titus* of *Mol-*
" *davia* takes for *France*: In being ſolicitous for
" this Kingdom, I conſult the Welfare of my
" own Country, and of all the Nations which
" profeſs the Faith of *Jeſus*; ſince it is eaſy to
" ſee, that in the Fate of *France*, that of all *Eu-*
" *rope* is involv'd.

" It is a long Time ſince the diſmembring Re-
" liques of the *Roman Empire*, bordering on *Aſia*,
" found themſelves too weak to reſiſt the Puiſ-
" ſance of the *Ottoman* Arms. All *Greece* was
" ſoon over-run by the Warlike *Turks*. *Tranſyl-*
" *vania*, *Wallachia*, *Moldavia*, with the greateſt
" Part of the *Upper-Hungary*, quickly became *Tri-*
" *butaries* to the inveterate Enmies of the *Chri-*
" *ſtian Name*. And *Germany itſelf* is ſo enfeebled
" by their repeated Incurſions, that all the *Empe-*
" *ror* can do, is to make diſhonourable and
" coſtly Compoſitions, buying a precarious Peace
" with little leſs Charges than would ſerve ſome
" more fortunate *Prince*, to carry on a glorious
" and ſucceſsful War. Neither is the State of
" *Venice* in any better Condition of Defence, the

" *Turks* having pared away whole *Provinces* from " that once flouriſhing *Commonwealth*, and by " their continual Invaſions and Hoſtilities, re- " duced her to a Neceſſity of merchandizing with " the *Ottoman Porte* for a *Peace*. Which is no " ſooner concluded, but on the leaſt Pretence " is broke again, by thoſe who hold themſelves " not obliged to keep *Faith* with *Chriſtians*. Be- " hold, at this Time without Provocation on the " Part of *Venice*, or a Declaration of War by the " *Grand Signior*, the late *League* broken on a ſud- " ſud, and in a moſt clandeſtine Manner, Behold, " *Candy* environ'd by their *Fleet* at *Sea*, and her " fertile Plains cover'd with *Armies* of *Mahome- " tans* by *Land*. Behold her Cities in the Hand " of her Enemies and her Villages laid deſolate: " her *Nobles* put to the Sword, and her *Merchants* " led into Captivity. In fine, Behold that af- " flicted *Commonwealth* yet ſtruggling with her " *Fate*, and ſending her *Ambaſſadors* to all the " *Princes* and *States* of *Chriſtendom*, demanding " or rather, in a ſuppliant Manner, imploring, " their Aſſiſtance. Yet ſhe finds little or no " Help from any but the *Pope*, and the *Knights* " of *Malta*. And his *Holineſs* has enough to " do to preſerve the *Patrimony* of the *Church* " from Violence. The State of *Genoua* is too " intent upon her Traffick, to regard the Cala- " mities of her Neighbours. And all the *Princes* " of *Italy* have ſuch Diverſions at Home, as " render their Application to Things abroad ve- " ry cold and indifferent. In the mean while, " the *Turks* gain Ground, double their Strength, " and encreaſe their Victories! O deplorable " State of *Chriſtendom*! Is there no Redreſs for " theſe Miſeries? Yes, ſurely there is! And " ſuch a Redreſs, as only lies in your Power, " *Great Miniſter*, to apply; which, in the

" Empe-

" Experiment, I dare aſſure will prove effec-
" tual.

" I do not pretend the *Viſions* and *Inſpira-*
" *tions* of *Peter* the *Hermit*, who garbled *ſecular*
" *divine* Offices; and armed himſelf in Ha-
" biliments of Steel, went dragooning up and
" down *Chriſtendom*, at the Head of a confuſed
" Rabble, to render himſelf popular, and acquire
" the triple Character of *Pilgrim*, *Prieſt*, and
" *Captain*. The ill Succeſs of his raſh *Expedition*
" ſhew'd, That he was only ſtung with a *Reli-*
" *gious Caprice*, and that *God* approved not his
" *Folly*. I do not go about to propoſe another
" *Cruſade*, or contrive a Way to ſhed whole
" *Deluges* of *Human Blood*, with no other Conſe-
" quence, than to ſtain *Hiſtory* with the ſanguine
" *Memoirs* of *Chriſtendom*'s Vanity and Misfortune.
" Beſides, That would be found impracticable,
" in this Age, which was ſo eaſy to put in Exe-
" cution five or ſix Hundred Years ago: The
" World is not ſo *devout* now, as it was in thoſe
" Days; neithe are Men ſo prompt to run the
" Riſque of their Lives on *religious Errands*, for
" the Honour of being eſteem'd *Martyrs*. 'Twill
" be difficult to find out a new *Liſt* of *Godfrey*'s,
" *Baldwin*'s, *Guy*'s, and other *Heroes*, to lead the
" *Champions* of the *Croſs* through all the Hard-
" ſhips of the Sea and Land, ſo many Hundred
" Miles, into remote and deſolate Regions, to
" combat not only with Fleſh and Blood, but
" with Famine, Peſtilence, and all the Meſeries
" of Human Life: And, as if this were not
" enough, to ſheath their Swords alſo in each
" others Bowels, for *Punctilio*'s, mere Trifles of
" miſtaken Honour, and ill-timed Emulation:
" And all this only to purchaſe the empty *Ti-*
" *tle* of *King* of *Jeruſalem*; or the precarious
" Authority of a *Grecian Emperor*: Both ſhort

" liv'd Honours; the one to be loſt in a little " Time, with all *Paleſtine*, to the *Sarazens*; the " other depending only on the Pleaſure of the " Multitude! Such were the glorious Fruits of " the *Chriſtian* Arms in thoſe Days! Such the " Triumphs attending our Victories! Theſe the " Trophies which our *Fathers* erected to their " own Diſgrace; when after a War of ſo many " Years they left the *Holy Land*, in a worſe Con- " dition than they found it; and of ſo many " Hundred Thouſand Men as marched thither, " threatening the utter Subverſion of the *Saracen* " *Empire*, there ſcarce return'd enough to diſperſe " the News of their own Overthrow.

" Waving therefore theſe *viſionary* raſh *Expedi-* " *tions*, I now propoſe to your *Eminence* an Un- " dertaking, which though it may make leſs Noiſe " in the World, yet carries more Probability of " Succeſs, and will not only promote the Intereſt " of *France*, bnt redound to the Advantage of all " *Europe*.

" No Man who is acquainted with *Hiſtory*, can " be ignorant what Claims the *Kings* of *France* " have made to the *Empire* of the *Weſt*, ſince the " Days of *Charlemaigne*, the Royal Predeceſſor " of his preſent *Majeſty*, who was dignified with " the *Imperial Title*, by ths *Sovereign Biſhop*. Nei- " ther is it unknown, by what Artifices the *Houſe* " of *Auſtria* have procured the *Tranſlation* of the " *Sacred Authority* to their own *Family*.

" Your *Eminence* is ſenſible by what Tyran- " nous and unjuſt Methods they have maintain'd " themſelves in this higheſt Pitch of Human " Glory; and not content with this, how they " have aſpired after the *Monarchy* of the *whole* " *World!* All the *North* have groaned under " the Burden of that inſupportable *Tyranny*. " And their Encroachments on the *South*, have

" render'd

" render'd that *Line* little leſs infamous. They " ſpare neither *Civil* nor *Eccleſiaſtical* Rights, in " the Purſuit of their Ambition, not even the " *Patrimony* of St. *Peter*, which has ever been " eſteem'd *ſacred* and *inviolable* by *Chriſtian Prin-* " *ces*. They have ſack'd *Rome* itſelf, and led the " *ſupreme Paſtor* of the *Church* into *Captivity*. " What ſhould I ſpeak of the *Hollanders*, *Swizers*, " *Griſons*, and other Nations, which, impatient " of the *Auſtrian* Yoke, revolted from their cruel " *Maſters*, and have ever ſince aſſerted their Li- " berty by the Force of their Arms? What ſhould " I mention the frequent Troubles in *Bohemia*, " *Tranſylvania*, and *Hungary*, when the Inhabi- " tants of thoſe Countries grown deſperate with " their daily Oppreſſions, have bravely endea- " vour'd to redeem themſelves and their Po- " ſterity from perpetual Servitude; but for want, " of a powerful *Protector*, have been forced to " yield to their *old Maſters!* That *inceſtuous Race* " are grown odious to the whole World: Even " the *Princes* of the *Empire* are forced to ſmother " their Reſentment, when they elect one to poſ- " ſeſs the *Imperial Diadem*, whom they cannot but " hate.

" That therefore which I aim at in this Addreſs " is, To repreſent to your *Eminence*, how eaſy it " will be in this Juncture, for his moſt *Chriſtian* " *Majeſty* to recover the *Imperial Crown*, which " of Right belongs to none but the *Succeſſors* of " the renown'd *Charlemaigne*; and which even " the greateſt Part of the *Germans* themſelves, " wiſh to ſee placed on the Head of *Lewis* XIV. " Moſt of the *Electors* are already inclining to " the Intereſts of *France*: It will not be difficult " to win the reſt. The *Hungarians*, *&c*, long for " a Deliverer: And the other *Provinces* beyond " the *Danube*, will freely open the Gate of

" their Cities, to let in *his* Armies, whom they " look on as the *Hope* of all *Chriſtendom*. The " *Helvetians*, who are *Allies* of this *Crown*, will " not fail to perform their Part. The *Swedes* " have alread plucked many *Feathers* from the " *ravenous Eagle*. And the Forces of this Crown " have blunted her *Talons*. Another Campaign " will quite deplume her, enervate her laſt Vi- " gour, and end the tedious Controverſy.

" Let not therefore an untimely Peace with " the *Emperor*, ſo much talk'd of, ſtop the Cur- " rent of the *French* Triumphs! Let not the " ſiniſter Practice of *German Penſioners* in the " *Swediſh Court*, occaſion a Rupture between two " the moſt potent and victorious Crowns in *Eu-* " *rope!* Or rather, let Queen *Chriſtina* reap " the ſole Glory of ſo fortunate and profitable " War! His *Majeſty* has a formidable Army by " *Land*; and in a ſhort Time, will have an in- " vincible *Fleet* by *Sea*. Continual Victories " court the Perſeverance of the *French* Valour " whilſt the Juſtice of your Cauſe invites to " the Battle.

" All Things conſpire to put a Period to the " *Auſtrian* Grandeur. Only ſnatch the preſent " Opportunity, which, once loſt, may never be " recovered again. 'Twas only the ſudden and " unexpected Fate of *Henry* IV. this King's " Grandfather, of eternal Memory, that hin- " dered him from putting in Execution the " ſame Deſign I now propoſe. And if *Lewis* " XIII. did not proſecute it, 'twas becauſe he " wanted a favourable Juncture. Now, behold " it offers itſelf: It is in your Power, *ſupreme* " *Director* of the *State*, under his *Majeſty*, to " build the *Fortune* of *France* ſo high, that all the " *Nation* of *Chriſtendom* may repoſe under its " *Shadow*. Purſue the Succeſs which *Heaven* has

" already

" already granted. And when all *Europe* is thus " ſettled in a durable Peace, either making ho- " nourable Friendſhip with, or entirely ſubmit- " ting to the new *Gallic Empire*; then will be " the Time to call the *Ottomans* to an Account, " for the Ravages and Spoils they have commit- " ted in *Chriſtian* Countries, and to carry out " Arms to the Walls of *Conſtantinople*, and drive " theſe *Barbarians* back to the primitive Rocks " and Deſarts, from whence they have thus long " ſtraggled, to ruin the moſt deſirable *Provinces* " of *Aſia* and *Europe*; nay, and of the *whole* " *World*.

" There is no other Way but this, in my Judg- " ment, to ſtop the Progreſs of the *Turkiſh* Victo- " ries. Since it is impoſſible to make a durable " *Peace* among *Chriſtian Princes*, but by Con- " queſt; I mean ſuch a *Peace*, as will inſpire " them with the Reſolution, and put them into a " Capacity, to unite all their Forces in a War " againſt the *Mahometans*. As for the preſent Con- " dition of the *Republick*, if their Loſſes were great- " er than they are like to be, yet they will be in- " conſiderable, in Compariſon to the mighty Gain " which will afterwards accrue, not only to them " but to all the *Chriſtian* Nations, by advancing " the *French Crown* to that Heighth of Grandeur " deſign'd for it by *Fate*. Hitherto the *Chriſtian* " *Princes* have only endeavoured to apply a Re- " medy to the Part particularly affected; from " whence if by Fortune they chaſed the Diſtem- " per, it ſoon brake out in ſome other Member; " whence it came to paſs that we loſt *Province* " after *Province*, and the *Turks* are almoſt gotten " into the *Heart* of *Europe*. If therefore we de- " ſign to drive them thence, it is neceſſary to fol- " low this Method, which will be found the only " Way to pluck this Evil up by the Roots.

" Go

" Go on then, moſt prudent and illuſtrious " *Guardian* of the *Crown*, deſtin'd to command " the *Earth*: Go on, and lift up our great " *Maſter* to the Wreath with which the *Tutelar* " *Angel* of *Europe* is ready to environ his *Sacred* " *Temples*. Let not the *German Deputies* at *Mun-* " *ſter* any longer amuſe you with feigned Over- " tures of *Peace*. But purſue the propitious *Fate* " of *France*, which wants to lead our Armies to " Victories, Triumphs, and Glories, and to eſta- " ſtabliſhed a new *Empire* in the *World*, to which " all Nations ſhall pay Homage, and fly for Pro- " tection."

Thou ſeeſt, illuſtrious and ſerene *Vizir*, that I have uſed much Flattery in this Addreſs. It is a neeeſſary Vice in the *Court* of *France*, where no *Diogenes* can have Audience. It cannot be expected that I ſhould diſcover by the *Cardinal*'s Anſwer, what his Sentiments were of my Project. He is of a debonair Humour, and would rather feign *Virtues* to commend in another Man, than put him to the Bluſh by mentioning his real *Vices*. This is an Effect of his *natural Diſpoſitions*, which he is wiſe enough to improve to the *Ends* of *Policy*. There being no ſubtiler Artifice to gain a popular Eſteem, than by the Reputation of a generous Temper.

However, I think I ſaid Nothing that could juſtly offend him, unleſs he were endued with the incommunicable Gift of diſcerning Hearts. For otherwiſe at the worſt, he could but tax me with a Loyal Preſumption and Miſtake, in propoſing Things altogether impracticable.

Theſe were ſuch as thou wilt eaſily diſcern, when thou conſidereſt, that though they appear fair and eaſy in the Attempt, as the Circumſtances

ſtance of *Europe* are at preſent; yet the Revolution of a few *Moons* may quite change the Face of Affairs; The *Emperor* may make a *Peace* with *Swedeland*, the *Pope* might interpoſe his Mediation and Authority, the *Aſſembly* at *Munſter* might have a Concluſion according to their Wiſhes, the *Electoral Princes* might be more firmly faſtened to the Intereſt of the *Empire*. Beſides, another Campaign may prove as fatal to the *French*, as the former have been proſperous. After all, if they ſhould find Encouragement to begin this Enterprize, and ſhould meet with anſwerable Succeſs in the Proſecution of it, yet a Thouſand Occurrences would emerge, to hinder them from enjoying their new gotten Empire long; or from being able to maintain a War againſt the *Emperor*, whoſe Subjects are infinite, and Treaſures inexhauſtible.

If thou, who art the Light of the *Oſman Monarchy*, ſhall approve of what I have done, my Happineſs will be great; nevertheleſs thy Reproofs will not make me miſerable, ſince they are Arguments of thy Condeſcenſion and Favour.

Paris, 10th *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To Iſmael Mouta Faraca, *a* White Eunuch.

THY Letter is come ſafe to my Hands, accompany'd with a munificent Preſent from *Egry Boinou*, who thou telleſt me is deprived of his Eyes by the *Grand Signior*'s Order. I condole the Calamity of thy Friend, yet accuſe not the Juſtice of him who is Maſter of us all. We are *Muſſulmans*, and muſt not diſpute the *Pleaſure* of *Heaven*, or the *Commands* of our *Sovereigns*. It is an Argument of their Clemency, when they retrench their Anger, and ſpare the Lives of their *Slaves*. The *Sultan* is merciful in a higher Degree, in not extending his Hands to the Wealth of our Friend, but has left that and his Liberty untouch'd, whereby he is ſtill in a Capacity of enjoying many Pleaſure, which are denied to Thouſands who have their Sight.

I do not write this, as if I were void of Compaſſion toward my Friend. I owe him ſtill the ſame Affection, as when he was able to read the Sincerity of it in my Face. But I would not have the Loſs of his Eyes abate the Sight of his Soul, which is his Reaſon. Let him remember, that a famous *Philoſopher* has done that voluntarily to himſelf, for the Sake of a leſs interrupted Contemplation, which is impoſed on our Friend as a Puniſhment. There is no outward Diſaſter can hurt the Opticks of a Mind guarded with Patience and ſhut up within the Circles of its own Light. Such a Soul is impregnable againſt all the Aſſaults of *Fortune*, and triumphs over *Deſtiny* itſelf.

Beſides

Beſides, our beloved *Eunuch* can ſtill converſe with his Friends, which is a Privilege the *Deaf* would almoſt give their Eyes to enjoy. It is hard to determine which of theſe two *Senſes* would be miſſed with leaſt Regret, eſpecially to a Man, who, by his excellent Voice and Skill in *Singing* ſeems to be the very *Soul* of *Muſick*.

What is it in all this infinite Variety of viſible Objects, that affects the Eye with ſo refined a Pleaſure, but the harmonious Diſpoſition and Symmetry of the Parts, which compoſe the whole Scene of the Univerſe? And may not that Pleaſure be tranſlated to the Ear, when it receives the propotionate Meaſures and exquiſite Cadencies of Sounds? Certainly *Muſick* is no other than Beauty to the Ear, as Beauty is *Muſick* to the Eye.

But our Friend *Egry* needs not theſe Encouragements: He underſtands the Way to make himſelf happy, and has Wiſdom enough to put it in Practice.

The *Grand Signior*'s Fury is pacified. *Egry* lives. He has Houſes and Gradens; Gardens repleniſh'd with all Manner of Fruits and Flowers to gratify his *Taſte* and *Smell*. He is Maſter of much Treaſure in Silver and Gold, and of many *Slaves*. If all theſe cannot contribute to his Felicity, he is *Maſter* of *himſelf*, which is *eſſential Happineſs*.

Thou who ſucceedeſt him in that honourable Poſt, and guardeſt the Avenues of the *majeſtick Chamber*, where the Adreſſes and Supplications of all the *Princes* of the Earth are made at the Feet of our *auguſt Emperor*, watch thy Senſes, and obey thy Reaſon. Remember thy *Predeceſſor*'s *Fate*, and forget not *Mahmut*: But above all Things, forget not thy ſelf Adieu.

Paris, 20th *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I AM extremely ſurprized, and equally troubled at the ſevere Puniſhment which *Sultan Ibrahim* has inflicted on *Egry Boinou*. His Succeſſor, *Iſmael Mouta Faraca*, ſent me the firſt News of it, but ſaid Nothing of the *Eunuch*'s Crime. Neither would I requeſt that Satisfaction of a Man, who derives a new Luſtre from the tragical Eclipſe of my Friend, leſt my Love ſhould have betray'd my Diſcretion, and tempted me to utter that, which is not proper for a *Slave* to the *Sultan*'s to expreſs. Our Thoughts are our own whilſt we keep them chain'd up in our Breaſts, but if once we ſuffer them to take Air, in Words, they become another Man's, who may make uſe of them to our Ruin. I never had Familiarity enough with *Iſmael*, to truſt him with Reflections of this Nature. Beſides, his own Letter to me diſcovered too much Freedom to be void of Deſign, it being the firſt ever paſs'd between us; which for that Reaſon ought to have been dictated in a Style more reſerv'd. I ſet him a Pattern in my Anſwer, not letting a Word eſcape my Pen, which might ſpeak leſs Reſignation to the Will of our *Maſter*, than Tenderneſs for my Friend's Suffering.

But with thee I dare uſe greater Freedom: My long Experience of thy Integrity, will juſtify this Boldneſs. Tell me, my *Dgnet*, was is not the Blindneſs of *Sultan Ibrahim*'s Paſſion, which has robb'd *Egry* of his Sight? Anſwer me without Diſguiſe; Was it not ſome Caprice of Jealouſy? Was is not becauſe the *Maſter* thought he

he ſaw too much, that the *Slave* ſees not now at all? If that Senſe was not judg'd criminal to *Egry*, why was it in particular puniſh'd? But 'tis in vain to meaſure the cruel Frolick of a *Sovereign Monarch* by a *Rule*, who makes his *Will* a *Law*.

The *Chriſtians* ſay, The *Ottoman Princes* are Butchers, and the *whole Empire* a *Shambles*; where Perſons of all Degrees are ſacrificed to the Luſt or Paſſions of a *Tyrant*. I tell thee, though I approve not the licentious Tongues of theſe *Infidels*, yet is appears too ture, that ſo uncontroulable a Power as the *Eaſtern Monarchs* are inveſted with, prompts them to commit many Violences, for which Juſtice can make no Plea. It were to be wiſh'd, That the Practices of the *Sublime Seraglio*, did not too often verify it. Suffer me to be exaſperated a little for the cruel Sentence executed on my Friend, the moſt accompliſh'd Perſon within the Walls of that *magnificent Palace*. Doubtleſs, he owes the Loſs of his Eyes to the Grudge of ſome envious Minion, who would not brook ſo dangerous a Rival in the *Sultan*'s Favour. For this unfortunate *Eunuch*, who charm'd all Hearts, made ſome Impreſſion alſo on the cruel *Ibrahim*'s. He often loved to hear him ſing the lively *Dorick* Strains to chaſe away his Melancholy; For *Egry* is a ſecond *Orpheus*, whoſe Voice, thou knoweſt, inſpired the Trees and Rocks with Paſſion. Beſides, he has many other Gifts, which render'd his Perſon and Converſation delectable to all; and taught the whole *Seraglio* new Leſſons of *Platonick* Love.

When thou haſt received this, I deſire thee to give him a Viſit: Thou knoweſt his Houſe at *Galata*. Embrace him in thy Name, and give him a Kiſs of faithful Friendſhip. Forget not alſo

alſo to return him my Acknowledgments for the *Diamonds* he ſent me, And chear him with this Thought, that one Day his Eyes ſhall be renew'd in *Paradiſe*, far brighter than thoſe glittering *Jewels*. Adieu.

Paais, 20th *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER IV.

To Dichieu Huſſein Baſſa.

'TIS not eaſy to gueſs at the Motive which induced the *Duke* of *Orleans* to begin this Year's Campaign in ſo rigorous a Seaſon. It was the firſt *Moon*, and the Ground was cover'd with deep Snows (an ill Time to march in an Enemy's Country.) And when theſe Snows were diſſolv'd, Floods follow'd. It ſeems, as if he were thirſty of Fame, and would acquire the Character of a *hardy Warriour*; reſolving to ſhun no Fatigue, which might advance the Reputation of his Arms.

The *Duke* of *Enguien*, ſpurr'd on with a glorious Emulation, ſoon follow'd with another Army, but by a different Road. There are four *Marcſchals* of *France* gone with them. Theſe early Marches make a great Noiſe. But little of Action could be expected while the wary *Flemmings* knowing the Paſſes of the Country, and the Force of the Floods, have kept their Winter Quarters, ſpreading the Time at Eaſe, in preparing all Things neceſſary for a more ſeaſonable Campaign, which they have now begun.

In

In this the *Spaniſh* Policy deſerves Commendation; who would not expoſe the Health and Lives of their Soldiers to unneceſſary Rigours, but waited till the *Sun* had well dry'd up the unwholſome Damps of the Earth, and ſhedding his benigner Influence through the Air, invited them forth into the Field. But when I thus approve the Wiſdom of the *Spaniards*, think not that I condemn the ſprightly *Genius* of the *French*, who ſeem to approach neareſt the Bravery of the *Muſſulman* Armies.

The Action of a *French* Officer was worthy of Remark, who being ſent from the Camp with Letters to the King and Queen, arrived at the *Court*, the 24th Day of the ſecond *Moon*, whilſt the Ground was yet frozen hard. After he had delivered his Meſſage, the *Chamberlain* of the *Royal Houſhold* appointed him a Lodging for that Night in the King's *Palace*, he being to return to *Flanders* the next Day. But he generouſly refuſed it, ſaying, *It became not him to lie in a Bed of Down, when his General, with the whole Army, were forced to Sleep on the frozen Earth.* Therefore cauſing ſome Straw to be brought out of the Stables, he took his Repoſe thereon, in the open Air. The young King, extremely pleas'd with his Gallantry, ordered him an Hundred *Pieces of Gold*, and recommended him to the Duke of *Orleans* as one of the braveſt Men in his Army.

I ſwear by the Whiſtling of the Winds, and the Ruffling of the Leaves, that I honour ſuch Virtue, even in an *Infidel*.

Paris, 20th *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

THY Letter is come to my Hands, with the Preſent of *Kopha*, which is ſo much the more acceptable, becauſe thou broughteſt it thy ſelf from the Valley of *Amoim*, the Place of my Nativity. It is an evident Sign that thou haſt not forgot thy Countryman, in that thou condeſcendeſt to oblige him in ſo peculiar a Manner. The Place where we drew our firſt Breath is always dear to Mortals; and the Remembrance of that delicious Vale, affects *Mahmut* with ſingular Delight. 'Tis true indeed, I was brought from thence before I could diſtinguiſh one Place from another; but I have viſited that Region ſince, and have Reaſon to pronounce it the moſt delectable Part of *Arabia*. Had the *Grecian Poets* ſeen that *Paradiſe*, they would not ſo have extoll'd the celebrated Fields of *Tempe* in *Theſſaly*. This happy Vallies the *Elyſium* of the *World*, bleſs'd with an *eternal Spring*.

Thou art highly oblig'd to the *Sultan* for the Liberty he has given thee to viſit the Place of thy Cradle, and to ſojourn ſo long among thy Kindred. Thy Father was famous in that Couutry for Hunting of *Lions*, and other *Beaſts* of *Prey*. I have heard ſome of our *Tribe* praiſe his Valour and Dexterity, in the Chace of thoſe fierce Animals. They told me, That in the Space of Two Years, he had preſented the *Beglerbeg* with twenty *Lions* Heads kill'd by his own Hand: That he had three tame ones in his Houſe, which he had taken when Whelps, from a *Lioneſs* of prodigious Bulk. That the Walls of his Houſe were

hung

hung with the Skins of *Tigers*, *Panthers* and *Lions*, the Trophies of his indefatigable Diligence, Skill and Courage, in Purſuit of wild Beaſts. In a Word, they ſaid, he was the moſt ſucceſsful Hunter in all *Arabia*. If thou inheriteſt his Inclinations as well as his Blood (for they commonly go together) thou haſt had a fair Time to range the Foreſts, and purge the *Deſart* of thoſe ravenous Creatures. Were it not for the Enmity of the *Gnats*, the *Eaſt* would be over-run with theſe Savages. They ſay, this little deſpicable *Inſect* deſtroys more *Lions*, than all the *Huntſmen* in *Aſia*. For ſwarming about them in the Heat of *Summer*, they chiefly faſten on their Eye-lids, which they ſting ſo vehemently, that the *Lions* thinking to eaſe themſelves by Scratching, often tear their own Eyes out, and ſo are famiſh'd.

To underſtand well the different Natures of Beaſts, is a Study fit for Kings. 'Twas the Glory of *Solomon*, to be accurate in this Knowledge: And *Alexander the Great* had ſuch an Eſteem for it, that he beſtowed on *Ariſtotle* the *Philoſopher* Eight Hundred *Talents*, only for writing a *Treatiſe* of *Animals*. Our *Holy Prophet* was eminent above all other Mortals, for his Familiarity with the Brutal Generation, underſtanding their Qualities and Language, and often diſcourſing with them. When he lived in the *Deſarts*, a *Libard* continually waited at the Door of his *Cave*; and did all the Offices of a kind and faithful Servant. Such Grace is given but to few.

But, I forget my own Opportunity of venting my Affections to my Country and my Friends. I forget that I am writing to one who is newly come from *Arabia*. Would to *God* I might ſee thee, were it but for an Hour. I have a Thouſand Queſtions to aſk about my *Relations*, and what Changes have happen'd ſince I was there.

But

But I muſt ſacrifice theſe natural Fondneſſes to the Will of *Deſtiny*. I am a double Exile: And ſince it is for the Service of the *Grand Signior*, I am reſign'd.

Adieu, happy *Miniſter*; and if *Mahmut* may be admitted ſometimes to mingle with the Train of thy better Thoughts, he ſhall count himſelf happy where-ever he is.

Paris, 2d *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER VI.

To Huſſein, Baſſa.

THE Taking of *Retimo* in *Candy*, has fill'd the *Nazarenes* with Apprehenſions of greater Calamities.

The firſt fortunate Strokes in a War, make deep Impreſſions on the Enemy; the Vulgar looking on them as the *Index* of their future *Deſtiny*. But repeated Succeſſes chill their Vitals, bereave them of Courage and Hope, leaving them nothing but ominous Portents, and ſuperſtitious Preſages of their approaching Ruin. So hard a thing it is to judge of Human Events, without being carried into Extremes. They already give over the whole *Iſland* for loſt. I wiſh and believe it may prove true. Yet at the ſame Time I know the Fortune of War is uncertain, and another Compaign may repair or revenge the Damage they have ſuſtained in this and the *former*.

The *Venetians* loſt Five Thouſand Men before the Walls of that Town, among whom was General

General Cornaro, the *Viceroy* of the *Island*, slain in the first Onset, besides what were kill'd by our Soldiers, when they enter'd with the retreating *Candiots*, and sacrificed all to the Heat of Martial Passion.

But that which appear'd most ominous to their Cause, tho' the present Damage were less, was the falling out of the *Supraveditor*, and the *Proveditor* of the *Isle*; Who not agreeing about the Extent of their different *Commissions*, form'd Two Parties, between whom there happen'd a furious Encounter, in which Four Hundred were slain on both Sides.

This sinister Event occasion'd the *Republick* to make fresh Applications to the *Court* of *France*; and an *Ambassador* is sent from this *Crown* to *Constantinople*, in order to mediate a *Peace*. They call him *Monsieur de Varennes*, a Man of a presumptuous Disposition, and who delights to attempt difficult Things. When there could not be found a Person, willing to undertake a Negociation, which carries so little Probability of succeeding: This Gentleman, in a *Bravado* offer'd himself; telling the *Queen*, that he made no doubt of so representing Matters to the *Grand Signior*, as would infallibly produce a *Peace*.

It had been easy for *Cardinal Mazarini* (whose Counsel the *Queen* follows in all Things) to have hinder'd this Man's Voyage. But those who are acquainted with the Pique that is between them, conclude, That the *Cardinal* consented to his *Commission*, on purpose to lay a Train for his future Disgrace; as knowing the Boldness of his Temper was far from being seconded with equal Wisdom and Conduct; and that though he was prone to undertake great and hazardous Actions, yet he never had the good Fortune to accomplish any Thing of Moment.

They that know this Gentleman's Character, ſay, That any Example will encourage him to ruſh into Labyrinths and Perils. And where Examples are wanting, he is ambitious to be made one himſelf. He fears not to tread in the Footſteps of ſuch as have miſcarried in the moſt deſperate Enterprizes; but promiſes himſelf Succeſs, where a Thouſand have fail'd. In fine, he is eſteemed the raſheſt Man living.

I ſend thee this Deſcription of the *French Ambaſſador*, that thou may'ſt communicate it to the *Sovereign Divan*. It will be no ſmall Advantage to know the Temper and Qualifications of *foreign Miniſters* reſiding at the *auguſt Port*: Eſpecially at this Juncture, whereon the *Fate* of *Chriſtendom* depends. Beſides, there cannot be too great Caution us'd, to obviate the ſubtle Trains of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who, I fear, is contriving no kind Offices to the *Ottoman Empire*.

I kiſs the Hem of thy Veſt, *Illuſtrious Baſſa*, and bid thee Adieu.

Paris, 2d *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER VII.

To the ſame.

THE Captain *Baſſa* has the Reputation of a good *Seaman* among the *French*. They highly applaud his expeditious Relief of *Canea*, and no leſs commend the Secrecy with which he landed his Army, and took the Town of *Retimo*. The *French* are generally great *Criticks* in *Military* Affairs, and are not ſo partial to the Honour

of

of the *Chriſtians*, as to deny the Praiſes that are due to an expert *Leader* among the *Muſſulmans*. Yet they are inconſtant, and ſeldom retain the ſame Sentiments long. Every Circulation of their Blood, begets new Friendſhips, new Opinions, new Cenſures. In this they ſeem to inherit the Vices of the ancient *Gauls*, as well as their Country.

A *Roman Emperor*, who made War in this Nation, hath left excellent *Memoirs* behind him: Wherein amongſt other Things, he deſcribes the *Nature* of the *Gauls*, their *Diſpoſitions*, and *genial Inclinations*. He that ſhall read his *Writings*, which were penn'd above Sixteen Hundred Years ago, and ſhall converſe with the preſent *French*, will eaſily conclude, That the *latter* are a living Tranſcript of the *former*; and that their Humours and Actions are exactly copied from his Words. Yet in nothing does the Character of the primitive *Gauls* ſuit more truly, to the preſent Inhabitants, than in their furious Onſets in a Battle, and their equal Readineſs to Flight. Their *firſt* Aſſault ſeems to ſpeak 'em *more* than *Men*, their *ſecond*, *leſs* than *Women*; and they ſeldom venture on a *third*.

Wilt thou know then, how they obtain ſo many ſignal Victories? It is by Stratagems and Money. Where they cannot circumvent their Enemies, they corrupt a Party of them with Bribes and Penſions. Thus they purchaſe their Conqueſts with a more powerful Metal than Steel. The Force of Gold, to which all Things yield, lays *Cities* and *Provinces* at the Feet of this invincible *Monarch*.

But, I pray *Heaven*, ſo to proſper the Armies of the *Empire* founded on *Virtue*, that this *Infidel Prince*, and all the *Nazarenes*, may experience their Gold to be as ineffectual as their *Swords*, a-

againſt the Valour and juſt Revenge of the *True Believers.*

Paris, 2d *of the* 7th *Moon,*
of the Year 1646.

LETTER VIII.

To the Venerable Mufti, Sovereign Guide *of the* True Believers.

THOU, who art all Goodneſs, the Arch-Type of Clemency and Virtue, wilt not number me among the Importunate, for ſo often troubling thee with Diſputes of our *holy Law.* I aſk thee no common Queſtions, neither am I captious, ſeeking Occaſions to darken what is apparent, or invalidate the Teſtimony of *him* who touch'd the *Hand of God.* I revere the *holy Oracles,* and the *Book* not dictated on *Earth.* Every *Chapter* I read in the *Alcoran,* makes me bleſs the *Angel* who took ſo many Flights, to bring down the *ſacred Pages* from *Heaven.* And my Reverence is increas'd towards that *Volume* of *Glory,* when I conſider it was not haſtily compos'd; every *Verſicle* being the Product of *Divine* Premeditation. Doubtleſs it excells all the *Writings* in the World. No *Scripture* before or ſince, has approach'd to the *myſterious* Elegance of thoſe *Cæleſtial* Lines. Yet methinks I find a great Profundity of Wiſdom in the *Treatiſes* of the *Ancients.*

Thou wilt ſay, my Station requires me to read Men more than Books, being not ſent hither to contemplate, but to act for the Intereſt of my *Maſter,* and the *Ottoman Empire.* 'Tis

true,

true, my Buſineſs now is to unravel the Deſigns of the *Infidels*; but bear with me, if I tell thee that in order to this I took no wrong Courſe, when in my younger Years I apply'd my ſelf to Books, which are but Men turn'd Inſide out, or metamorphoſed into Letters; againſt whom thus ſurviving themſelves, the Stroke of Death cannot prevail.

Thoſe who have erected Statues of Gold, Silver, Braſs, or Marble, to the Memory of departed *Heroes*, can but tranſmit the *Effigies* of their Bodies to Poſterity; which, thou knoweſt, is the ignobler Part of Man. And herein they come ſhort of the *Egyptians*, who have the Art of preſerving the Bodies themſelves incorruptible for a Thouſand Generations. But they who left their *Writings* to Poſterity, have obliged the World with an immortal and lively Image of their Mind: This is properly the Man, and lives for ever; when the Body is conſumed in the Grave, and the Statue perhaps is eat up by Time, or demoliſh'd by Envy.

Pardon this Digreſſion, *oraculous* and *unerring Mouth of God*. I have a great deal to ſay, and cannot comprehend it in a few Words. It has been enjoin'd by our *holy Doctors*, That a *Muſſulman* ſhould not read the *Books* of *prophane Infidels*. But tell me, thou who art the *Reſolver* of *Doubts*, whether this *Precept* is extended to all, without Exception; or whether a *Diſpenſation* may not be allow'd to ſuch as read thoſe *Books* with one Eye, whilſt the other is fix'd on the *Law*, which balances the Mind with Truth? The *Alcoran* tells us, that the *Devil* has inſerted ſome *Falſities* in the *beſt Writings*: But, is it not poſſible for a Man to ſeparate the *good* from the *bad*? I read in the *Book* of *Glory*, many remarkable Things concerning *Alexander the Great*: But is it unlaw-

ful also to peruse what has been writ by others, of the Life of that famous *Warrior*, and *holy Prophet?* Both *Grecian* and *Roman Historians* have related his Adventures in *Asia*, his Battles with *Darius* the *Persian Monarch*, and *Porus* the *Indian*. They praise his Continence and modest Regard to *Sysigambis* and her Daughters, when they were his Captives; his inviolable Friendship to *Ephestion*, whilst living, and the affectionate Tears he shed for him after his Death. Yet they condemn him of cruel Ingratitude, for sacrificing *Clitus* to his Choler, and the Fumes of Wine, who was a faithful Friend, a valiant Soldier, and once had saved his Life in a Battle. They cannot pass over the Burning of *Persepolis*, without some Reflections on the unmanly Softness of this Warrior; who, to please his Concubine, gave Orders, that the fairest and most magnificent City in *Asia* should be set on fire. The *Persians* boast, that that City was built all of *Cedar*; that *Cyrus* had wholly displanted, not only *Mount Libanus*, but the choicest Nurseries of that fragrant Wood, through all *Asia*, to build this glorious City, in Emulation of *Solomon* King of the *Jews*, who was by other Princes thought to value himself too high, for building the *Temple* of *Jerusalem* of the same Materials. They add, That *Alexander* found in this City ninety Millions of Caracks in Gold; that after the Debauch was over, and the Flames had consum'd to Ashes this *Phœnix* of *Asia*, the *Conqueror* wept, and commanded the Money he had found there, should be expended in raising another in its Room, more glorious than the former: But that *Thais*, who had persuaded him to ruin it, was the only Obstacle to its Re-edification. For such was her Empire over this *Monarch*, that he could deny her nothing.

What

What I have ſaid of *Perſepolis*, is recorded by *Perſian Hiſtorians*; other Writers make ſome Mention of it, but not ſo particularly. There are ſome alſo who mention his demoliſhing of *Tyrus*, a City ſo ancient, That 'tis ſaid to be firſt built by one of the *Grand Children* to *Noah*, of whom thou knoweſt, the *Alcoran* ſpeaks often. They tax him alſo with Cruelty, in cauſing Two Thouſand of the chief *Tyrians* to be crucified, as a *Sacrifice* to *Hercules*. Thou art beſt able to judge, whether this be agreeable to Truth; for what *Muſſulman* will believe, that the Victorious *Prophet* was guilty of ſo barbarous an *Idolatry*?

The Method he took to ſubdue this impregnable City, is an Argument of his invincible Courage; and that there is nothing impracticable, to a Mind arm'd with Reſolution and Perſeverance.

Tyrus was ſituated above half a Mile in the Sea, when the *Macedonian* demanded a Surrender. The Citizens truſting to the Strength and Heighth of the Rock whereon they liv'd, (for 'twas a perfect *Iſland*) and to their Diſtance from the Shore of the *Continent*, bid Defiance to him, whom *God* had ordain'd to ſubdue all Nations between the Extremities of *India*, and the *Pillars* of *Hercules*. The *Conqueror*, enflam'd at their Refuſal of offer'd *Peace*, prepares for an Aſſault. He attempted, without the *Miracle* of *Moſes*, to make a Path for his Army through the Sea. He follow'd the Steps of the *Babylonian Monarch*, who, not Three Ages before, had join'd this proud Neſt of Merchants to the firm Land. Twice his induſtrious Soldiers raiſed a Cauſey above the Waves, to the very Walls of *Tyrus*; and as often was their Labour defeated by the watchful *Tyrians*. When the Third Time he proved ſucceſsful;

ful; and in ſpight of all their Reſiſtance by Fire and Sword, after a Siege of Six *Moons*, he ſcal'd the Walls of that Queen of Maritime Cities; and convinc'd the World, That no Human Force could put a Stop to his Conqueſts, whom *Deſtiny* had appointed to chaſtiſe the *Nations* of the *Earth*.

That *Chapter* in the *Alcoran*, which ſpeaks of this *renowned Worthy*, tells us, *That he marched ſo far* Eaſtward, *'till he came to a Country where the* Sun *riſes*. This Paſſage the *Chriſtians* ridicule, ſaying, That the *Sun* riſes and ſets in all Countries; and that there is no ſtated Point of *Eaſt* and *Weſt* in the Fabrick of the World; ſince the ſame Place which is *Eaſt* of one Country, is *Weſt* of another. Thus the Deſpiſers of our *holy Law* cavil at the *Alcoran*, and ſay, 'tis compoſed of *Old Wives Tales*; a rude indigeſted Collection of *Eaſtern Romances*, and ſuperſtitious Fables, calculated for the Meridian of Ignorance, firſt promulged in the ſavage and unpoliſh'd *Deſarts* of *Arabia*, and afterwards propagated by the Sword through thoſe Countries, whoſe Vices had baniſh'd their Learning, and render'd them flexible to a *Religion*, whoſe higheſt Pretenſions conſiſted in *gratifying* the *Senſes*.

Theſe *Criticks* conſider not at the ſame Time, That they argue againſt the *Old* and *New Teſtament*, (which is eſteem'd the *Alcoran* of the *Chriſtians*) wherein there is often Mention made, of the *riſing* and *going* down of the *Sun*; of *Eaſt* and *Weſt*, as proper Points or Marks, from which to take the Situation of Countries. Aſſuredly in this they are captious: For tho' there be no ſtated Point of *Eaſt* or *Weſt* in the *Globe*, yet *India* being the neareſt Region of this *Continent* to that Part of the *Horizon* where the *Sun* daily firſt appears, it has, not without

without Reaſon, gain'd the additional *Epithet* of *Eaſt*. And 'twas here the *Macedonian Hero* ſweat, becauſe he could conquer no farther, unleſs he would have begun a War with the *Fiſh* of the *Sea*.

There are many other Paſſages related of *Alexander*'s Temperance, Moderation, Juſtice, Fortitude, and ſuch like Virtues, and ſomething of his Vices. But I will not tire thee with all that is ſaid of this Invincible *Monarch*; nor trace him in all his Marches through *Aſia*. I will not trouble thee with what they ſay of his Journey into *Egypt*, and aſpiring to be called the *Son* of *Jupiter Ammon*; his being poiſon'd at *Babylon*, in the Heighth of all his Triumphs; and the cantonizing his *Empire* among his *chief Captains*. Whatſoever in theſe *Hiſtories* is agreeable to the *holy Alcoran*, I acquieſce to; what is repugnant to that Summary of Truth, I reject as a *Fable*.

Tell me, thou *Sovereign Reſolver of Doubts*, Whether on theſe Terms I may not read the *Writings* of *Infidels*? *Books* are a Relief to the Mind oppreſſed with Melancholy, and eſpecially *Hiſtories*, which alſo bring Profit, by rightly informing us of the Tranſactions of paſt Ages: So that Things, which were done Thouſands of Years ago, are made preſent to us. Where then is the Crime in reading theſe *Memoirs* of the *Ancients*? Is it not conſiſtent with the *Faith* of a *Muſſulman* to read theſe *Hiſtories*, becauſe they were penn'd by *Heathens*? Muſt we reject all that the *Pagans* did or ſaid? Why then are the *Works* of *Plutarch* had in ſuch Veneration by the *Princes* of our *Law*? I tell thee, I not only read *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Xenophon*, *Polybius*, with many other *Hiſtorians*, that were *Pagans*, but I improve by their *Writings*. Such rare Examples of Virtue, ſuch

illuſtrious Patterns of Juſtice. Such ſolid Precepts of Morality as theſe Authors abound with, cannot in my Opinion, hurt any Man, who deſires to ſquare his Life by the beſt Rules.

I read alſo the *Poets*, whoſe *Fables* and *Parables* ſeem to me but to veil many excellent and profitable *Maxims* of *Human Eaſe*.

The *Story* of the Birth of *Typhon*, his warring with *Jupiter*, and his final Overthrow, denotes the monſtrous Riſe of Factions in a *State*, and their Ruin.

The *Cyclops* being employ'd by *Jupiter* in making Thunderbolts, and killing *Æſculapius*, for which they themſelves were afterwards ſlain by *Apollo*, intimates the Uſe which Sovereign Princes make of cruel, covetous, and unjuſt Officers; who, when they have fulfilled the Pleaſure of their Maſters, are abandon'd by them to the Revenge of the oppreſs'd Subjects. This is commonly experienc'd in all *Monarchies*, and eſpecially in the mighty *Empire* of the *Oſmans*; where the *Baſſa*'s, though the *Grand Signior*, for the Ends of *State*, connives a while at their unjuſt Oppreſſion of the *Muſſulmans*, under their Government, yet in due Time, to ſhew his Abhorrence of their Villanies, conſigns 'em over to the *Executioner*. Thou knoweſt to whom the Bow ſtring was ſent laſt; I wiſh his *Succeſſor* may not equally merit it.

Actæon's being devour'd by his Dogs, only for ſeeing *Diana* in a *Bath*, might have ſerv'd as a Warning to *Uſiph* the *Black Eunuch*, who could not reſtrain his Tongue from babling out the private Amous of *Sultan Ibrahim*. It was Danger enough to know the Secret; but to divulge it, was a ſure Way to incur the Revenge of the *Prince*.

Not much unlike was his Error, who, tho' he did not report it to others, yet he had the Presumption to check his Sovereign to his Face, and reproach him with Luxury. Had he been acquainted with the *Fable* of *Endymion* and the *Moon*, it would perhaps have taught him, That it is not the Part of a *Favourite* to take Notice of his *Master*'s stollen Pleasures, but rather to invite him sometimes from the *Toils* of *State*, and *unbend* his *Mind* with *Recreations*.

There are many other profitable Remarks hidden under the Fictions of the *Poets*; which, tho' they may seem *mysterious* at first View, yet being examin'd with a little Attention, proves as easy to be understood, as the *Hieroglyphicks* were of old to the *Egyptians*, who knew no other Letters.

God the *first Intellect*, who imprinted his *Mind* on *Tablets* of *Marble*, in *Letters* of *Arabick*, and writ the *Decalogue* with a *Beam* of his *Glory*; having also inspired all Nations with the Knowledge of *Letters*, grant, That whilst I read the *Records* of the *Gentiles*, I may not forget the *Precepts* of the *Alcoran*.

Paris, 23d *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER IX.

To Murat, Bassa.

A *Courier* came to this City last Night, bringing News of the Taking of *Courtray* by the *French* Army. This is a considerable Town in *Flanders*, and commands a great Part of the Country. The Duke of *Orleans* invested it on the

ninth of the last *Moon*, and on the eighteenth lay down before it with the whole Army. The *Spaniſh General* haſten'd to its Relief, and brought Thirty Thouſand Men of Six Nations, to combat with the *French*. But they quarrel'd about Precedency of Poſt. High Words paſs'd between the *Duke* of *Lorrain* and *General Lamboy*. Thus, while they ſpent their Time in needleſs Conteſts, the *French* took the Town: And having left a ſtrong Garriſon there, part of the Army commanded by the *Mareſchal de Grammont*, is marched to join the *Hollanders*, with Deſign to attack *Antwerp*; and the reſt follow the *Duke of Orleans*, who, they ſay, intends to beſiege *Mardyke*. This is a Sea Town that has nothing in it conſiderable enough to tempt a *Conqueror*, ſave the Haven, which is of great Importance in thoſe Seas.

We have had no Rains here theſe three *Moons*, which makes the People fear a *Famine*. Proviſions of all ſorts are very dear; and thoſe who have great Quantities of Corn will not bring it to the Markets. The Fruits are all blaſted, and a Diſtemper rages in the City, which fills all Places with Death and Mourning. The Cattle drop down dead in the Fields, and the Rivers are almoſt dried up. Men languiſh and wither, as if parch'd up by ſome inward Fire. Fearful *Apparitions* are ſeen in the Air; each Night brings forth new *Prodigies*. The People lament the *preſent*, and preſage greater Calamities to *come*. While *Mahmut* perſevers unmov'd, and neither moleſts himſelf nor others, about the *inevitable Decrees* and *Deſtiny*. I keep in the Path of my Duty without turning to the *Right* Hand or to the *Left*. I ſerve the *Grand Signior* faithfully: I pray for his Health, and for the Welfare of the *Empire*. I neither give Alms to the *Infidels*, nor

do

do them any Injuries. In fine, If I cannot reap any Profit from other Mens *Virtues*, I take Care their *Vices* ſhall do me no Harm.

'Tis ſaid there will be a *Proceſſion* here ſhortly, whereat the *King*, the *Queen Regent*, and the whole *Court* will aſſiſt bare-foot, for an Example of others. The Body of a certain Female *Saint*, whom they eſteem the *Patroneſs* of this City, will be taken out of the *Church* where it lies, and will be carried with other *Reliques* of *Saints* thro' the Streets of *Paris*, to attone the Wrath of *Heaven*, which ſeems to be kindled againſt them.

In the mean Time I pray *Heaven* to ſend down its Bleſſings on the *Ottoman Empire*, and preſerve the *True Faithful* from the Three *Scourges* of *God*.

Paris, 23d *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER X.

To the Aga *of the* Janizaries.

I Perceive thou haſt follow'd the Advice I formerly gave thee to read *Hiſtories*, wherein thy Letter ſpeaks thee very converſant. Thou wilt have no Reaſon to repent of a Labour that affords ſo agreeable a Diverſion, eſpecially to a *Soldier* and *Stateſman*. They open the Graves, and call forth the Dead, without diſturbing their Repoſe; and preſent to us thoſe *Heroes* living, talking and acting great Things, whoſe Bodies have lain buried in Silence and Obſcurity many Ages. They introduce us into the Cloſets of *Princes*,

Princes, revealing their moſt ſecret Counſels. They make us familiar with the *Intrigues* of *Politicians*, and the *Stratagems* of *Warriors*. In fine, there is nothing publick or private, in the *Courts* or *Camps* of the greateſt *Monarchs*, to which an *Hiſtorian* is a Stranger.

I applaud the Choice thou haſt made of *Grecian Hiſtories*, and others of the *Eaſt*; yet I counſel thee not to neglect thoſe of the *Weſt*. The ancient *Roman* Writers are full of rare Examples; and modern *France*, which emulates all great and glorious Undertakings, takes equal Care to commit to Poſterity, the *Lives* of Illuſtrious Perſons. I ſay not this, in Contempt of other Countries in *Europe*. The *Chriſtians* of theſe Parts in general are accurate *Hiſtorians*. They are univerſally Learned, in regard there is no Kingdom in *Europe*, where they have not *Schools* and *Academies*, where all *Languages* and *Sciences* are taught The Plough-men in the Field ſpeak *Latin* and *Greek*, which thou knoweſt are now grown obſolete, and no where to be learn'd but in *Books*. The *Mechanicks* are *Philoſophers*; and every Man ſets up for an *Hiſtorian*, or an *Antiquary*. It was not ſo in former Times, when the *Eccleſiaſticks* had engroſs'd all Manner of *Learning* to themſelves, except ſome few of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*, who had the Advantage of *Patrimonial* Libraries, and Leiſure to apply themſelves to Study. For then it was difficult to purchaſe *Books*, there being but few; and for thoſe, they were obliged to the Labour of the *Scribe*. Hence it came to paſs, that only ſuch as had Plenty of Money, and a ſtrong Inclination to Knowledge, monopoliz'd the chiefeſt *Manuſcripts* into their Hands, and bequeath'd them as a Legacy to their *Off-ſpring*. But, ſince the Invention of *Printing*, *Books* are infinitely multiplied,

ed, grown cheap and common: And thoſe *Hiſtories* and *Sciences*, which before were ſhut up in the *Latin*, *Greek*, or ſome of the *Oriental Languages*, are now tranſlated into the vulgar *Speech* of every Nation; whereby the loweſt Sort of People, who can but read, have the Privilege to become as knowing as their *Superiors*, and the *Slave* may vie for Learning with his *Sovereign*. This makes the *Nazarenes* upbraid the *True Faithful* with Ignorance and Barbariſm, becauſe *Printing* is not ſuffer'd throughout the *Muſſulman Empire*. They conſider not the *bad* Conſequences of this *Art*, as well as the *good*: And, that the Liberty of the *Preſs* has fill'd the World with Errors and Lies: Beſides, they are Strangers to the Education of the *Muſſulmans*, who are generally taught the *Arabick* and *Perſian* Tongues from their Childhood: In which Two *Languages*, how many famous *Hiſtories* have been writ? There is no Point of uſeful Wiſdom, which is not compriz'd in the *Writings* of the *Eaſtern* Sages. And as for unprofitable Treatiſes and Pamphlets with which the *Europeans* abound, they are ſuperfluous and burdenſome, bringing a double Loſs, both to Writer and Reader; while they rob them of their Time and Money, and commit a Rape on their Underſtandings. Add to this, the fatal Effects which this depraved Indulgence of *Printing* has produced in *Chriſtendom*. What Sacrileges, Maſſacres, Rebellions and Impieties, have overflow'd moſt Parts of the *Weſt* in this licentious Age? What Hatred among *Chriſtians*, what Seditions among Subjects, Diverſities in Religion, Contempts of all *Law*, both *Divine*, *Natural*, and thoſe of *Nations*? The Vices, at which former Times would have bluſh'd; nay, at the very naming of which our *Fathers* would have ſtarted, as at a *Prodigy*, are in theſe Days committed openly

openly, without Shame, without Contradiction; whilſt there are Authors who dare publickly aſſert the Cauſe of Impiety, and patronize all Manner of Prophanations.

But thou, who haſt the Honour to guard the *Incorruptible Seat* of *Juſtice* and *Virtue*, the bright *Throne* of the *Oſman Emperors*, who are the *Shadows* of *God* on *Earth*, haſt made ſuch a Choice of *Books*, as commends thy Wiſdom, and the Sincerity of thy Morals. Thou wilt not ſuffer thy Imagination to be tainted with thoſe enchanting *Ideas* of Evil, which are drawn by the Pens of ſome elegant *Writers*: All that thou ſeekeſt in *Books*, is to inform thy Underſtanding, rectify thy Judgment, and enflame thy Affections with the Love of Virtue. To this End ſerve the *divine Precepts* of our *holy Doctors*, and other learned Sages; the *Writings* of *Philoſophers*, and the Examples of renown'd *Heroes*. From theſe thou gatherest Strength, to practiſe the Four *material* Virtues, and all the good Qualities that ſpring from thoſe *Roots*.

Go on, and increaſe in the Graces and Accompliſhments, which ſhall render thee worthy to be made the *Subject* of a particular *Hiſtory*; while the old ſhall recommend, and the young ſhall covet, nothing more paſſionately, than to read the *Life* of *Caſſim Hali*, *Janizar Aga*.

Mahmut ſalutes thee with a Kiſs of Affection. Reverence thyſelf, and all Men will honour thee. So taught *Pythagoras*.

Paris, 17th *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To the ſame.

I Had forgot to perform in my other Letter what thou commandeſt me. Yet knowing the Eſteem thou haſt for *Women* of Virtue and rare Endowments, and with what Pleaſure thou readeſt their *Stories*, I ſhould never ſend any *Diſpatch* to thee wherein there is not a Relation of ſome *Heroine*. I will be more diligent hereafter, to obſerve the Diſpoſition of my *Superiors*, and will endeavour to procure a Collection of the *Lives* and *Characters* of all the *famous Women* that have been recorded in *Hiſtory*. In the mean while, hear what the *French* ſay of *Chriſtina* Queen of *Swedeland*, of whom thou requireſt a Deſcription.

She is the only Daughter of *Guſtavus Adolphus*, the moſt victorious *Prince* that ever govern'd that Nation, and one of the moſt ſucceſsful *Warriors* in the World. As his whole Life was led in the Field, ſo there he received an honourable Death, being ſlain in the Battle of *Lutzen*: Some ſay, by the Treachery of Duke *Albert*, who had in Appearance deſerted the *Emperor*, and offer'd himſelf a Voluntier to *Guſtavus Adolphus*. I formerly mention'd this *Duke*, and that he was kill'd by a *Swediſh Lady*. If the Suſpicion of the *Swedes* be well grounded, and that *Duke Albert* was really guilty of the Murder of *Guſtavus*, it may be this was the Motive which brought thoſe *Amazons* into the Field, to revenge the Death of their *Prince*. But it is impoſſible to be aſſur'd of the Truth, among ſo many different Opinions.

When

When the *French* ſpeak of *Guſtavus Adolphus*, they cannot reſtrain their Words on this Side a *Panegyrick*. They ſay he was a *Prince* above all Praiſe. 'Tis certain, his very Enemies admired his inimitable Courage, and matchleſs Fortune. I have ſent thee the true *Effigies* of his Face, where thou wilt ſee a moſt agreeable Mixture of Majeſty and Benignity, creating Reſpect and Love at the ſame Time in the Beholders. He was ſo familiar with every one, as if he had forgot himſelf, as well as he was a Stranger to Pride. He was a great Student in his Youth, and made himſelf Maſter of *Latin*, *French*, and *Italian*; being alſo perfectly ſkill'd in Ancient and Modern *Hiſtories*. He had a wonderful Faculty in diſcovering Impoſtors; a dexterous Wit in Time of Danger and Difficulty, being ready at Counſel, and ſwift in Execution; and as cunning at a Stratagem, as he was bold at an Onſet. He was liberal to his Officers, and to all Men of Merit; but a ſevere Puniſher of Diſorders in his Army. And that which crown'd all the reſt of his Virtues, his Piety to *God* was ſingular and worthy of Remark. The *French* relate a memorable *Saying* of this King, when he was once in his Camp before *Werben*. He had been ſolitary in the Cabinet of his Pavilion ſome Hours together, and none of his Attendants durſt interrupt him; till at length a Favourite of his, having ſome important Matter to tell him, came ſoftly to the Door, and looking in, beheld the King very devoutly on his Knees at *Prayers*. Fearing to moleſt him in that *ſacred* Exerciſe, he was about to withdraw his Head, when the King ſpied him, and bid him come in; ſaying unto him, *Thou wondereſt to ſee me in this Poſture, ſince I have ſo many Thouſands of* Subjects *to pray for me. But I tell thee, that no Man has more need to pray for himſelf, than*

he,

he, who being to render an Account of his Actions to none but GOD, *is for that Reaſon more cloſely aſſaulted by the* Devil, *than all other Men beſide.*

Guſtavus was born in the Year 1594, at which Time they ſay, a *Comet* was ſeen in the *Form* of a *Sword*, with its Point directed toward *Germany*; which the *Aſtrologers* of thoſe Times interpreted as a Preſage of that King's Warlike *Genius*, and of his future Conqueſts in the *Empire*. He came to the Government before he had ſeen full ſeventeen *Winters*, and was cut off in the Eight and Thirtieth Year of his Age.

It is ſaid, That a few Days before his Death, when his Soldiers received him with infinite Acclamations, and all the Marks of an unuſual and intemperate Joy, he ſeem'd to be troubled at it, ſaying, *That he took that exceſſive Demonſtration of his Soldiers Love, for an* Omen *of ſome approaching Diſaſter: And that he was aſſured* GOD *would, by taking him away, teach them, that there is no Confidence to be repoſed in any* Mortal.

After the Death of *Guſtavus*, the *States* of the *Kingdom* aſſembling, proclaim'd *Chriſtina* Queen, and during her Minority committed her to the *Tutelage* of Five principal *Officers* of the *Kingdom*, who alſo took on them the whole Care of the *Commonwealth*.

She is perfect in Seven *Languages*; well vers'd in Ancient and Modern *Philoſophy*, and a complete *Hiſtorian*. In fine, ſhe has acquir'd the *Title* of the *moſt learned Princeſs of her Time*.

She is of a moſt graceful and Majeſtick Aſpect; has a piercing Eye; wears part of her Hair looſe about her Temples, and flowing down in Curls to her Shoulders; the reſt braided up behind, in Form of a Wreath. Thus is ſhe repreſented by her *Picture*, which I have ſeen in a Gallery of *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Palace, who profeſſes

feſſes a great Veneration for this Queen. Could I have purchaſed this *Pourtraiture*, as I did her Father's, I would have ſent it thee: But all the Pencils in *Paris* are hardly ſufficient to ſupply the Cloſets and Galleries of the *Nobles* with this admired *Figure*. She is become the *Idol* of the *French*.

Many great *Matches* have been offer'd her, but ſhe refuſes all, either for Reaſons of *State*, or Diſlike of the Perſons, or an Averſion ſhe has for a *married* Life; or through Oppoſition of her *Nobles*; who ſeem to covet to be govern'd by a *Maiden Queen*. Soon after her Father's Death, the King of *Denmark* attempted to make her his Wife; but his Addreſs was abruptly rejected.

No better Encouragement did the King of *Poland* lately meet with, who twice ſollicited the ſame Thing for himſelf, and was as often repulſed. But this, 'tis thought, proceeded from ſome politick Reaſons, he being deſcended of *Sigiſmund*, a former *abdicated* King of *Sweden*; all whoſe *Poſterity* are for ever excluded from enjoying the *Swediſh Crown*, by a Law.

The *Engliſh* alſo gloried in a *Virgin Queen* the laſt Age: Her Name was *Elizabeth*, whom thou canſt not but have heard of. She was the Daughter of *Henry* VIII. King of that Nation. She was a *Princeſs* of an extraordinary *Genius*, remarkable for her Wit and Learning. 'Twas one of her Subjects, who the firſt of all Mortals, ſail'd round the *Globe*: And by his fortunate Service, ſhe vanquiſh'd the reputed *invincible Armada* of *Spain*. She govern'd her Kingdom with ſuch exquiſite Conduct, as made the greateſt *Potentates* revere her Wiſdom. 'Tis to her Bounty the *United Provinces* owe the Riſe of their preſent Grandeur and Riches; when they addreſs'd this

potent

potent Queen in a Form of humble Suppliants, entitling themſelves, *The Poor Diſtreſſed States*. But now they're *High* and *Mighty*, puſhing for an Equality with *Sovereign* Princes.

I cannot comprize in a Letter, all that may be ſaid of this great Queen. Beſides, *Hiſtorians* vary in her Character. Thoſe that ſpeak moſt impartially, ſay, That ſhe had extraordinary *Virtues*, yet was not free from great *Vices*. We muſt not expect in any Mortal, a Temper exempt from the common Malediction; much leſs in that *Sex*, whoſe natural Weakneſs claims our Indulgence and Excuſe. It is admirable to ſee or hear of a *Female*, whoſe active Soul can diſengage it ſelf from the common Frailties of *Women*, and perform Things ſcarce below the Power of *Maſculine* Virtue.

If thou thinkeſt my Letter too tedious, accuſe thy ſelf for commanding me to write of Perſons whoſe uncommon Gifts and tranſcendent Virtues, the moſt accurate *Hiſtorians* can but render in *Epitome*; and the moſt durable *Records* of *Fame* will injure it not being capable to tranſmit them to *Eternity*.

We ought not to contemn the Excellencies of the *Nazarenes*; who, although they are unhappy in not knowing the *Alcoran*: yet they have a *Law* engraven on their Hearts; which if they obſerve, they ſhall be in the *Number* of the *Bleſſed*.

I am no Stranger to thy Moderation and Juſtice, being fully ſatisfied, that thou honoureſt Juſtice, even in the moſt prejudiced Enemy of our *holy Profeſſion*. Let the *Furioſo's* among the *Muſſulmans* or *Chriſtians* ſay their Pleaſure, thou and I ſhall be conformable to our *holy Law-giver*, in believing, *That the Innocent and Good of all Religions, ſhall have no*

Reaſon

Reason to tremble at the second Sound *of the* Trumpet.

Paris, 17th *of the* 8th *Moon, of the Year* 1646.

LETTER XII.

To the Selictar Aga, *or* Sword-Bearer *to the* Grand Signior.

THE Duke of *Orleans* is newly return'd from the Campaign in *Flanders*. He seems to be either tired with his Fatigues of War, or at least to be satisfy'd with his Exploits this Summer.

After the Conquest of *Courtray*, of which thou hast heard in the *Divan*, this *Prince* march'd directly to *Bergues*, which he took after a Siege of Six Days. These being join'd by the *Duke* of *Enguien*'s Forces, he lay down before *Mardyke*. This Town had been in the *Spaniards* Possession ever since last *Winter*. Now it held out to a Miracle; but after a stout Resistance, was at last forced to surrender. There were slain before it, many of the chief Nobility of *France*. The *French* enter'd it on the Four and Twentieth of the last *Moon*.

The *Churches* here are hung with *Mourning*, and the *Escutcheons* of the *Heroes*, who lost their Lives in the Bed of Honour. The Bullets which know no Difference between the *noble* and *vulgar*, seem in this Battle to have been directed by Art or Envy: As if the Flower of the Army had been cull'd out for Marks.

In

In a Letter to *Murat Baſſa*, I gave an Account of a grievous *Drought* and *Mortality* in theſe Parts. Now *Heaven* ſeems to be pacify'd; and the *Angel* of *Death* has put up his *Sword*. Yet the Scarcity of Corn, and other Neceſſaries, continues ſtill; only there is Plenty of Wine; which the Poor, who have moſt Need of it, abſtain from, leſt it ſhould enrage their Appetites, already ſharpen'd with Hunger, whilſt they have little or nothing to eat.

Thou wilt wonder at the Diet of thoſe miſerable Wretches, whom Oppreſſion and Poverty has forced to feed on *Frogs* and other *Vermin*; yet they extol it for a dainty Diſh. Both Poor and Rich reckon it a Feaſt, when they can make an Addition of a few *Muſhromes*, which they commonly gather themſelves. This is a *Vegetable*, of which the *Italian Proverb* ſays, Muſhromes *well pickled with Spices, may do no Harm, but can do no Good.*

God, who has commanded us to ſeparate the clean from the impure, and has taught us what we may eat without Pollution, grant, That we may not, either through Neceſſity, or to indulge our Appetites, taſte of any Thing, which has in it the leaſt of the *ſeven Maledictions*,

Paris, 14th *of the* 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Abubechir Hali, Merchant, *in* Aleppo.

THOU telleſt me a Tragical Story of one of thy *Wives*, that ſhe is become a Fugitive, and gone away with thy *Slave Lorenzo*, whom I remember to have ſeen at thy Houſe at *Conſtantinople*. Either thou wert too unkind to them both, or gaveſt them both too much Liberty: Whichſoever of theſe Ways thou haſt exceeded, thou art in the Fault. Too great an Indulgence, either to a Wife or a Servant, makes them preſumptuous: And too great Severity hardens them to Deſpair. However, ſince it is ſo, I adviſe thee to comfort thy ſelf with this Thought, That thou art rid of *two Evils*. Had they prov'd faithful, they would not have merited that *Title*; but now they are neither worthy of thy Grief, nor thy Revenge.

But if thou art reſolv'd to purſue them, aſk not my Counſel or Aſſiſtance in this Place, where I ſhould have as much Reaſon to apprehend Danger, as they. 'Tis true, I know thy *Slave*; but were I to meet him in the Streets of this City, I ſhould be very unwilling, by diſcovering him, to be made known myſelf. Beſides, thy Paſſion has made thee forget, that the *Nazarenes* would commend his Wit, and rejoice in his Fortune, who being a *Slave* to one whom they eſteem an *Infidel*, has now, by his wiſe Conduct, purchaſed both his Liberty, and a beautiful Mate, with no ſmall Treaſure.

I rather adviſe thee to apply thy ſelf to *Jaſmir Sgire Rugial*, the little *Aſtrologer* in *Aleppo*, who perhaps

perhaps may tell thee ſome News of 'em. There is not a Star in the eighth Sphere can ſtir, without his being privy to it. And he pretends to behold in their Motions, whatever is done on Earth.

But to be ſerious, thy *Slave* was an ungrateful Fellow, thus to abuſe all thy Favours. Thou hadſt made him in a Manner Maſter of all thy Riches, only reſerving thy Wives to thy ſelf. And if the Deſire of Liberty tempted him to eſcape, he ought in Juſtice to have ſacrificed his Luſt to the Regards he ow'd thee. But every *Slave* is not a *Joſeph*. *Lorenzo*'s Villany puts me in Mind of the Continence of an *Italian Marquis*.

This young *Lord* fell in Love with a *Ducheſs* of ſingular Beauty, but knew not how to make her ſenſible of it. At length *Fortune* favour'd him with an Opportunity, beyond his Expectation. One Evening as he return'd from Hawking, he paſs'd through the Fields of that *Ducheſs*, bordering on the *Palace*. The *Duke* her Huſband, and ſhe were walking together, as the young *Lord* came by. The *Duke* ſeeing his Train, and what Game they had been at, aſk'd him ſome Queſtions concerning their Sport, and being of an hoſpitable Diſpoſition, invited him into his Palace to take a Collation. Nothing could be more agreeable to the young Lover. He accepted the Offer, and here commenc'd an Acquaintance, which made Way in Time for an Aſſignation between the *Ducheſs* and him. He was let into the Gardens one Night, and ſo conducted privately to her Chamber, where ſhe lay ready in Bed to receive him. After ſome Compliments, the *Ducheſs* ſaid, *My Lord, you are obliged to my Huſband for this Favour; who, as ſoon as you were gone from our Houſe, the firſt Time we ſaw you,*

gave you ſuch Commendations as made me conceive an immediate Paſſion for you. Is it true, Madam? (reply'd the young Lover, already half undreſs'd) *Then far be it from me, to be ſo ungrateful to my Friend.* With that he put on his Garments again, and took his Leave.

But it cannot be expected that ſo much Virtue ſhou'd be found in a *Slave*. I would not have thee vex thyſelf for what cannot be recover'd. Adieu.

Paris, 14th *of the* 9th *Moon*,
of the 1646.

LETTER XVI.

To Solyman *his* Couſin.

I Cannot approve thy Singularity, in preſcribing to thyſelf a Rule of Life, different from that, wherein thou wert educated, and from the laudable Manners of all *True Believers*. Thou haſt not done well in deſerting the *publick Congregations* of the *Faithful*, to follow the *Superſtitions* of new upſtart *Sects*; who, whilſt they profeſs greater Purity than others, do ſecretly undermine the Credit of our *Holy Law-giver*, reproach all the *Muſſulmans* throughout the World, and introduce *Libertiniſm*, and a *Contempt* of the *Majeſty* which cannot behold *Uncleanneſs*.

Are they wiſer than their *Fathers*, who for ſo many Ages have obey'd the *ſacred Traditions*? Or, will they pretend to correct the *Meſſenger* of *God*? He commanded us to obſerve the *Purifications* taught by the *Angel*; Whence do theſe *Innovators* derive their new founded Authority of

of diſpenſing with the poſitive Injunctions of *Heaven?* Will they enter into the *Elaſphemy* of the *Infidels?* and ſay, the *Prophet* was a *Seducer*, and that the *Alcoran* is but a *Collection of Fables?* If they believe the *Pages* repleniſh'd with *Truth* and *Reaſon*, why do they ſeek to retrench the *Divine Commandments*, and traverſe the *Law* tranſported from *Heaven?* Is it an Argument of their Piety, that they carve out to themſelves ſuch a *Religion* as ſuits with their licentious Spirits? And, that they pick and chuſe ſuch *Precepts*, as indulge them moſt in a careleſs Life? Is this to be *Muſſulmans*, that is *reſign'd*, when they will not obey the *ſovereign Lawgiver* of Heaven and Earth, but upon their own Conditions? *Couſin*, I counſel thee, to beware of theſe *Schiſmaticks*; who by breaking the *Union* of the *True Believers*, ſecretly oppoſe the *eternal Unity* itſelf, on which our *mighty Empire* is founded, and reſts.

I am obliged to the *Poſt*, who waits at my Door till I have finiſh'd my *Diſpatches*. Therefore I cannot now anſwer thy Letter at large: Another time expect a more ample Expoſtulation. Mean while, I adviſe thee, To return to the Practice from which thou art fallen: Go to the *Aſſemblies* of thoſe, who pour out *devout Oraiſons:* Keep a clear Skin, and a pure Heart; and make not thyſelf a *Companion* of *Swine*.

Paris, 24th *of the* 10th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XV.

To Hasnadar Bassy, *Chief Treasurer to the* Grand Signior.

THIS Day *Paris* makes a Figure like ancient *Rome*, when that *Mistress* of the *World* honoured her *Generals* with publick Triumphs, at their Return from the conquer'd Nations. The Streets are hung with Tapestry, and strew'd with Lawrels: The Shops are shut up. The young Men and Virgins are cloath'd in their best Array. They walk up and down in Consorts, singing the Duke of *Enguien*'s Praise; whilst the old and decrepid sit at their Doors to see the *Hero* make his Entry, and rehearse the *Memoirs* of their former Years. With Tears of Joy they heap Blessings on the victorious Youth, as he rides along: And throwing their Ages and Crutches by for a while, they consecrate the rest of the Day to the publick Jubilee.

Wouldst thou know the Occasion of all this Joy: 'Tis to welcome this Prince home from the successful Toils of War. For let his Courage and Conduct be what it will, if he had made a fruitless Campaign, his Entertainment had been different. But *Fortune* has been propitious to him; and the happy Event of his Arms crown him with Glory.

After the Departure of the *Duke* of *Orleans* from the Camp, the Command of the whole Army devolv'd on this *General*, whose fiery *Genius* would not let him rest, till he had done something worthy of the Character aim'd at.

His first Attempt was on a Place of no great Strength call'd *Furnes*, which he took with Ease.

Then

Then he march'd to *Dunkirk*, one of the ſtrongeſt Towns in *Europe*. There was in it at that Time a Garriſon of five and twenty Hundred Foot, and three Hundred Horſe, commanded by a *Nobleman* of great Valour. I think they call him the *Marquis de Leide*. This *Governor* did ſo many brave Things in Defence of this Place, as even ſurpaſs'd his own Fame, and the Expectations of others, though both were very great. Yet at length, he was forc'd to yield to the Courage and Fortune of the young Duke; and that at a Time when the other *Spaniſh Generals* were coming to his Relief. The Town was ſurrender'd on the 7th of this *Moon*. And the Duke having left the neceſſary Commands to the *Mareſchals* his Lieutenants, to come home to receive the Acclamations of the People, the Honour of a publick Trinmph, and the particular Careſſes of the King, and the whole *Court*. Amidſt all this Appauſe and Glory, he muſt be content to ſtand the Shock of Envy, which always endeavours to leſſen the Reputation of the brave and heroick.

As for *Mahmut*, he neither envies nor admires the fading Honours of Mortality; Knowing, That when a Man is on the higheſt Pinacle of Humane Glory, he ſtands uneaſy; nor can he deſcend from thence, but by a Precipice.

Paris, 24th of the 10th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XVI.

To Ibrahim Hali, Cheik, *a* Man *of the* Law.

IF it be a Sign of a flouriſhing *State*, when *Vices* are ſuppreſs'd, one would preſage, That *Paris* is in a thriving Condition. The *Governour* of this City has newly publiſh'd an *Edict*, Forbidding all *Stews* and *Brothel-Houſes*, under ſevere Penalties, baniſhing all *Harlots*, and ſuch as by the Tolerations of the Government have hitherto made a Profeſſion of *Whoredom*, getting a Livelihood by debauching the Youth of the City. This appears a great Novelty to the *French*, who in this Matter have been permitted all along to live in an unbridled Licentiouſneſs. The lewder Sort exclaim with open Mouth againſt this unſeaſonable Rigour (as they call it;) and thoſe who are aſhamed to appear publick Advocates for *Harlots*, yet privately murmur againſt the *Superiours*, for retrenching a Liberty, without which they ſay, their Lives would be uncomfortable.

They give a very favourable Character of a *Whore*; calling her, *A certain kind Creature, born to mitigate the Labours and ſoften the Cares of Human Life*. They plead, That ſuch Women are neceſſary Members of a *Commonwealth*; whilſt with their Careſſes, they reſtrain libidinous Youth from falling into greater Enormities: That the *States* receive no ſmall Profit from the *Tribute* which is levied on theſe Houſes of Pleaſure; and that therefore they have been, and are permitted in all Countries. That the *Holy Father* himſelf tolerates an infinite Number of them in *Rome*, which nevertheleſs has acquired the

the *Title* of the *Holy City*. That all the *Princes* in *Italy* have follow'd his Example, there being no other Way to prevent Adulteries, Inceſts, and the Vice which ought not to be named. That the *State* regarded not the Morality or Immorality of Mens Actions, any farther than they tended, to the publick Welfare: And in fine, that ſo vaſt a Number of *Prieſts*, and *Religious*, ſerved for no other End, but to atone by their Sacrifices, Prayers, Alms and Faſtings, for the Sins of the People.

Theſe are the Diſcourſes of ſuch as patronize the Corruption of Government; and are unwilling to be wean'd from a Wickedneſs, eſtabliſhed by an immemorial Cuſtom in the City. But thoſe who cheriſh an Eſteem for Virtue, and an incorrupt Life, applaud the Wiſdom and Reſolution of the *Magiſtrate*, ſaying, That he deſerves a *Statue* to be erected to his Memory, who firſt had the Courage to check this popular Evil, and introduce an Integrity of Manners.

I, who was bred in the *Profeſſion* of *Purity*, and the *Law* which admits no *Pollution*, cannot but acquiſce to the Sentiments of the latter; our *Holy Law-giver* having expreſsly forbidden the Practiſe of Uncleanneſs and Fornication with Strangers, and Women that proſtitute themſelves to all Lovers. It being ſufficient, That to gratify Human Paſſion, and to ſweeten the Toils of Life, he has indulg'd us the Uſe of four Wives, and as many other Females as we can purchaſe, either by the Sword, or Money.

Adieu, ſage *Cheik*; and, if I have interrupted thy more important Studies with ſo trivial a Subject, believe, That it is for Want of a proper Occaſion to ſignify to thee, how much thou art in my Thoughts; and that I would

not have our Friendſhip die through too long Silence

Pars, 24th *of the* 10th *Moon,*
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XVII.

To Muſtapha, Baſſa *of* Siliſtria.

THE Fortune of War has raviſh'd *Aſac* from the *Grand Signior*, but has not robb'd thee of the Glory thou acquiredſt three Years ago, in the Conqueſt of that City, nor ſullied thy preſent Arms with any Marks of Diſgrace, that were of late ſo vigorouſly employed to relieve it. Had the *Muſcovites* performed the ſame Part, when thou didſt encircle that Neſt of Pyrates with the *Ottoman* Forces, as they have now done, the *Coſſacks* then would not ſo tamely have abandon'd their Native Seat, and left the Characters of their Deſpair, imprinted in the Ruins of their Habitations. The Protection of that potent Crown has given them new Vigour; and 'tis to the Valour of thoſe Northern Savages they owe the Liberty they now enjoy, to ſit by their own Fires.

The *Moſcovites* are a fierce and warlike Nation, inur'd to Hardſhips from the Womb. The Midwives plunge the new-born Infants in cold Watea; and if they out-live not that Tryal, the Mother thinks her Child not worth a Tear. The Women have no partial Tenderneſſes for their Babes, but cheriſh all for the Service of their Country. They teach them when young, to

rowl

rowl in Snow, and bathe themſelves in Ice diſſolv'd to Water. They make them familiar with the Extremities of Heat and Cold, Hunger, Thirſt and Labour, that when they come of Age, and can bear Arms, they may go boldly to the Wars, and bravely throw their Lives aways to ſerve the publick Good. In this they ſeem to revive the Wiſdom of the ancient *Spartans*, who gloried in Nothing ſo much, as in educating their Youth hardy, and free from the effeminate Softneſs of other Nations. They eſteem'd Infancy and Youth the Spring-time of Good-manners, when Virtue is in the Bloſſom: If that be nipped or blaſted, the Fruit muſt prove abortive, and unprofitable. Therefore they took Care to ſeaſon their early Years with wholeſome Inſtructions, and maſculine Exerciſes.

Who, among the warlike *Oſmans*, does not laugh at the unmanly Education of the *Perſian Sophi*'s, who being for ſo many Years confined to the Company and Diſcipline of Females, ſeem fitter to be made Overſeers of a Nurſery, than to aſcend a Throne.

But thou wilt ſay, I take large Leaps from the *North* of *Europe* to one of the moſt *Southern* Tracts in *Aſia*. I was diſcourſing of the *Muſcovites*, and the Aſſiſtance they afforded the *Coſſacks* in recovering *Aſac*. I paſſed from thence to the Manner of their Education. Permit me now to divert thee with ſomething peculiar and uncommon, in the Character of the *Ruſſian* Women. I am acquainted with a Gentleman in this City, who has travell'd through all that Part of *Europe*, and reſided ſome Years at *Moſcow*. He ſays, the *Ruſſian* Wives think themſelves not beloved by their Huſbands, unleſs they beat them every Day. They take his Correction as a Mark of his Favour and Eſteem. If theſe ſilly Females

are angry or peeviſh, he has no other Way to court them into a better Humour, but by Stripes. This is the only convincing Argument of his Sovereignty over them, the Demonſtration of his Manhood, the Charm which faſtens both their Love and Obedience.

He highly applauds the abſolute Reſignation which the People ſhew to their Great *Duke*, in that they pretend not to poſſeſs their Eſtates and Lives, but though his Favour, and during his Pleaſure. He ſays, the *Succeſſion* of the *Czars*, or *Great Duke* of *Ruſſia*, was in former Times determin'd after this Manner: A great Stone was placed in a large Field belonging to the Ciry of *Moſcow*; When any *Czar* died, his Sons, or the next of Kin, were conducted into this Field, and placed all at an equal Diſtance from the Stone. Then, at a certain Signal given, they all ran together towards it; and he that firſt reach'd it, ſo as to ſtand on the Top of it, was eſtabliſh'd in the *Throne*.

The Reverence which theſe People pay to their *Prince*, may in Part be aſcribed to his ſeldom appearing in Perſon to them, and then ſurrounded with his *Boyars* or *Nobles*, in the moſt magnificent Equipage, that can be ſuppoſed proper to ſtrike a Terror and awe into his Subjects, and cauſe them to honour him as little leſs than a *God*. The Eyes of the *Vulgar* are dazzled with ſo many Splendors of Silver, Gold and Jewels; and when the *Great Duke* makes his ſolemn Appearance, or Cavalcade, they are all moſt ready to think, that Heaven has deſcended to Earth, to do them the Honour of a Viſit. Theſe are the Arts of *Ruſſian* Policy, by which ſuch an infinite Number of People are charm'd into an Obedience to the Sovereign. Doubtleſs the *Majeſty* of a *King* receives no ſmall Luſtre from external

external Ornaments; the Multitude being captivated with whatsoever is gay and glittering. Yet our glorious *Sultans* scorn to borrow Advantage from, or owe their Grandeur to any thing but their exalted Blood, and sublime, innate Virtues.

But every Nation have their peculiar Customs, and distinct Reasons of State. The Constitution of all Government it not alike. The Model of *Lacedæmonian* Policy would suit ill with *Athens*.

Thou, whose Education was in the *Royal Seraglio* of the *Osman Emperors*; who hast been instructed to imitate the *Bee*, which sucks *Honey* from every *Flower*: Thou that knowest how to make a Choice of good Examples, and to reject the ill practise the Valour of *one* Nation, the Prudence of *another*, the Frugality of a *third*; so shalt thou be consummate in Virtue, and acquit thyself a good *General*.

Paris, 15th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XVIII.

To Solyman Kyzlar Aga, Chief *of the* Black Eunuchs.

I AM just now return'd to my Chamber, from the *Palace* of the *King*. As I pass'd along the Streets, I saw in every Face the Signatures of a profound Sorrow, which seems to have diffused it self over their whole Bodies; for both the

Court and *City* have put on *Mourning* for the Death of *Henry Bourbon*, late Paince of *Conde*.

He was not full Sixty Years of Age, when he left this viſible World, to be new born in a Region utterly unknown to Mortals. The *French*, not without Reaſon, lament the Loſs of a Man, who, to ſpeak the leaſt of him, buoy'd up the domeſtick Intereſt of this Kingdom, which ſeem'd otherwiſe inclining to totter. He was the Balance which pois'd the different Paſſions of the *Court* and *City*, by his Prudence and Juſtice calming both into a peaceable Mediocrity.

He was born ſome *Moons* after his Father's Death, whom the moſt execrable Method of murdering would not ſuffer to ſpin out thoſe Years which *Nature* would have indulg'd him, being ſnatch'd away by Poiſon.

Henry IV, ſo long as he remained without Iſſue, fixed his Eyes on his poſthumous young Prince, and gave him an Education ſuitable to one whom *Fate* had deſign'd to be the Heir of the *Crown*. Yet afterwards Jealouſy cool'd his Affection, when the *Prince* had married *Charlotte* the Duke of *Montmorency*'s Daughter, whom *Henry* IV. loved to a Degree of Paſſion.

It is dangerous to have a ſovereign Prince one's Rival in Love. That Match had well nigh ruin'd the young Prince of *Conde*. He was forced to fly into *Holland* with his Princeſs, and make that Province the Sanctuary of her Honour. From thence he travelled through *Germany*, and returned not to *France*, till after the Murder of *Henry* IV.

During the Minority of *Lewis* XIII. he headed the Factions, affecting to become popular. Were it not this Ambition, his Life had been without Blemiſh, and he might have blown out *Diogenes* his *Mid-day Candle*. But no Man is

free

free from Fault. All the Difference between the virtuous and vicious conſiſts in this, That one commits fewer Crimes than the other, and thoſe not by Intention or Habit, but through the Inſuperable Proclivity of *Nature*. Every Man has his *genial* Vices, his *conſtitutional* Errors, and tho' he may appear as a *Saint* in all Things elſe, yet in theſe he will ſtill be a *Sinner*.

He ſuffer'd Five Years Impriſonment in the *Baſtile*, which is a Place put to the ſame Uſe, as the *Caſtle* of the *Seven Towers* in *Conſtantinople*. The *Princeſs* his Wife was his Companion all the Time, and ſhared in his Misfortunes as well as his Proſperity.

During that tedious Confinement, he became Father of a Daughter, who was afterwards married to the Duke of *Longueville*. And when he was ſet at Liberty, he begot the Duke of *Enguein*, now *Prince* of *Conde*, and the *Prince* of *Conti*.

The *French* ſpeak well of the departed *Prince*. He was of a lively Spirit, chearful and affable in Converſation, mixing daily Recreations with his ſeverer Buſineſs, regularly obſerving Order in all his Affairs. Yet they ſay he was covetous, having heaped up great Treaſures by a Parſimony, which none of that *Blood* had ever before practiſed.

On his Death-bed, he recommended two things to the Practice of his Son, the Duke of *Enguien*, *Never to revenge a private Injury*; and, *Freely to hazard his Life for the publick Good*.

I choſe to tranſmit to thee the News of this Prince's Death, with this brief Account of his Life, and Characters of his Diſpoſition, in regard thou haſt ſeen him in *Germany*, and I remember to have heard thee ſpeak in his Praiſe.

Conti-

Continue to love *Mahmut*, who is never forgetful to oblige his Friends.

Paris, 15th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Poſts* from *Catalonia* came in laſt Night laden with ill News from the Army, which has been forced to decamp from before *Lerida*, leaving the greateſt Part of their Artillery to the *Spaniards*. That Place was always fatal to the *French*. Yet the Paſſion of the *Court* vents itſelf on the *Count de Harcourt*, becauſe he could not reverſe the *Decrees* of *Deſtiny*. All his former meritorious Actions ſeem now to be cancell'd by this one Diſgrace, though it was unavoidable: So peeviſh are Princes, when their Expectations are croſs'd. Some ſuſpect him guilty of private Correſpondence; others tax him with Cowardice. All this is during the Heat of their Reſentment: The ſame Perſons, it may be, will change their Cenſure when they conſider, That he had lain before it ſeven *Moons*, even 'till the Trenches of his Camp were fill'd with Snow, and that his Soldiers died of Famine or Cold: For the *Winter* began to be inſupportable, and the Country was barren of all Things neceſſary to ſuſtain ſuch an Army. I cannot ſee wherein this General deſerves Reproach; unleſs it be a Crime to be a Man, and to have the Command of ſuch as are made of Fleſh and Blood as well as he.

In

In *Italy*, the *French* have taken *Piombino*, and *Porto Longone*. This latter is the moſt important Town in the *Iſle* of *Elbe*, yet was not able to ſuſtain above nineteen Days Siege.

They ſay, there is a Fountain in this *Iſland*, whoſe Waters flow at the Sun-riſing, but in the Evening are dried up. The *Superſtitious* have had Conceits of this Fountain reliſhing of the ancient *Pagan* Vanities; but the Learned attribute it to *Natural Cauſes*. So the *Jews* tell of a River in the *Eaſt*, that ſtands ſtill on the *Seventh* Day of the Week. This they adduce as a Confirmation of their *Law*, which commands them to reſt from Labour on the *Seventh Day*, becauſe on that Day *God* reſted from forming the Creatures of the *World*. They ſay alſo, That the *Satyrs* and other *Monſters* of the *Deſarts*, ſhun the Light of the Sun that Day, hiding themſelves in the Caverns of the Earth, and curſing the *Sabbath*, becauſe it ſurprized *God* before he had quite finiſhed their *Forms*; for which Reaſon they are *imperfect* and *monſtrous* to this Day.

The *Divine Unity*, who is the Root of all *Numbers*, and has conſecrated the Number *Seven* to many *myſterious* Ends, grant, That neither thou nor I may forget the Anſwers we muſt give to the *Seven* Queſtions of the *Porter* of *Paradiſe*.

Paris, 7th *of the* 12th *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Bajazet, Baſſa *of* Greece.

IT appears to me by evident Symptoms that there is ſome deep Deſign a-foot in this *Court*. The *Grandees* aſſemble often, and ſit late. Extraordinary *Couriers* are ſent out, and come in, at all Hours of the Night. Strange Reports are induſtriouſly ſpread about the City. Trading is at a Stand, the Banquiers reſerv'd, and little Money ſtirring, which makes the Populace murmur. They complain of the Times, as is uſual in publick Diſcontents: The *old* diſcourage and incenſe the *young*, by making Compariſons of this Age and Reign, with the happy Days of *Henry the Great*. They fill their Ears with Golden Stories of former Times; and inſpiring into them a Love of the paſt, they equally introduce a Hatred of the preſent Government. Theſe are the common Artifices of Faction; and though none appears yet under any diſtinct Name or Title, yet it is eaſy to prognoſticate from theſe Preludes, that e'er long the Maſk will be taken off, and Sedition will ſhew her ſelf bare-faced.

T'other Day a Fellow run crying through the Streets, *God ſave the* King, *but the Devil take the* Italian. He was followed by a few, and thoſe of the moſt contemptible. Yet no Officer or Magiſtrate in this City, would cauſe him to be apprehended, or attempt to ſuppreſs the Mutiny he was raiſing. The Citizens ſmil'd at his Boldneſs, and Money was brought him from unknown Hands: The Women bleſs'd him as a *Prophet*, and the Virgins fell down before the

Altars

Altars, on his Behalf: The *Temples* were crowded with Votaries, or rather with the Fautors of this new Sedition; as if they ſtrove to draw their *Gods* into the Cabal, and would make *Heaven* itſelf abet their Tumults. His Train increas'd as he meaſur'd the Streets; till at length he was ſeiz'd by the *Royal Guards*, the Rabble diſpers'd, and all Things reſtored to Quiet. That Night a double *Watch* was kept throughout the City; the Fellow was ſtrictly examined, and put to the *Rack*, yet no Confeſſion could be extorted from him, ſave, *That the publick Good induced him to take this Courſe: That the Tyranny and Oppreſſion which* Cardinal Mazarini *exerciſed were inſuportable: And that he was ready to ſacrifice his Life for the Welfare of his* Country. He is condemn'd to the Gallies during his Life. And great Endeavours are uſed to find out the Authors of this Novelty. For he is looked on but as an Inſtrument ſet at work by ſome Malecontents of higher Quality, and the Fore-runner of ſome more formidable Inſurrection.

Proclamations are iſſued out, to forbid all Diſcourſe of *State* Matters: But the People ſpare not to whiſper their Sentiments.

The young *King* is taken ill, which augments the publick Jealouſy: Men ſhake their Heads, and look dejected, as they walk along the Streets. Some menace Revenge with their furrow'd Brows, others ſpeak only, *That the Kingdom is ſold to Strangers*. A general Conſternation and Diſorder has ſeiz'd all, while their Fears prompt them daily to expect a Change. To obviate the Miſchiefs which thoſe popular Paſſions threaten, Soldiers are drawn from divers Parts of the Country by *Mazarini*'s Orders, and by inſenſible Companies quarter'd up and down *Paris*. Between theſe and the Citizens, there happen divers

divers Quarrels, frequent Murders are committed: While the Night, which covers all Things with Darkneſs, ſerves to ſhroud their mutual Outrages, and private Revenges. Thus the publick Calamities are cheriſh'd: What will be the Iſſue, Time will evince.

In the mean while, the Affairs of *Germany* and *Swedeland*, ſeem to be in a fair Way of Compoſure. Divers *Treaties* are on Foot in order to a general Peace in *Chriſtendom*. The *Embaſſadors* and *Deputies* of the ſeveral conteſting *Crowns*, have frequent Conferences. But each Party inſiſts ſo vehemently on Circumſtantials, that nothing but fruitleſs Demurs conclude their Meetings. *France* has a great Stroke in all theſe Affairs: And 'tis grown to a *Proverb*, *That* Cardinal Mazarini *carries all the* Courts *of* Europe *in his Boſom*.

The *Swedes* treat like *Victors*; and the *Germans* tho' much enfeebled, yet cannot forget the *Majeſty* of the *Imperial Sceptre*. The *Danes* have an Intereſt to proſecute, and the *Poles* are not without their Pretentions. *National* Pride and Honour have a great *Influence* on theſe *Crowns*. But the *Hollanders*, like Merchants, act according to the Rules of Profit. They ſtand on no *Punctilio's*, but ſuch as advance their Traffick; knowing that Money is the Nerves of War. In this they are to be eſteem'd wiſe, their *Commonwealth* being as yet but in her Nonage: Her Strength not knit, nor ſhe in a Capacity to wreſtle with her potent Neighbours.

England finds Buſineſs enough at home, to employ both her Money, Wit and Arms. Nor can ſhe be at Leiſure to attend to foreign Tranſactions.

Spain ever follows the Intereſt of the *German Court*, it being the unalterable Maxim of the

Houſe

Houſe of *Auſtria, to remain united, and aggrandize itſelf.*

Italy has various Intereſts; and *Venice* in particular, is in ſtrict Friendſhip with this *Court.*

Portugal is ſtill upon her Guard, againſt the reſtleſs *Spaniards:* And *Don Juan de Braganza* makes *Foreign Alliances.*

The *ſupreme Monarch* of the *viſible* and *inviſible Worlds*, who ſits on the *Throne* of *Adamant*, under the *Covers* of the *Eternal Tree*, grant, That the Diſtractions of theſe *Infidel* Princes and *States* may continue, 'till the Time appointed by *Fate* ſhall come, wherein the *faithful Oſmans* ſhall poſſeſs the *Red Apple.*

Paris, 25th *of the* 1ſt *Moon, of the Year* 1645.

LETTER XXI.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother.*

I Thought myſelf forgotten by the *Son* of my *Mother*, who has ſuffer'd ſo many *Decads* of *Moons*, to meaſure out the Term of his unkind Silence, and of my Melancholy. 'Tis now three Years ſince I heard from thee: But I will not complain of a Fault ſo ingenuouſly expiated, though late. Thou haſt made me ample Amends, in ſending me ſuch an elaborate and ſuccinct *Hiſtory* of thy *Travels:* In reading of which, I konw not whether my Pleaſure or Profit is greater. Thou haſt ſo interwoven delightful Adventures of thy own, and pleaſant Paſſages of others, with curious and ſolid Obſervations,

ſervations, that a Man improves himſelf inſenſibly, whilſt the charming Language and Miſcellany ſerve as a Spur at once to rowze and faſten his Attention to Points of moſt uſeful Knowledge.

The *Chriſtians* are apt to deſpiſe the *True Believers*, as a Company of ignorant People, unacquainted with the World, unpoliſh'd both in their Underſtandings and Manners, not vers'd in the *Liberal Sciences*, nor addicted to the Study of any Thing but Riches and Honour, and how to augment the *Muſſulman Empire*. They conſider not at the ſame Time, That *God* has made us *rational* Creatures as well as them; has endued us with the ſame *natural* Faculties; and, That in all *Nations* he has inſpired ſome with a Thirſt of Knowledge, furniſhing them alſo with the Abilities and Means to attain it. They conſider not, That if *Printing* be prohibited among us, 'tis to ſuppreſs the Multitude of unprofitable *Books*, with which *Europe* too much abounds: And that in their ſtead we have many Thouſands of induſtrious *Scribes*, whoſe whole Employment is to tranſlate the moſt excellent and learned *Treatiſes* of the *Ancients*. And, That conſequently, a ſtudious *Mahometan* cannot be deſtitute of ſuch *Books*, as may inſtruct him in *true Philoſophy*, ſound *Morals*, and *Hiſtory* of the moſt memorable Tranſactions in the World. Aſſuredly, our *Arabia* may boaſt of her *Avicens*, *Meſues*, *Averroes Halis*, and *Albumazars*; and that ſhe hath brought forth many others who need not, in any Point of *Human* or *Divine Learning*, yield the *Palm* to the moſt eminent *Doctors*, *Philoſophers*, *Orators*, and *Poets*, among the *Chriſtians*.

Add to this the equal Benefit ſome of our *Belief* reap, by travelling into foreign Countries, which crowns all their Studies with experimental

rimental Knowledge and Wiſdom; rendring them as familiar with the different *Natures* of *Men*, and the various *Conſtitutions* of *Government*, as before they were with *Books*.

This appears evident in thy Letter, which is repleniſh'd with ſo many ſolid Remarks, and ſage Comments on the *Laws* and *Cuſtoms* of the *Regions* through which thou haſt paſs'd, their *Religions*, *Strength* and *Riches*, and whatſoever elſe was worthy a *Traveller*'s Notice; that were this *Narrative* publiſh'd in *Chriſtendom*, the *Nazarenes* would forbear to ſpeak ſo contemptibly of the *True Believers*.

But they flatter themſelves with a falſe Notion, that the *Ottomans* never travel beyond the Limits of their own *Empire*, except the *publick Chiauſes*, who are ſent by the *Grand Signior*. They are ignorant, that the *auguſt Porte* maintains *private Agents* in all *Nations*; and that there is hardly any *Prince*'s *Court* in *Chriſtendom* without a *Muſſulman* in it one Time or other. 'Tis true, we appear not in the *Garb* peculiar to the *Eaſt*. Our *Miſſion* requires a *Conformity* to the *Faſhions* of the People where we reſide. But we will retain the interior Veſtments of *Mahometan Purity*, being in a double Senſe *circumciſed*. Thus we become Maſters of the *Chriſtians* Secrets, whilſt they account us ſtupid, ignorant, and Men void of common Senſe.

Beſides, had we not this Advantage in theſe *Weſtern* Parts, yet the univerſal Privilege of travelling and maintaining free Commerce over all the *Eaſt*, muſt needs afford great Opportunities of Accompliſhment to ſome among the *Caravans* of ſo many Thouſands as viſit *Perſia*, *India*, *China*, *Tartary*, and all Places where the *Faith* of the *Miſſioner* of *God* is profeſſed.

I am

I am extreamly pleaſed with thy fortunate Eſcape from *Robbers* on the Road, whoſe Malice, rarely extends farther, than to deprive a Man of thoſe *outward Goods*, which, if he be *wiſe*, he will not call *his own*. Much more am I delighted with thy Deliverance from thoſe *Female Thieves*, who ſteal from Men their Hearts and Reaſon, which laſt is our nobleſt, and only proper Inheritance. All *Perſia* and the *Indies* abound with *Courtezans*; and he had need of *Oſmin*'s Chaſtity, who would withſtand ſo many and ſtrong Temptations.

Thou needeſt not wonder at the Effeminacy of the preſent *Mogul*, who ſuffers himſelf and his *State* to be governed by *Women*. That ſubtle, and aſpiring *Sex*, have always ſought to undermine, or over-reach our *Race*. They keep behind the *Scenes*, yet act their Parts in all the *Tragedies* and *Revolutions* of the *World*. The Father of the preſent *Indian King*, made an abſolute Reſignation of his *Sovereignty* to his Queen, for four and twenty Hours. This *Prince* by a ſtrange Affectation, called him *King of the World*. His Wife was the Daughter of an *Arabian* Captain, who had ſerved him in the Wars: But having forfeited his Head by ſome notorious *Treaſon*, his Daughter went and threw herſelf at the *Mogul*'s Feet to beg his Life. He fell paſſionately in Love with her, (for ſhe had not her Equal for Beauty in all the *Eaſt*) granted her *Petition*, and married her. Afterwards ſhe got ſuch an *Empire* over him, that he would do nothing without her Advice and Conſent. At her Inſtigation he made *War* or *Peace*: And to pleaſe her cruel Humour, he put out the Eyes of his eldeſt Son. But, not ſatisfied with theſe Diſcoveries of his Love, and reſolving to make herſelf famous by ſome extraordinary Action,

ſhe

ſhe never ceas'd ſoliciting the King, with all the Arts of Female Policy, till ſhe had prevail'd on him to ſurrender up his Authority to her for the Space of a Day. In which Time (having prepared all Things before-hand ready for her Purpoſe) ſhe cauſed Two Million, of *Roupies*, in Silver and Gold, to be coin'd and ſtamp'd with the *twelve Signs* of the *Zodiack*, contrary to the *fundamental Laws* of the *Empire*, the *expreſs Prohibition* of our *Holy Prophet*, and the *univerſal Practice* of the *Muſſulmans* throughout the World, who admit not the *Repreſentations* of any *Creatures* that have *Life*. This Relation I had from my Uncle *Uſeph*, who reſided in the *Indian Court* eleven Years. He added moreover, That during this ſhort *Female Reign*, ſhe cut off the Heads of Seven *Grandees* the moſt zea'ous for the *Muſſulman Faith* among all the *Indian Princes*, and eſtabliſh'd as many *Idolaters* in their *Places*: And that, if her Orders has been fully executed, ſhe had quite changed the Government, conſecrated the moſt beautiful *Moſque* to the Service of *Idols*, exterminated the *true Faithful*, and reſtored the *ancient Abominations* of the *Infidels*; which thou wilt not think impracticable, when thou conſidereſt, That the Number of the *Uncircumciſed* in the *Indies*, far exceeds that of the *Muſſulmans*, there being Ten Thouſand of thoſe to an Hundred of ſuch as profeſs the *Unity* of the *Divine Nature*. But however, there was *Loyalty* found even among thoſe *Pagans*; and they would not ſuffer *a blind Zeal* for the *Worſhip* of their *Gods*, to ſupplant the *Duty* they ow'd their *King*.

The Deſcription thou haſt made of *Candahar*, and the Method thou haſt projected to take that *impregnable City*, diſcover at once thy Conduct and Diligence, in procuring Liberty to ſurvey ſo narrowly, the moſt important Place of the *Indies*;

Indies; and thy Skill in Fortifications, with the Quickneſs of thy Invention, which has ſuggeſted to thee that which all the *Engineers* of *Aſia* have never ſo much as dreamt of. This is the right Uſe of Travelling, when a Man returns, from foreign Nations, cultivated with experimental Knowledge, and ſtock'd with Improvements, that may render him ſerviceable to his Country.

Thou condemneſt the Injuſtice and Avarice of the *Indian Moguls*; who, as ſoon as any of the *Omrahs* or *great Men* die, cauſe all his Eſtate and Goods to be ſeiz'd, to their own proper Uſe. Whereby it came to paſs, that the Widow and Children of the Deceaſed, are reduced to the loweſt Condition of Poverty, being many Times forced to beg for Subſiſtence. 'Tis true, this is an Oppreſſion not to be juſtified, eſpecially in thoſe who profeſs to believe in *one God, Creator of all Things*, the *incorrupt Judge* of the *Univerſe*. But what thinkeſt thou then of our *Sultans*, who not having Patience to wait till a natural Death ſhall make them *Heirs* to the *Wealth* of a *Baſſa*, generally ſecure their *Title*, and haſten their Poſſeſſion by a *Bow-ſtring*? Theſe are *Royal* Violences; Though the *Reſignation* of *Subjects* muſt not tax them with any Crime, who are accountable to none but *God*.

It was however a notable Piece of Raillery, with which the Widow of a rich *Merchant* reproved this unreaſonable Cuſtom in the preſent *Mogul*. Her Huſband was an *Idolater*, who had heaped together an infinite Treaſure by Trading, and Uſury; and when he died, left her worth Two Hundred Thouſand *Roupies*. Her Son, ſome Years after, coming of Age, demanded of her a Stock to ſet up with as a *Merchant*. Which ſhe, either out of Avarice, or for other Ends, refuſed

refuſed him; furniſhing him only with ſuch ſmall Sums as ſerved to nouriſh his Diſcontent, and tempt him to a lewd, careleſs Life. But at length, not being able to prevail on his Mother, to part with ſo much as would anſwer his Expectations, he complained to the *Mogul*, diſcloſing alſo what Eſtate his Father had left. The *Mogul* being informed of ſo much Riches, ſent for the young Man's Mother, and commanded her to ſend him half her Money, ordering, That the other half ſhould be divided between her ſelf and her Son. The Widow, not being at all ſurprized, or caſt down at this unjuſt Propoſal, made the *Mogul* this ſhort Reply: *O King, May the Gods make thee happy. My Son has ſome Reaſon to require his Share of his Father's Eſtate, having his Blood running in his Veins; but I deſire to know, what Relation thou art to my Huſband or me, that thou claimeſt a Share in his Inheritance.* The *Prince* abaſh'd at ſo ſmart and bold an Addreſs, commanded her to give half her Eſtate to her Son, and ſo diſmiſſed her.

I have heard ſome of our *Chiauſes* praiſe the *Magnificence* of the *Mogul*'s *Court*, the infinite Number of his Attendants: But above all, they extol the inimitable Grandeur of his *Throne*, which is adorn'd with ſo many Topazes, Rubies, Emeraulds, Pearls, and Diamonds, as amount to thirty Millions of *Roupies*. But were it not much better, if inſtead of all this needleſs Glory, he could boaſt, That his *Empire* is founded in the Hearts of his *Subjects*: He does not conſider, That ſuch prodigious Heaps of envied Treaſure are but ſo many glittering *Snares*, golden *Manacles*, which ſerve for no other Uſe, but to chain him up from that Freedom, and thoſe more innocent Delights, that the meaneſt of his Subjects enjoy.

Thou haſt, I perceive, diſcourſed with the *Indian Bramins:* Doſt thou not niſcover, even in theſe *Idolaters*, a Contempt of Riches? What mean Thoughts have they of the Splendor and Gayeties of the Court? What a low Eſteem of the long and proud *Series* of *Titles* with which the *Moguls* endeavour to exalt themſelves? Whilſt they are called the *Lights of the World*, and *Companions of the Sun*; theſe poor *Philoſophers* know, That in a little Time they ſhall be laid in *Darkneſs*, and have no better *Society* than that of *Worms*. What ſignifies their *Pedigree*, or, That the preſent *Mogul* is but the *tenth Deſcendant* from the *mighty Temurlen*, who made all *Aſia* tremble, if he has loſt the *Virtue* of his *glorious Anceſtor*? 'Tis that alone makes all Men *truly noble*.

Thou telleſt me, That the *Empire* of the *Mogul* affords him more *Revenues* than the *Dominions* of any Two the moſt potent *Monarchs* on Earth. I have heard as much from others, which convinces me, that thou haſt inform'd thyſelf rightly of the *preſent State* of the *Indies*. But doſt thou therefore eſteem this *Monarch* the richer? Conſider the vaſt Extent of his *Dominions*, which are ſaid to contain more than Six Hundred Leagues in Length, and thou wilt find, That to maintain ſo great a Track of Ground, both againſt his *foreign* and *domeſtick* Enemies, he is obliged to keep in conſtant Pay, ſome Millions of his Subjects and Strangers: For he is in the midſt of Enemies, even among his own *Subjects*. There are above an hundred *Sovereigns* in his *Empire*, who perpetually by Turns moleſt his *Government*, refuſing to pay *Tribute*, and raiſing Armies againſt him: Whereby it comes to paſs, that he is at an infinite Expence to defend himſelf, and carry on thoſe endleſs Wars; thou thyſelf having obſerv'd, That once in Two *Moons* there is an indiſpenſable Neceſſity of paying

theſe

theſe prodigious Armies: Not a Soldier throughout his *Empire* having any thing to live on, ſave the Wages he receives of the King.

Conſider alſo, That this *Monarch* always keeps ſome Thouſands of the fineſt Horſes in the World near his Perſon, ſuch as coſt him Thouſands of *Roupies* a-piece; beſides a Thouſand Elephants; with an incredible Number of Mules, Camels, and other Beaſts of Burden, to carry his Wives, his Goods and Proviſions, when he takes the Field: That whole Cities, even as large as *Conſtantinople*, are obliged to follow the King's Camp for Subſiſtence, their Livelihood altogether depending on the Army. Add to this, the immenſe Charges of his *Seraglio*, his Caſtles and Sea-port Towns, with all the other neceſſary Expences of the *State*, and thou will conclude, That when this *Potentate* comes to caſt up his Accounts, he will find himſelf a poor Man.

But I ſhall cloy thee with a Rehearſal of ſuch Things, as thou canſt not be a Stranger to.

Only tell me, Whether one of the *Raias* or *Princes* ſubject to the *Mogul*, be the real *Deſcendent* of *Porus*, the ancient King of *India*, in the Time of *Alexander the Great*? I have been told by ſeveral Travellers, That there is ſuch an one, that his Name is *Rana*, and that an Hundred of the *idolatrous Princes* pay Homage to him, as to their *natural Sovereign*.

Thou confirmeſt the Truth of what has been ſo often reported in theſe Parts, That the *Prince* of *Java* had Six Fingers on each Hand, and as many Toes on his Feet.

But that ſeems very ſtrange which thou relateſt, of a certain *Language* among the *Indians*, which is not vulgarly ſpoken; but that all their *Books* of *Theology*, and *Pandects* of their *Law*, the *Records* of their *Nation*, and the *Treatiſes* of *Human Arts* and

Sciences are written in it. And that this *Language* is taught in their *Schools*, *Colleges*, and *Academies*, even as *Latin* is among the *Chriſtians*. I cannot enough admire at this; for, where and when was this *Language* ſpoken? How came it to be diſus'd? There ſeems to be a Myſtery in it, that none of their *Brachmans* can give any other Account of this, ſave, That it is the *Language*, wherein *God* gave, to the *firſt Creature* he made, the *four Books* of the *Law*: Which according to their *Chronology*, was above thirty Millions of Years ago. I tell thee, my dear Brother, this News has ſtarted ſome odd Notions in my Mind: For when I conſider, That this *Language*, as thou ſay'ſt, has nothing in it common with the *Indian* that is now ſpoken, nor with any other *Language* of *Aſia*, or of the World; and yet that it is a copious and regular *Language*, learn'd by *Grammar*, like the other *material Languages*; and that, in this *obſolete Language*, *Books* are written, wherein it is aſſerted, That the *World* is ſo many Millions of Years old; I could almoſt turn *Pythagorean*, and believe, The *World* to be within a *Minute* of *Eternal*. And, where would be the Abſurdity? Since *God* had equally the ſame infinite Power, Wiſdom and Goodneſs, from all *Eternity*, as he had Five or Six Thouſand Years ago. What ſhould hinder Him then from exerting theſe *divine Attributes* ſooner? What ſhould retard him from drawing forth this glorious *Fabrick* earlier, from the *Womb* of *Nothing*? Suffer thy Imagination to ſtart backwards, as far as thou canſt, even to Millions of Ages, and yet thou canſt not conceive a Time, wherein this fair unmeaſurable *Expanſe* was not ſtretch'd out. As if *Nature* herſelf had engraven on our Intellects, this *Record* of the *World*'s untraceable *Antiquity*, in that our ſtrongeſt, ſwifteſt Thoughts, are far too weak and ſlow to follow Time back to its endleſs Origin.

The

The *Revolution* in *China*, ſurpaſſes the *common Changes* in *Kingdoms* and *Empires*. There is ſomething exceſſively *tragical*, in the *Cataſtrophe* of that *Royal* Houſe.

Brother, in beholding that, thou haſt ſeen *Human Nature* in a *Trance*: And thou art ſo thyſelf, if, after this, thou canſt be fond of any Thing on Earth. *Traveller*, Adieu.

Paris, 25th *of the* 1ſt *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXII.

To Aſis, Baſſa.

SEveral *Diſpatches* have been lately ſent between this *Court*, and that of *Swedeland*, containing rather Matter of Compliment, than any Thing of great Importance. *Queen Chriſtina* has been very ill, which has occaſion'd Letters of Condolance from the *Queen Regent* of *France*.

Thoſe which come from that Part, ſay, That *General Torſtenſon* is made a *Count*; and the *Dignity* entail'd to his *Poſterity*, in Recompence of his eminent Services to the *Swediſh Crown*.

Theſe Letters add, That there have paſs'd ſome high Words between *Monſieur Chanut*, and the *Swediſh Secretary* of *State*. And, that the latter, in going out of the Chamber where they diſcourſed, laid his Hand upon his Sword, with theſe Words: *Monſieur* Chanut, *Were it not for the Fence which the* Law *of* Nations *has rais'd about your Perſon, I would anſwer you in another Language.* To which *Monſieur Chanut* replied, *That he wore a Sword to defend himſelf and his private Honour, as well as any* Swede *in the Kingdom.*

The Occaſion of this Quarrel was, The great Reſort of *Roman Catholick* Strangers to *Monſieur Chanut*'s Chapel, which gave Diſguſt to the *Swedes*, who allow not the *Exerciſe* of the *Roman Religion* within their Territories. They caſtrate all the *Prieſts* of that *Communion* whom they find, and proſecute the *Laity* with rigorous Penalties. But *Monſieur Chanut* pleaded the *Law* of *Nations:* And when the *Secretary* told him, That the *Queen* permitted him and his Family the Liberty of their *Religion*, but deſired him not to admit any other Perſons of what *Nation* ſoever: This *Miniſter* replied, *That he could not receive as a Favour, or Permiſſion from her* Majeſty, *the Liberty of* exerciſing *his* Religion, *ſince he held it only of his* Maſter, *the King of* France, *who had ſent him thither, and that he would not ſhut the Door of his* Chapel *againſt any that would come in: That their* Law, *which according to his own Calcule, was made about Two Thouſand Years after the Foundation of their* Eſtate, *could not abrogate the* Law *of* Nations, *which is* eternal: *That this* perpetual Law, *gave particular Privileges to certain Perſons, and eſpecially to the* Miniſters *of foreign* Princes: *That their* new Law, *ſuch as it was, was only made to maintain the* publick Worſhip, *reſpected not what was done in the* Houſe *of a foreign* Miniſter, *by a ſpecial Privilege, it being of no Conſequence to the* State, *whether ſuch Foreigners ſerved* God *or not, or whether they worſhipped him in a right or wrong Way: That no* Swede *came to his* Chapel, *but only ſome* French, *who were Sojourners in the Land: That they did not uſe the* Swediſh Ambaſſadors *ſo in* France, *who admitted whom they pleaſed into their* Chapels: *That the Houſe where he now dwelt, was the Houſe of the King of* France; *and that therefore he could not by Conſequence refuſe any* Catholicks *an Entrance into it, eſpecially ſuch as*

as were born Subjects of his Maſter: *And in fine, That it was very rude to oblige him to be the Executioner of this ſevere Law, in requiring him to ſhut his Doors upon his Country-men, againſt the* common Law *of* Hoſpitality, *the* Honour *of a* publick Miniſter, *and the* Pleaſure *of the* King *his* Sovereign.

To this the *Secretary* made ſomething too tart a Reply. Whereupon Words increaſing between them, and the *French Ambaſſador* being reſolute to aſſert his Privilege, the *Secretary* broke out into a Paſſion, as I have before mention'd, laying his Hands upon his Sword, as he was leaving the Room.

The *Swedes* are naturally a rugged, ſurly People, as are all the *Northern Europeans*. They are Strangers to Civility, and the gentle Addreſs of the *French*. Yet the *Queen*, when ſhe heard of this Paſſage, was angry with her *Miniſter*, and excuſed his Rudeneſs to *Monſieur Chanut*: Telling him, *That the* Secretary *was a* faithful Servant, *but had been educated among the* Bears *of the* Foreſt.

This puts me in mind of a *Story* which the *French* tell of another *Ambaſſador*, whom *Lewis* XIII. ſent to the *Court* of *Spain*. The *Spaniards* are of a haughty Temper, expecting more than ordinary Submiſſions, from thoſe who approach the King's Preſence. This *Ambaſſador*, on the ſame Ground, was required to do ſome Homage, which would not conſiſt with the Inſtructions of his *Maſter*, and therefore he refuſed to comply. The King of *Spain* thinking to put him out of Countenance, ſaid aloud, *What! has the King of* France *no other Men in his* Court, *that he ſends me ſuch a Fool as this?* To which the *Ambaſſador* replied, *My* Maſter *has many wiſer Men than myſelf about him; but to ſuch a* King, *ſuch an* Ambaſſador.

Thou wilt not perhaps approve ſuch Raillery as this to *Crown'd* Heads, who ought to be treated with Reverence and Gravity. Yet, I believe, thou wilt condemn the Cruelty of a *Duke* of *Muſcovy*, who cauſed the Hat of a *French Ambaſſador* to be nailed to his Head, for ſitting cover'd before him. This is contrary to the *Genius* of the *Eaſt*, who abhor to ſee a Man bare headed.

But every *Nation* has its *Mode:* And I according to the Faſhion of my Country, kiſs the Border of thy Veſt, in Token of my Submiſſion and Reſpect.

Paris, 7th *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Mufti, *moſt Venerable, and Worthy of all Honour.*

THE *Criticks*, who ſpend their Time, and manifeſt their Wit, in deſcanting on the *Court* and the *Grandees*, find perpetual Matter of Diſcourſe concerning *Cardinal Mazarini*. His daily Actions furniſh them with new Themes, and ſometimes they rehearſe the old. They compare him with his Predeceſſor *Richlieu*, and with Cardinal *Ximenes*, a *Spaniſh Miniſter*. They term theſe three, the *Trinity* of *Chriſtian Stateſmen*; thus diſtinguiſhing their *perſonal* Characters. *Richlieu*, they ſay, was crafty, covetous, and revengeful; *Ximenes* was politick, ſevere, and valiant; *Mazarini* is wiſe, merciful, and liberal.

The

The firſt made good his Character, they ſay, in heaping up ſuch prodigious Treaſures; in raiſing all thoſe of his *Family* or Dependence, to the higheſt Honours; in occaſioning the voluntary Baniſhment of the *Queen-Mother*; in ruining whomſoever he ſuſpected; and finally, in making himſelf ſo much the Maſter of all Secrets, that the King, however diſguſted and averſe from him, yet could never ſit ſafe on his *Throne* without him, when *living*, nor venture the Management of the *Publick* to any of his Creatures, when *dead*. Thus ſpeak they of that great *Miniſter*.

As to Cardinal *Ximenes*, they ſay, He diſcover'd the Qualities which they aſcribe to him, in the Method he took to raiſe himſelf to that envied Greatneſs, which was, by ſeeming to ſhun the Honours at which he ſecretly aim'd. For being a *devoted Derviſe*, or *religious Friar*, he appear'd to be the moſt mortify'd Man of the whole *Order*; which being taken notice of, he was made *Provincial*; from which *Dignity*, he made but one Step more to the *Purple!* and growing eminent for his Abilities, he was made *firſt Miniſter* in the *Court* of *Spain*.

He levy'd Sixteen Thouſand Men at his own Coſt, invaded *Barbary*, ſtorm'd their ſtrongeſt Cities, and reduced the whole Kingdom of *Tripoli* and *Algiers* to his *Maſter*'s Obedience.

Whilſt he was at the Head of his Army, one Day there happen'd a Mutiny among his Soldiers. A certain Fellow, running up and down between the Ranks, and exciting them to chuſe a new *General*, ſaying, *It was a Shame to ſerve a poor-ſpirited Friar:* The *Cardinal* perceiving this, ſtepp'd to the Fellow, and with one Blow, ſever'd his Head from his Body. This ſtruck ſuch a Terror into all, that, from that Time,

there was not the leaſt Tumult or Diſorder in his Army.

They ſay, he was in the End poiſon'd by eating of a *Fiſh*, of which a Friend of his receiv'd Intimation on the Road, as he was riding to the Place where the *Cardinal* was at Dinner. But he came too late, to prevent the Effects of the Poiſon: For though the *Cardinal* was but juſt riſen from the Table, yet he began to void Blood by his Ears, and the Extremteies of his Fingers; and in a few Days drew his laſt Breath. He was tall, and well limb'd: His two fore Teeth of the upper Jaw grew ſo far out of his Mouth, that he was call'd, *The Eccleſiaſtical Elephant*. The Sutures of his Skull were ſo cloſely indented, that there was no more Room for Tranſpiration of the groſſer Vapours, than through the moſt ſolid Part of the Bone. On this Account he was ever troubled with the Head ach, contrary to *Cardinal Richlieu*, who never felt any Pain in that Part, becauſe he had two little Holes in his Crown, through which the Fumes exhal'd.

Theſe are the Remarks which are made on *Cardinal Ximenes*. As to *Mazarini*, they ſay, he ſurpaſſes both theſe *Miniſters*, in the exquiſite Moderation of his Temper: And comes ſhort of neither, in the Contrivance or Succeſs of Affairs, being ſolid in his Counſels, ſecret and ſwift in their Execution. He has this alſo peculiar in his Conduct, That none are more ſure of his Favour, than thoſe who have done him Injuries. He is magnifick in his Expences; building *Palaces* that may vie with the moſt celebrated Structures of the ancient *Romans:* A curious Collector of choice Paintings and Sculptures; furniſhing the Houſes with Utenſils of Cedar, Ebony, Silver, Gold, and other Ornaments, befitting the *Palace* of a King. Liberal beyond the Expectation

Expectation of his Friends and Servants, yet not to Profuſeneſs. He has a wonderful Sagacity in diſcovering Cheats and Impoſtors: And no leſs Dexterity in diſcerning Men of Merit, though never ſo much obſcur'd by Misfortune.

Not long ago he catch'd a Gentleman in a Crime, which expos'd him to the Laughter and Contempt of the whole *Court*, but not to the *Cardinal*'s Hatred. He had been recommended to this *Miniſter* by a *Lady* of the *Court*, for whom he had a great Eſteem. On which Account he had free Acceſs to the *Cardinal*'s Preſence, and would always mix with his *Retinue*.

But his curious *Patron* had obſerv'd ſomething in his Carriage, which gave him Ground of Miſtruſt. For he would always place himſelf as near as he could to a certain Table, in the Chamber, where the *Cardinal* gives Audience. There is a Drawer under this Table, which commonly ſtands half open, it being the Place where all *Petitioners* throw in their Bribes or Preſents; it not being ſeemly for a *Prince* of the *Church* to take Money himſelf. The *Cardinal* obſerv'd, That this Spark always had his Eye glancing on that Drawer, as if he coveted what was there contain'd. However, he took no Notice, but gave him all the Opportunities imaginable to do his Pleaſure; yet ſtill one Accident or other, hinder'd the Gentleman from executing his Deſign, which was, To borrow ſome of the Gold that lay in that Drawer. At length it happen'd, That the *Cardinal* having appointed ſome curious *Pageants* to be made in Honour of the King's *Birth-Day*, he with ſeveral of the *Courtiers*, ſtood looking out of the Windows to ſee the triumphant Shows paſs by. The Gentleman, taking this Opportunity, whilſt he thought all Eyes were intent on the Gayeties

without, ſlips to the Table, and takes out of the Drawer a Bag of Gold, putting it up in his Pocket, and retiring to the Window again. He imagined that no Body had ſeen him, and therefore hugg'd himſelf in the Thoughts of his Booty. When the *Show* was over, and the Company withdrew from the Window; after a while, they all took their Leave and departed: And among the reſt, this Gentleman Thief was going out. But the *Cardinal* deſired him to tarry, in that he had ſomething to ſay to him. The Gentleman ſtung with the Guilt of what he had done, fell a trembling, and was ready to drop down at the *Cardinal's* Feet. But he bid him be of good Comfort, ſaying thus to him; *My Friend, what thou haſt done, is not hid from me. If thou haſt not Gold enough, I will double thy Sum.* Therewith he gave him another Bag of equal Value; ſaying withal, *Go thy Way, and ſee my Face no more. I pardon, but cannot truſt thee.*

Would'ſt thou know, by what Means the *Cardinal* diſcover'd this Theft? He always wears on his Finger a Ring, in which is ſet a *Jewel* of ineſtimable Value; it being a *Natural Mirror*, and diſcovering all Things that are done in the Room, though behind a Man's Back. 'Twas on this Stone the *Cardinal* caſt his Eye, when the Gentleman thought he was looking out of the Window. Therein he beheld him go to the Table, take out the Money, and put it in his Pocket. Thou ſeeſt how curious this Miniſter is, to ſtock himſelf with uſeful Rarities.

May that great *Chancellor* of *Heaven*, the *Angel* who beholds in the *Divine Eſſence* as in a *Mirror*, whatſoever is done on Earth, and records all Human Actions in the *Book* of *Judgments*, never diſcern any Thing in *Mahmut*, which

which may render him worthy to be excluded the *Preſence* of *God*.

Paris, 12th *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXIV.

To Danecmar Kefrou, Kadileſquier *of* Romania.

THOU, that art Principal among the Judges of high Dignity, the illuſtrious Ornament of three *Empires*, the ſtrong Support of Equity, who preſerveſt Reaſon, and correcteſt Vice, I congratulate thy deſerved Honour: And in doing ſo, I wiſh Increaſe of Joy to all the *faithful Oſmans*.

The Knowledge which thou haſt acquired in the *Law* of *Nations*, and in the moſt perfect Sanctions of our *auguſt Monarchy*, has made thee famous through the *ſeven Precincts* of the *Earth*; and has veſted thee with the Robe of ſublime Honour, the Gift of the *Lieutenant* of *God*.

I made Choice of this Occaſion at once to perform my Duty, and to acquaint thee with a *National* Villany; ſuch a Violation of the *publick Faith* of a *Kingdom*, as it will be difficult to parallel.

The *Civil Wars* of *England* are known throughout the *World*: And thou art no Stranger to the particular Intelligences I have ſent to the *ſublime Port*, concerning that *Nation*.

Since that Time the *Rebels* have by Degrees gain'd Ground of their *unhappy* King, chaſing him

him from one Place to another: 'Till at length finding, That neither by *Arms* or *Treaties*, he could reduce them to any Terms of Reconciliation, and being beſieged in one of his Cities, which was not in a Condition to hold out long, this *unfortunate Monarch* was forced to diſguiſe himſelf, and eſcape by Night; wandring through unfrequented Ways, and enduring much Hardſhip. He at length threw himſelf upon the Faith of the *Scots*, who had ſolemnly engaged themſelves upon *Oath*, To defend him againſt all his Enemies whatſoever.

The *Scottiſh* Army was then in *England*, being hired to aſſiſt the *Rebels*. Whence ſome take Occaſion to accuſe this *Prince* of Raſhneſs, and too much Credulity, in ſeeking Protection from thoſe who firſt began the *Rebellion*, and who had ſtain'd the *Records* of *Scotland* with the *Blood* of many of their *Kings*. But Innocency is void of Suſpicion; and therefore becauſe his own Intentions were ſincere, he knew not how to be jealous of others.

However, the *Scots* at firſt ſeem'd to act the Parts of *loyal* Men. And when they were threatned by the *Engliſh Rebels*, and their Pay was ſtopp'd, with *Declarations* alſo iſſued out againſt their Proceedings, they continued to aſſert the Juſtice of their Deportment, in receiving and defending their injur'd *King*, who had fled to them for Succour.

They detained him thus, from the 4th of the 5th *Moon*, of the Year 1646, to the 30th Day of the 1ſt *Moon*, of this preſent Year At which Time, having agreed with the *Engliſh Parliament*, for the Sum of 400,000 *Scquins*, as the Price of their *Sovereign*, they deliver'd him up to the *Engliſh Commiſſioners*, deputed by the Rebels for that Purpoſe.

The

The *French Ambaſſador* was at that Time in the *Scotch* Army; who having been a Witneſs of their deteſtable Perjury, took his Leave: And being attended with a *Guard* of *Light-Horſe* to the Sea-Port, at parting he pull'd out a Piece of *Engliſh* Money, valued at *Half* a *Crown*; and aſking the *Captain* of the *Guards* into how many Pieces of coined Silver that *Half Crown* might be divided, He anſwer'd, *Into Thirty. For ſo much* (replied the *Ambaſſador*) *did* Judas *betray his* Maſter.

Thou wilt better comprehend the Force of this *Repartee*, when thou conſidereſt, that according to the *Chriſtians Belief*, this *Judas* was a *Slave* of *Jeſus*, the *Son* of *Mary*, and that for *thirty Pieces* of *Silver*, he betray'd that *Prophet* to the *Jews*.

But theſe *Infidels* have found out Ways to elude all Engagements and Promiſes. They couch their *Oaths*, in Words more ambiguous than the *Oracles* of *Delphos*. As if they thought not only to circumvent Men by their Equivocations, but alſo to deceive *him* who formed the *Tongue* and the *Ear*; even *God*, who is *perfect in Knowledge*.

Such a *Story* I have read of one *Hatto* a *German Biſhop*, whoſe Perjury is recorded. This *Prelate* had a *Couſin* who was accuſed of *Treaſon* againſt the *Emperor*. On which Account he was cloſely beſieged by the *Imperial* Forces, in a *Caſtle* ſeated on the Top of an impregnable Rock. So that the *Emperor* deſpairing to take him by Force, had withdrawn his Army; when this *Biſhop* came to him, and for a Sum of Money promiſed to betray his *Kinſman* into the *Emperor*'s Hands.

This Bargain being concluded, the *Biſhop* went to viſit his *Couſin* at the *Caſtle*, perſwading him to go and humble himſelf to the *Emperor*, and he would

would engage to procure his *Pardon:* Binding himſelf with a *ſolemn Oath*, That if he would rely on him, as he carried him ſafe out of the *Caſtle*, ſo he would bring him back alive and ſafe again.

His *Kinſman*, deluded with theſe fair Pretences, and ſecured by the *Sanction* of an *Oath*, truſts himſelf to the Conduct and Fidelity of the *Prelate*.

When they had rode about half a League from the *Caſtle*, the *Biſhop* pretending he had forgot ſome Papers of Moment, which he had left behind him in his Chamber, they return'd back to the *Caſtle*; and when they had found the Papers they ſet forward again toward the *Emperor*'s Camp. Being arrived there, the impious Wretch deliver'd his *Kinſman* to the *Emperor*, who condemn'd him to die. He ſending for the *Biſhop*, reproaches him with the *Violation* of his *Oath*. But the perfidious *Biſhop* ſought to acquit himſelf by ſaying, *He had perform'd his Promiſe, in carrying him back ſafe to the* Caſtle, *when he return'd to ſeek his Papers.* Thus was his *Kinſman* betray'd by a Quibble, and loſt his Head. The *Biſhop* acquiring, for that impious Deed, the odious *Title* of *Hatto the Traytor*. And the *Germans* report, That he was afterwards carried away by *Devils*, and thrown alive into the Hollow of Mount *Ætna:* A Voice being heard at the ſame Inſtant in the Air, ſaying, *This is the Reward of Perjury.*

The *Nazarenes* believe this *flaming Mountain* to be one of the *Mouths* of *Hell:* The ſame Opinion they have of *Strombolo* and *Veſuvius*. I am not curious to pry into the Truth of ſo coſtly a Secret, but leave the Experiment to the forſworn, treacherous *Scots*, who by this barbarous Action, deſerve to follow the Fate of *Hatto*.

Mach

Much greater was the Integrity and Virtue of the ancient *Romans*, whom theſe *Infidels* number among the *damn'd*. They eſteem'd nothing more ſacred than the *publick Faith*; building *Temples* to its *Honour*, and ſtamping their *Money* with the *Figure* of *two Hands* joined together, having this *Motto*, THE FAITH OF THE ROMANS. But the *Scots* ſhew themſelves to be of *Lyſander*'s Mind, who uſed to ſay, *Children muſt be circumvented with Words, and Men with Oaths.*

This *Monarch* is now led in Triumph, like a Captive, by his *rebellious* Subjects, who have confined him to one of his Country *Palaces*, ſuffering none of his Friends, or faithful Servants, to come near him, but in all Things endeavouring to render his Reſtraint inſupportable.

Thou who art accurate in interpreting the *Laws* of *Juſtice*, wilt condemn theſe *Infidels* of horrid *Treaſon*, yet canſt not acquit the *Muſſulmans*, who have often depoſed our moſt *auguſt Emperors.*

I divide my Intelligence among the *Miniſters* of the *ſublime Port*, and the other *Grandees* of the *State*; praying *God*, to guard the *Sultan* from ſecret Machinations, and open Enemies; and, to grant, That an Exceſs of Good Nature may not betray him to ſuch Misfortunes, as have befallen this impriſon'd *Monarch.*

Paris, 21ſt *of the* 3d *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXV.

To Ragel Hamet, Antiquary *to the* Sultan.

THIS *City* is peſter'd with an innumerable Multitude of *Bats*, and a kind of *Serpents*, which they call *Lizards* or *Newts*. They breed in the Walls of their Houſes, and moleſt the Inhabitants Night and Day, ſwarming more than ordinary every Ninth Year.

The *Pariſians* give an odd Reaſon for this *Plague*. They ſay, That in former Ages, a certain *Magician* had undertaken to free this *City* from all *venomous Creatures*; and that, accordingly, he had made ſeveral *Images* of thoſe *Animals*, annexing to them *Enchantments*, and hiding them in obſcure Places under the Earth; promiſing alſo, That ſo long as thoſe *Images* remain'd untouch'd, *Paris* ſhould not be moleſted with any hurtful Thing. This ſucceeded according to his Words; 'till at a certain Time, as they were digging up the Foundations of an old *Temple*, the Workmen found ſeveral brazen *Images*, ſome repreſenting a *Bat*, ſome a *Lizard*. They making ſmall Account of thoſe *magical Reliques*, ſold them to the next *Braſier* for a Piece of Money: Who being ignorant alſo of the hidden Force of theſe Images, melted them down for his own Uſe. And, ever ſince that Time, the City has been over-run with *Bats* and *Lizards*.

I relate this to thee, in regard I have often heard thee ſpeak of the ancient *Statues*, that were in the *Atmidam* at *Conſtantinople*, and in other Parts of the City; particularly of that *Pillar*, which had three *Brazen Serpents* winding about, which when *Mahomet the Great* beheld, the

the *Conqueror* ſtruck one of them with a *Battle-Axe*, and ſmote off the *lower Jaw*. Upon which a Multitude of *Serpents* infeſted the City, but were ſoon exterminated, in Regard the *Sultan*, being warned by the Citizens, forbore to do any farther Injury to thoſe *Images*, which were the *Guardians* of the City.

The *Annals* of the *Muſſulman Empire* make mention of theſe *Statues*, as alſo of a *Horſe* of *Braſs*, and a *Bull* of the ſame Metal. The *one* erected as a *Charm* againſt the *Peſtilence*; the *other*, as an *oraculous* Sign, That the Enemies of the *Grecian Monarchy* ſhould in that Place be repulſed and driven out of the City. Yet it proved otherwiſe: For the victorious *Muſſulmans* againſt whom the *Enchantments* of the *Infidels* could not prevail, enter'd the *Market-Place*, where this *Image* ſtood, and drove from thence the timorous *Grecians*; cutting in Pieces all that made Reſiſtance, and rendring themſelves *Lords* of *Conſtantinople*, at that Time the richeſt City in the World.

The *Romans* were extremely addicted to theſe *ſuperſtitious* Vanities; believing the Safety of their *City* and *Empire*, conſiſted in the Preſervation of the *Palladium*, an *Image*, which they thought fell down from *Jupiter*, and was tranſported from *Troy* to *Italy* by *Æneas*; being afterwards repoſited in the *Temple* of *Veſta*, but burnt in that dreadful *Conflagration* which happen'd in the *Reign* of *Nero*.

They had in no leſs *Veneration* the *Buckler*, which they were taught dropp'd down from *Heaven*, into the Hands of *Numa Pompilius*; whereon the *Fate* of *Rome* was engraven, in *Characters* which none could read. Fearing leſt this *Sacred Shield* might be ſtollen, they cauſed Eleven others of the ſame Figure to be made,

and

and all to be hung up together in the *Temple* of *Mars*.

And, to the end the *Guardian Genius* of the *City* ſhould not be enticed from them by the *Enchantments* of their Enemies, the *true Name* of the City of *Rome* was kept ſecret, even from its own Inhabitants; inſomuch, that *Valerius Soranus* was put to Death, for publiſhing it to one of his Friends. Many have gueſs'd at the *hidden Name*; ſome ſaying, It was *Valencia*; others, That it was *Velia*; a third Sort call it *Anthuſa*. But there is no Certainty in their Conjectures. For the *Pagans* were above all Things careful to conceal the *Names* of their *Cities* and *Patron Gods*; knowing, that thoſe *Spirits* would not forſake them, till they were call'd forth by their *proper Names*.

They us'd alſo to chain the *Images* of their *Gods* to the *Altars*, leſt they ſhould depart from them by Stealth. Thus the *Tyrians*, when *Alexander* beſieged their *City*, and they underſtood from the *Prieſts*, That *Apollo* the *Guardian* of *Tyre*, was diſpleas'd with 'em, they faſten'd his *Image* with ſtrong Fetters of Iron. So dealt the *Spartans* with the *Image* of *Mars*. And this was the common Practice among thoſe *idolatrous* Nations.

As for us, who have received the *Law* clear and intelligible, and believe in the *Unity* of the *Divine Eſſence:* We uſe no *Charms* ourſelves, neither do we fear the *Magick* of the *Uncircumciſed*. All our Confidence is in *God*, and the Protection of his *Prophet:* We go boldly to the Wars, whilſt we fight in Defence neither of *Statues*, nor *fictitious Reliques*, but of the *Volume*, repleniſh'd with *Truth* and *Light*, the *Book* brought down from *Heaven* by an *Angel*.

Paris, 17th *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

To the Vizir Azem.

I AM now returned from *Orleans*, whither I went in Obedience to thy Appointments; and not without Abundance of Pleaſure to my ſelf, it being the Time of Year when all Things conſpire to make a Traveller paſs his Time away with De'ight.

Yet my Return was melancholy, in regard I could not accompliſh what I aim'd at, nor be in a Capacity to render thee that Satisfaction thou requireſt, either in buying the *Jewels*, or in eſtabliſhing any Correſpondence. Thoſe who inform'd thee of the *Germans* inhabiting that City, were miſtaken in their Character, they being only a *Society* or *Corporation* of *Students*, and no ways concerned in Traffick or Merchandize.

They told thee right, in ſaying, There are a great Number of Strangers in *Orleans*: I think the *Imperial* City, which commands the *World*, cannot boaſt a greater Diverſity of *Languages*, than are ſpoken daily in the Streets and Houſes of *Orleans*. There are ſome, almoſt of all Nations, reſiding in that City.

Would'ſt thou know the real Occaſion of this mighty Conflux of Foreigners. It is, That they may ſtudy that which the *Nazarenes* call the *Civil Law*, which is there profeſſed as in an *Academy*, erected for that Purpoſe by *Philip the Fair*, one of the *Kings* of *France*.

If thou knoweſt not the Meaning of the *Civil Law*, it is, a Collection of the *ancient Roman Laws*, drawn from above Two Thouſand *Books* of

of their *Scribes*, by the Command of the *Emperor Juſtinian*, for a *Standard* of *Equity* in thoſe corrupt Times, in that univerſal Relaxation and Decline of good Government.

This is the Attractive, which draws ſo many Strangers from all Parts of *Europe*, to that pleaſant City, where, beſides the Opportunity of improving themſelves in the moſt honourable *Profeſſion* among the *Nazarenes*, next to that of the *Prieſthood*, they enjoy a pure and ſerene Heaven, a fruitful and delicious Part of the Earth, and the Company of the moſt obliging and courteous People in all *France*.

'Tis for this Reaſon the *Germans*, among other *Nations*, flock to *Orleans*; and through the Favour of the *French Kings*, have obtain'd a Privilege beyond other Nations; that is, to incorporate themſelves into a *Society* of *Students*. Neither is there any ſuch Thing as *Merchandize* known among them.

If I have not anſwer'd thy Expectation, ſupreme *Prince* of the *Baſſa*'s, blame not *Mahmut*, but accuſe the *Germans* of *Orleans*, for not exchanging their *Studies* for *Traffick*; or rather blame thoſe who preſum'd to tell thee this far fetch'd *Fable*. In finiſhing this Letter, I bow my Head to the Floor of my Chamber, and kiſs the Paper which ſhall have the Honour to be touch'd by thy illuſtrious Hands.

Paris, 1ſt *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To the Aga *of the* Janizaries.

THOU haſt heard of the *Aſſyrian*, *Scythian*, and *Roman Heroines*. Theſe were all valiant Leaders of Armies, Women of Honour and Renown. Now I will inform thee of a *Female* which *France* has brought upon the *Stage* of *War*.

According to the Orders which I receiv'd from the *Vizir Azem*, I took a Journey to *Orleans* laſt *Moon*; where on the third Day after my Arrival, beholding a ſolemn *Proceſſion* in the Streets of that populous *City*, attended with ſome uncommon Ceremonies and Rejoicings, my Curioſity prompted me to enquire the Occaſion of it Thou may'ſt imagine, I did not apply my ſelf for Information to the Multitude, who take up Things on the common Credit of Fame, which does not always deliver the Truth. I addreſs'd myſelf to thoſe who were acquainted with the *Records* of the *Town*; who told me, That this *Solemnity* was Yearly obſerv'd on the Eighth Day of the Fifth *Moon*, in Memory of their Deliverance from the *Engliſh*, who beſieged this *City*, and were beaten from before it by *Joan d' Arc*, a *Maid* of *Lorrain*, in the *Reign* of *Charles* I. This *Virago* ſeem'd to be the *tutelar Angel* of *France*: For to her Valour and Conduct, that *Monarch* ow'd the Recovery of this *Kingdom*, almoſt loſt to the *King* of *England*; this being the laſt Place of Importance which had not receiv'd *Engliſh* Garriſons. After ſhe had rais'd the Siege, ſhe purſued the Enemy, gave them ſeveral Battles, defeated them, took the *Generals* Captive, reduced all the Cities to their former Obedience, and never ſheath'd her

her Sword, 'till ſhe ſaw her *Maſter* ſolemnly crown'd at *Rhemes*. Yet at length ſhe herſelf was made a Priſoner by the *Engliſh*, and was publickly burnt for a *Witch* at *Rouen*.

The Inhabitants of *Orleans* have erected *brazen Statues* in her Honour. They celebrate her Praiſes, and eſteem her a Woman *divinely inſpired* to ſave her Country. Yet the more intelligent Sort ſay, That ſhe was neither *Witch* nor *Propheteſs*, but only a *Maid* of good Wit and Courage, whom ſome of the *Princes* of the *Blood Royal* had inſtructed to act the Part of a *Miſſionary* from *Heaven*; that ſo, by pretending *Viſions* and *Revelations*, ſhe might raiſe the Courage of the *French*, now almoſt diſpirited by their many Loſſes; and whom nothing leſs than a *Miracle* could perſwade to abide the Field againſt the victorious *Engliſh*. This is certain, That ſhe diſtinguiſh'd the *King*, though diſguiſed like a *Peaſant*, and in a Crowd of People: She went boldly up to him, and ſaluted him by his *Title*, to the Aſtoniſhment of thoſe that ſtood by. She ſent a Meſſenger to bring her a Sword of antique Workmanſhip, that lay hid in a *Tomb* in one of their famous *Moſques*; (for, the *Nazarenes* of the *Weſt* bury their *Dead* in their *Temples*.) This Action extremely enhanced her Reputation, in regard none knew of this Sword but the King himſelf. She was therefore look'd upon as an extraordinary Perſon; and the People could hardly be reſtrain'd from paying her *divine* Honours.

When they were encamped on a certain Plain of a vaſt Extent, where there was no Water to be found, ſo that the Army was ready to periſh through Thirſt; the *King* came to the *Tent* of this *Propheteſs*, to conſult her as an *Oracle* in the general Diſtreſs. She bad him be of good Courage,

Courage, and follow her. They went out together to the Door of her *Tent*, where, at a little Diſtance, there grew a Knot of Flowers. The admirable *Maid*, ſtruck her Spear into the Ground amidſt the Flowers, and incontinently there ſprung forth a Fountain of Water, to which the whole Army repaired to allay their Thirſt. They ſay the Place is ſhewn to this Day, with an *Image* of this *Maid* ſtanding in an Oratory, cloſe by it, a Place of Refreſhment and Devotion for Travellers that paſs over thoſe barren Plains.

However, whether it were Artifice, or that ſhe was endued with ſome *ſupernatural* Gift, it had a marvellous Influence on the Soldiers, who began to re-aſſume Courage, and feared Nothing under the Conduct of ſuch a General.

'Twas Revenge without Doubt, rather than Juſtice, that extorted that *cruel Sentence* from the *Engliſh*, which put an End to the *heroic Actions* of this illuſtrious *Maid*, whoſe Fame will live for ever.

It is recorded, That whilſt ſhe was bound faſt to the Stake with ſtrong Cords, they would have kindled the Fire upon her before ſhe had ſpoke to the Spectators; but that ſhe ſuddenly became looſen'd, and ſnatching a Lance from one of the Soldiers, ſhe drove the *Guards* before her: Then returning of her own Accord to the Stake, ſhe made her laſt dying Speech, foretelling many Things to come, which afterwards proved true. And having made an End of Speaking, ſhe bid the *Executioner* ſet Fire to the Wood; which he did accordingly, and ſhe was burnt to Aſhes.

Certainly every Nation may boaſt of ſome *Female* Warriour, that at one Time or other has done remarkable Service to her Country. And thou art not a Stranger to the Hiſtory of

the *Amazons*, who excluded Men from their Society, yet became formidable to all the Regions round about them.

Adieu, brave Commander of the *Muſſulman* Forces, and let the Memory of theſe valiant *Females* inſpire thee with freſh Ardours, when the *Ottoman Empire* is in Danger.

Paris, 1ſt *of the* 6th *Moon, of the Year* 1647.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THOU art the Man that muſt participate in all my Adventures. And I ſhould be a Churl, in not letting thee ſhare with me, the Pleaſure I found in a late Journey to *Orleans*, one of the *preſidary* Towns in *France*. It was by the Order of the *Vizir Azem* I took that Journey. Somebody had inform'd him, That this Town was full of Merchant-Travellers of many *Nations*, but eſpecially of *Germany*, who brought the choiceſt Jewels of the *Eaſt*, to vend in this Place at ordinary Rates. That *Miniſter* gave me Commands to buy certain Stones, with Inſtructions to treat of another Affair, which it is not neceſſary for thee to know. I accordingly ſet out from *Paris* the third Day of the fifth *Moon*; and *Eliachim* the *Jew* (of whom thou haſt heard) bore me Company.

I need not deſcribe to thee, the Country through which we paſſed: It exactly reſembleth the *Plains* of *St. Iſidore*, not far from *Palermo* in *Sicily*.

Sicily. Thou and I have Reaſon to remember that Place of our *Captivity*, carrying the Marks of our *Maſter*'s cruel Anger yet in our Bodies. Thoſe *Plains*, thou knoweſt, afford a very agreeable Proſpect, eſpecially at this Time of the Year, when the Verdure of the Trees, mix'd with the Brightneſs of the Corn-fields, and the party-colour'd Meadows, tempt the Eye into a Controverſy of Pleaſure, a Man neither knowing well how to take it off, nor yet where to fix it, in ſuch an orderly Confuſion and Medley of charming Objects.

Such is the Province between *Paris* and *Orleans*, which has this Advantage of thoſe *Sicilian Plains*, that here all the Way one rides, innumerable magnificent and beautiful Palaces appear, ſhooting up their glittering Turrets above the lofty Groves, which environ thoſe Seats of Pleaſure. Indeed this is one of the pureſt Airs, and the moſt fertile Soil in all the Kingdom, which invites the *Nobles* and *Gentry* to reſide here during the *Summer*, and occaſions much travelling on this Road.

About Mid-day, we came to a Town called *Chaſtres*, where we alighted to refreſh ourſelves. Travellers, in theſe *Weſtern* Parts are better accommodated with Proviſions than they can be in *Aſia*, where they muſt carry their own Beds with them, and dreſs their own Victuals, or lie on the naked Floor faſting. This makes the *Nazarenes* call the *Eaſt* inhoſpitable. They conſider not at the ſame Time, that 'tis the Niceneſs and Delicacy of the *Mahometans*, which occaſions this Cuſtom. For the *Eaſtern* People are fearful of defiling themſelves by eating Meat prepared by other Hands than their own, or thoſe of their Servants: As alſo to lie on a Bed, common to all Paſſengers.

But theſe *Infidels* are like the *Swine*, to whom all Meat is welcome, and every Ditch an acceptable Bed. Here are Inns all along the Roads, whereinto when you enter, the *Hoſt* provides you both *Bed*, and all other Neceſſaries. A Man muſt venture to ſleep on the ſame Pillow, where perhaps a *Leper* has lain the Night before, or ſome Perſon infected with a worſe Diſeaſe. The *Hoſt* examines none, but harbours all alike, provided they have Money to pay him. And as for Victuals, 'tis the Cuſtom of all Travellers, to eat together at one common Table, where ſeveral Diſhes of Meat are ſerved up, and every Man is free to eat what and how much he pleaſes, paying a ſtated Price for his Dinner.

Thus no ſooner were we come into our Inn at *Chaſtres*, but the *Hoſt* ſaluting us after the Manner of the Country, invited us to ſit down at the *Ordinary*, (for ſo they call their publick Dinner in an Inn.) We were not ſo ſcrupulous as to refuſe his Offer, but follow'd him into the Chamber where the Dinner was prepared. There were many Gueſts at the Table, and all buſy in feeding themſelves. We took ſuch Seat as we found vacant, and without much Ceremony, fell to eating. The *Jew* truſted to the Indulgence of *Moſes*, and I to that of *Mahomet*, for eating with the *uncircumciſed*, whoſe Meat is ſeldom free from the *Pollutions* of *Blood*. We knew, that neither *God*, nor his *Prophets*, required us to ſtarve.

There was Plenty of Wine, and that ſo delicious, as would have tempted an *Hogia* to taſte it, without the *Muſti*'s Diſpenſation; to avoid Singularity, I made a Shew of eating as the reſt; but the greateſt Part of my Repaſt conſiſted in Bread, and ſome Fruits, with that exhilarating Juice of the Grape.

The

The honeſt *Jew* ſwore 'twas a Banquet prepared by *Cupid*, to render him the moſt miſerable of all Men. For, juſt in the Middle of our Mirth, came in a *French* Gentleman with a Lady in his Hand, who placed themſelves at the Table exactly oppoſite to us. I perceived evident Symptoms of ſome Diſorder in *Eliachim*, who ſeem'd to read his Fate in that fair Creature's Face; yet had not Power to check his wandring Eyes, or guard them from inevitable Wounds. He had almoſt acted o'er the Story of the *Ægyptian* Wives, whom *Joſeph*'s Miſtreſs had invited to behold his Beauty; yet cut their Fingers for their Meat; whilſt gazing on the charming Youth: So poor *Eliachim* was all Confuſion, turn'd to a Statue, whilſt he look'd on this enchanting *Gorgon*. He had forgot to eat or drink, till I began to rouze him from his Dream. I told him ſoftly in the Ear, This Lady was but the younger Siſter of *Ixion*'s Miſtreſs. This brought him to his Senſe again, but could not reſtore his Peace. Prudence taught him to diſſemble the violent Emotion of his Soul, and not to expoſe himſelf in ſuch a Company; but nothing could expel the fatal Poiſon from his Breaſt.

When we had ſufficiently repoſed our ſelves, we bid Adieu to the Inn, all joining Company, and ſetting forward to *Orleans*. On the Road both *Eliachim* and I had many Opportunities of converſing with this young Lady; ſuch Familiarity with Women, being allow'd in *France*. We found her Wit ſurpriſing as her Beauty; and her Mien and Conduct ſuch as gave Advantage to them both. In a Word, *Eliachim* was loſt amidſt ſo many Perfections.

When we came to our Inn at Night, and were in our Chamber together, he vented his Paſſion in theſe Words: Mahmut, *I have paſs'd theſe Years*

hitherto, without any other Sentiments of Love, ſave thoſe which in general I owe to all our Race, and ſome more particular Regard of Friendſhip and Duty. But, ſince I ſaw this lovely Creature, methinks my Friends, and all that ought to be belov'd on Earth, is now contracted into her. 'Tis not her ſnowy Skin, or matchleſs Features, are of Force to move me; though they are ſuch, thy ſelf being Judge, as would have foiled Apelles's *Art to imitate: But 'tis a Luſtre which I can't expreſs! Surely 'twas Lightning darted from her Eyes, thoſe fair Avenues of her brighter Soul! The ſubtle Flame glanced through my Breaſt, and in a Moment ſcorched my Reaſon up! The lovely* Baſiliſk *ſhot Death at every Look! Thou ſaweſt how I ſate as one transformed; ſo lifeleſs, and without Motion was I, whilſt gazing on my Ruin! And to this Hour a fatal Numbneſs ſpreads through all my Veins, as if I had touched ſome dire* Torpedo.

Thus went he raving on, till I interrupted him, with Laughter and Raillery, endeavouring to cure him of his Love-ſick Humour by ridiculing it. I told him my own Experience of this fooliſh *Paſſion*, rehearſed my former Adventures with *Daria*, and how at length I got the Victory of this vain Fondneſs by Abſence, and the Exerciſe of my Reaſon. But all that I could ſay, made no Impreſſion on the ſtupid Lover. He grew but worſe, and ſo I left him to ſeek Repoſe from Sleep.

We came not to *Orleans*, till the next Day, where we tarried not long, having no other Buſineſs as it happen'd, but to ſee the Rarities of the Town, and inform our ſelves of thoſe Things it is convenient for Travellers to know. After which we return'd to *Paris*: I, with the ſame Sentiments I had at my firſt ſetting out from thence; but it ſeems, the *World* was metamorphoſed in poor *Eliachim*'s Opinion. To him

him the Trees had now loſt all their Greenneſs; the Flowers, and Graſs, and Corn, look'd wither'd; the Birds ſung mournful Notes; the Winds blew hoarſe, unwelcome Sounds; and every Thing in *Nature* ſeemed to him to droop, becauſe *Falante* was not there (ſo was the Fair one call'd, as *Eliachim* had learn'd of her) when we parted from *Orleans*.

In this melancholy Condition, the poor Brainſick *Jew* has continued ever ſince. When his Cure will commence, I know not.

If thou yet retaineſt thy Native Liberty, and haſt not ſacrificed it to unhappy Love, learn by his Misfortune to watch thy *Senſes*, which are the firſt *Traytors* to the *Soul*. Adieu.

Paris, 1ſt *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXIX.

To the Captain Baſſa.

THOU that haſt had thy Education in *Arſenals*, and haſt led the reſt of thy Life in *Ships* of *War*, wilt be beſt able to judge of the Propoſal, which a certain bloody *Sea Captain* made to *Cardinal Mazarini* not long ago.

It being the general Diſcourſe of this City, with what Inſult and Defiance *Admiral Moroſini*, with about thirty *Men* of *War*, enter'd the *Helleſpont*, and braved the *Dardanels*: This *Officer* told the *Cardinal*, That if he would furniſh him with half that Number of Ships, he would engage to drive the *Sultan* out of his *Seraglio*, lay that *Palace* in the Duſt, and beat down the *Towers of*

all the *Moſques* in *Conſtantinople*, or loſe his Life in the Attempt. To which the Cardinal replied, Monſieur, *I believe 'tis impoſſible, if you could finiſh your Work, before they would board your* Men *of* War *with an Hundred* Gallies *and* Saiques *full of armed Men.*

It is ſaid, that Cardinal *Richlieu* had ſuch a Project once, which made him propoſe the Building of prodigious high Ships, whoſe Outſides ſhould be ſtuck all over with ſharp Spikes, that ſhould render it impoſſible for Gallies to board them.

By this thou may'ſt know, that ſuch an Attempt is not thought impracticable by the *Chriſtians*. I wiſh it be not put in effectual Execution by them, when the *Porte* may leaſt dream of it.

Chriſtina Queen of *Swedeland*, has cauſed a moſt magnificent Veſſel to be built, with deſign to preſent it to Cardinal *Mazarini*. The inner Work of the Cabin is of Cedar, curiouſly overlaid with Flowers, and other Imagery of Gold. The Extremity of the Stern adorn'd with Windows, Statues and Galleries; the Wooden Work all over-laid with the ſame Metal. The Roof of the Cabin preſents the Story of *Jaſon*'s Expedition to get the *Golden Fleece*, painted by the beſt Maſters in *Swedeland*. All the Furniture ſpeaks the *Royal* Bounty of her that gives it. The Cannon are of the pureſt Braſs. The reſt of the Tackle ſuch as are fitteſt to weather the Wind and Waves; from which neither this *Queen*'s Sovereignty in *Swedeland*, nor the *Cardinal*'s Grandeur in *France*, could exempt either of them, were they expoſed to Sea.

There are thoſe who whiſper on this Occaſion, That the *Queen* of *Swedeland* has ſome Inclinations to the *Roman Catholick Religion*; and that ſhe has had ſeveral Conferences with *Monſieur Chanut* on

that

that Subject, as alſo with his *Prieſts*; that her *Regent* in *Portugal* has openly embrac'd that *Faith*, not without the *Queen*'s private Conſent and Approbation. It is not material to us, what *Religion* the *Infidels* profeſs, whilſt they aſſert *Doctrines* repugnant to the *Divine Unity*, and the *Truth* of the *Sent* of *God*. I behold, at this Time, an evident Sign of his *Unity* in the *Heavens*; it is the *New Moon*, juſt riſing from the *lower Hemiſphere*. At the Sight of this *Planet*, the *Meſſenger* of *God* has commanded me to fall on my Face, and adore the *Eternal*.

Wherefore praying, That her *Influences* may prove propitious to thee, whilſt thou art on the *Ocean*, I bid thee adieu.

Paris, 23d *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

The End *of the* Second Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY *at* PARIS.

VOL. III.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Bedredin, Superior *of the* Convent *of* Derviſes, *at* Cogni *in* Natolia.

NOT more welcome are the rich *Perfumes* of *Arabia*, to a Soul almoſt expiring through Grief and Melancholy, than is thy Letter to *Mahmut*, wherein is contain'd the *Certificate* of thy being yet on this Side the *State* of *Inviſibles*. Methinks all *Nature* flouriſhes, while thou art alive. And I feel a Spirit within me, prompts me to preſage, That thy Death, like the Fall of Leaves in *Autumn*, will prove the *Harbinger* of the *World's laſt Winter*. Whilſt thou liveſt, thy Prayers and Merits ſupport the drooping *Elements*, which

are

are now almoſt ready to fall into their primitive *Chaos* and Inactivity. The *Angel* of the *Trumpet*, in Contemplation of thy Virtue, delays to ſound the *grand tremendous Blaſt*; which, at an Inſtant, ſhall puff out the Light of the Sun, Moon and Stars, and blow the Breath out of the Noſtrils of all the living Generations. That Day ſhall be a Day of Darkneſs, Horror and Silence, till the Day of *Tranſmigration* comes: When at the *ſecond Blaſt* the Firmament ſhall ren aſunder, like the opening of Curtains; this *old World* ſhall fly away like a Shadow, to the Right-hand and to the Left. Then ſhall *naked Souls* hang hovering in the *empty Space*, 'twixt *Paradiſe* and *Hell*. The *Throne* ſhall be placed, Judgment ſhall be given: And, to wind up the *Myſteries* of *Fate*, a *new* and *immortal* World ſhall at a Moment ſpring forth from the *Womb* of *Eternity*, and poſſeſs the Place of the *former*.

I write not this to inſtruct thee, Venerable *Bedredin*, who art a *Mine* of *Knowledge*: But to ſatisfy thee, that though I live among *Infidels*, yet I conſerve *inviolate* the *Faith* of my *Fathers*, believing the *Book* brought down from the *eternal Archives*. Thou feareſt that I ſhall turn *Chriſtian*, being accuſed by ſome, of Levity in my Opinions; by others of Prophaneneſs and Atheiſm; by all, of diſcovering too favourable an Inclination to the *Nazarenes*.

Suffer me, *O holy Preſident* of the *Servants* of *God*, to purge myſelf of theſe falſe Imputations the Product of Envy and Malice. Permit me to lay at thy *ſacred Feet*, a *modeſt Apology* for my *Faith*.

Let not that Deſcription of the *Chriſtian Meſſias* which I ſent thee in my laſt Letter, create in thee an Opinion to my Diſadvantage; nor pre-

vail on thee to think, I can never ſwerve from the profound Attach, I owe to the *Sent* of *God*. I honour *Jeſus*, the Son of *Mary*; and ſo I do all his *Brethren*, the *Prophets* in *Paradiſe*: This I am taught in the *Alcoran*. Where is then my Crime? If I give Virtue its due Praiſe, even in the *Infidels*, am I therefore a *Nazarene*? If I ſpeak with Reverence and Modeſty of *Chriſtian Princes*, am I not therefore a *Muſſulman*? Or, does the *Book* of *Glory* teach us *Arrogance*? Surely my Traducers will bluſh, when they ſhall conſider that our *auguſt Emperors* themſelves, (who are *Sovereigns* of all the *Kings* on *Earth*) when they vouchſafe to write of *Chriſtian Princes*, dictate their Letters in a Style, full of Affection and Regard. They give them magnificent Titles at the Beginning, and at the Concluſion, they wiſh them Encreaſe of Felicity, both *here*, and in *Paradiſe*. And would it become a *Slave*, to treat *crown'd Heads* with leſs Reſpect, than does the *Maſter* of the *Univerſe*? If I have contracted Friendſhip with ſome of the *Chriſtian Derviſes*, it was to ſerve the Ends of the *ſublime Porte*, and perform the Rites of Gratitude. I thought it no Crime, to receive a Kindneſs from any Man, or to return it, without examining his *Religion*. But perhaps they ſuſpect the Intimacies I had with Cardinal *Richlieu*, and ſtill have with his Succeſſor *Mazarini*. Reſt aſſured, O holy *Derviſe*, that my Acceſs to theſe *Princes* of the *Roman Church*, is ſo far from being criminal, that without it I never had been capable of penetrating into the Counſels of the *Infidels*, or of doing any effectual Service to the *Grand Signior*. The Countenance which my Familiarity with theſe two great *Miniſters* affords me, has all along facilitated my Deſigns: And, whilſt under their Umbrage, I am taken for a zealous *Chriſtian*:

I ſe-

I ſecretly lay a Foundation, whereon in due Time, ſhall be built, even in the Heart of *Chriſtendom*, triumphal Arches for the victorious *Muſſulmans*. 'Tis ſtrange, methinks, that after all this, I ſhould be ſuſpected! That notwithſtanding I have patiently endured nine Years Confinement to an obſcure and private Life; a melancholy Baniſhment to a ſtrange Country; yea, to a City for which I have a natural Averſion; a City the moſt unclean, noiſy and vain in the whole Earth; to be ſhut up, for the Sake of avoiding Diſcovery, in a Chamber ſo narrow that *Suſpicion* itſelf, nay, even *Thought*, the *Mother* of that little *Paſſion*, would ſweat and be ſtifled, when once circumſcribed within theſe Walls; and after all this to be made a *Priſoner* of *State*, on Jealouſy of being a *Mahometan*: To abide that Puniſhment ſo many *Moons* unmov'd, uncorrupted, and at length to be releaſed, to the Advantage of the *Ottoman* Intereſt, and yet to be traduced at home, for a *Traytor* to *God*, his *Prophet*, and my *Sovereign*, has ſurely ſomething in it inconſiſtent.

What is then my Crime? Or, why am I thus aſpers'd? Let my Slanderers hereafter be ſilent. Unleſs they will lay it to my Charge, That in ſome of my Letters I have diſcovered a Mind free from *Superſtition*: That I put a *high* Value on Reaſon, and have no low Eſteem for ſome of the ancient *Philoſophers*; that I endeavour to guard my Senſe, and will not ſuffer it to be muzzled with the Impoſitions of Ignorance and Prejudice; that I do not think it a neceſſary Qualification of a *Muſſulman*, to purſue with inexorable Hatred, all Men that differ from me in Opinion. In fine, That in all my Converſation, I ſtrive to comport my ſelf as one who aſſerts the *Unity* of the *Divine Eſſence*, the

Plurality

Plurality of his *Prophets*, the *determinate Number* of the *Elect*; and who is reſolved and prepared, rather to die a Thouſand Deaths, than voluntarily to commit an *Impiety* againſt theſe *Principles*, or the *Intereſts* of the *Grand Signior*, who has a *Right* to command all Mankind. If theſe be Crimes, I muſt own my ſelf culpable: If not, let my Accuſers lay their Hand upon their Mouth. And continue thou, *ſage Doctor* of our *Holy Law*, to inſtruct me with thy Counſels, to aſſiſt me with thy Prayers, and to protect me with thy Friendſhip. Then ſhall *Mahmut* perſevere a *true Believer*, a faithful *Slave* to the *Oſman Emperor*, and a devout Admirer of thy Longevity and Virtue.

I ſhould fear this might be the laſt Letter I ſhould have the Honour to ſend thee, were I not convinced by ſome near Examples, that old Age was not reſtrain'd to the Times before the *Flood*. Though thou haſt far out-paſs'd the ordinary Years of Men, yet there is at this Time, not far from *Paris*, a Man who has near doubled thy Age. He is an *Hermit*, living on a Hill, where all Things neceſſary for Human Suſtenance ſeem to be wanting. The Walls of his Houſe are built of Mud, with his own Hands (a weak Defence againſt Wind and Rains.) His Bed is compos'd of Leaves of Trees. A Stone ſerves him for his Pillow. His Diet conſiſts of ſuch Herbs and Fruits, as that Mountain affords him. A neighbouring Well allays his Thirſt. He has dwelt in this Place, and in this Manner, Eighty three Years, after he had travelled moſt Parts of *Europe* and *Aſia*. Aſk him by what Means he preſerv'd his Life ſo long, he anſwers, *By living free from Care, and by being indifferent to all Things*. He foretells Things to come, with marvellous Succeſs, as has often been obſerv'd; which

which makes the People eſteem him a *Prophet*.

The *French* tell me of another who lived longer than he, being three Hundred Sixty and one Years old when he died. He was called *John of the Times*, in regard he lived from the Reign of *Charles the Great*, to that of the *Emperor Conrade*. And being aſk'd what Diet he uſed, his Anſwer was, *Honey within, and Oil without*.

This comforts me with the Hopes of ſeeing thee on Earth, tho' many Years hence: Since no Man can exceed thee in Abſtinence, Sobriety, and the Calmneſs of thy Mind.

The *Great Author* of *Life* ſo grant, That if I may not enjoy this Felicity *here*, yet I may not by any enormous Crimes, merit to be excluded thy Society in *Paradiſe*.

Paris, 11th *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER II.

To Murat, Baſſa.

THE *French* are puffed up with the late Defeat they gave the *Spaniſh* Fleet in Sight of *Naples*. Their Joy would know no Bounds, were it not curb'd by the Loſs of the *Duke* of *Breze*, who was ſlain by a Cannon Bullet in this *naval* Combat.

The young *Prince* of *Conde* has been alſo forced to withdraw his Army from before *Lerida*, that Place being ever fatal to the *French*. This has leſſen'd the Diſgrace which the *Count* of *Harcourt* received the laſt Campaign, in not being

being able to carry that Town after ſix *Moons* Siege.

But the News from the *Levant* has elated all the *Franks* beyond Meaſure: Yet, I hope, the Relations that are ſcatter'd abroad on that Subject, are rather an Effect of their Wiſhes, than of any real Succeſs againſt the *invincible Oſmans*.

It is reported, That there have been two *Sea-Fights* between our *Fleets* and the *Venetians*; that in the former we loſt two Thouſand Men, ſeven Galleys, and a *Baſſa*; that in the latter, the *Venetians* took forty Galleys, ſix *Caramuſals*, and fifty *Saiques*, laden with Men and Ammunition for the Relief of our Army in *Candy*.

The Honour of this laſt Victory, is aſcribed to the Valour and Conduct of *Bernard Morōſini*, and *General Grimani*; *Bernard* ſucceeded his Brother *Thomas Moroſini*, who was kill'd, as they ſay, in the firſt Battle.

The *Chriſtians* every where expreſs great Joy for theſe Victories. The open Streets are fill'd with Tables, cover'd with all Manner of Dainties, at the publick Coſt. They feaſt and revel Night and Day. The Bells ring continually, and Bonfires are made, to celebrate the Triumph of the *Nazarenes*. They preſage to themſelves, the Conqueſt of the *Ottoman Empire*, and eternal Victories.

From *Dalmatia*. the *Poſts* bring daily News of our Loſſes and Diſgraces. It is known here, that the *Caſtles* of *Xemonido*, *Novigrade*, *Nadin*, *Carin*, and all the *Places* of *Strength* which we had in our Poſſeſſion, except *Cliſſa*, are taken by the *Venetians*.

They laugh at our Siege of *Sebenico*, where we loſt two Thouſand Men, and at length were forc'd to leave our Camp to the *Chriſtians*, our *General* being frighted away by a few Women.

It ſeems ſtrange and ominous to me, That thoſe Arms which have formerly cruſh'd the greateſt *Monarchies* to Pieces, and have changed the Face of the whole Earth, ſhould now be foil'd by a few *Deſperadoes!* I dare be thus far a *Prophet*, that either the Soldiers are diſguſted, which will produce a *Revolution*, or the mighty *Empire* of the *Oſmans* is in its Decline, which *God* avert.

The *Chriſtians* (who are not ignorant of our Affairs, nor of the very Secrets of the *Seraglio*) by an odd Kind of Charity, pray for the long Life of *Sultan Ibrahim*: For, they ſay, our Armies muſt needs miſcarry during his Reign; moſt of the Officers being offended at his licentious Life, and cruel Actions. Beſides, they tax him with Profuſeneſs, in that he has not ſpared the private Treaſury of Gold, which by the Frugality of his Predeceſſors, had been heaped together; and which it was not counted lawful for them to touch, unleſs in the utmoſt Peril of the *Empire*. They ſay, That by the Additions which *Sultan Amurath* had made, this Treaſure was augmented to above Thirty Millions of *Sequins*: But that our preſent *Emperor* has ſquander'd moſt of it away on his Pleaſure. They compare him to *Heliogabalus*, the moſt effeminate *Prince* that ever reign'd; praiſing at the ſame Time, the Magnanimity and Valour of *Sultan Amurath*; who they ſay, was the ſtouteſt Man on Earth. They highly applaud his Bravery at the *Siege* of *Babylon*, when he accepted the Challenge of the *Perſian* Soldier; and entring into a ſingle Combat with the unhappy *Redhead*, at one Blow, with his *Sabre*, cleft him (though in Armour) to the Middle. In Memorial whereof, thou knoweſt, that *Armour* hangs to this Day in the *Hazoda*. In fine, They extol his Juſtice: Whereof he gave a remarkable Inſtance, in puniſhing a certain *Hogia*, who

who had cheated a *Pilgrim* of his *Jewels:* Thou remembreſt that Paſſage. And the *Stone Mortar*, wherein that miſerable Wretch was pounded alive by his own *Sentence*, is yet to be ſeen at the Gate of the *Divan*, a Monument of his Villany, and the *Sultan*'s Juſtice.

Theſe Things are not unknown in the *Weſt*; for the *Nazarenes* have their Intelligences in the *Imperial City*. Hence they derive Occaſions to cenſure or praiſe the Actions of our *auguſt Emperors*, who are *Companions* of the *Sun*, and *Brothers* of the *Stars*.

What I have ſaid, I truſt to thy Integrity: Whereof I have had Experience. Thoſe who degenerate from that Virtue, may their Souls find no more Reſt in the *other* World than a *Frenchman*'s Hat has in *this*, which is always in Motion. Adieu.

Paris, 15th *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER III.

To Mahomet Techli, Baſſa *of* Boſnia, *at his Camp in* Dalmatia.

THOU art a fit Man to lead the *Muſſulman* Armies, who durſt not hold up thy Head againſt a few Women: Perhaps thy Mother's Milk hangs yet on thy Chin; thou art not wean'd from the Diſcipline of the Nurſery. Was the ſtrong *Fortreſs* of *Schenico* of ſo ſmall a Price, that thou ſhouldſt baſely decamp from before it, becauſe a few Females appear'd on the Walls? Is this the

way

way to aggrandize thy Maſter? What will the *Chriſtians* ſay to this Cowardice? Nay, what do they not ſay already? The News of that Siege had reach'd all Parts of *Europe*; the *Nazarenes* were big with Expectation of the Event. Now they know it, they laugh both at thee, and at all the *Muſſulmans*. Thou haſt brought a Diſgrace on the moſt exalted *Empire* in the World.

What if thou didſt loſe Two Thouſand Men before the Walls of that Fort? Is that a ſufficient Juſtification of thy raiſing the Siege? Our glorious *Sultans* do not uſe to win Cities and Caſtles without Blood? Neither do they ſpare to ſacrifice the beſt Part of their Army to the Honour of their Arms, whilſt our indefatigable Soldiers have mounted on Heaps of ſlaughter'd *Spahi*'s, and ſcaled the Battlements of their Enemies. Whereas thou wert afraid of a few Stones, that the Women hurl'd on thy Men from the Walls: Thou art more effeminate than *Sardanapalus!* It were fitter for thee to handle the Diſtaff and ſpin for thy Bread, than to draw a Sword in the *Field* of *Honour*. It is a Wonder thy own Soldiers do not abandon thee, being aſham'd to ſerve under ſo weak a *Commander*.

I counſel thee, ſpeedily to recover thy loſt Reputation, by ſome notable Service. Let no Perils affright thee; but remember, That true Fortitude ſurmounts all Difficulties; and that thou canſt not paſs into the *Temple* of *Honour*, but through that of *Virtue*. It is not my Part to project for thee: The whole Country is before thee; Thou knoweſt, or at leaſt oughteſt to know, the Motions and Strength of thy Enemies. Do ſomething ſpeedily, that ſhall ſpeak thee wiſe and valiant. Thou hadſt better loſe thy Life ſo, than by a *Bow-ſtring*.

Take

Take this Advice as a Mark of my Friendſhip, for *Mahmut* uſes not ſo frankly to reprove thoſe whom he eſteems his Enemies. Adieu.

Paris, 15th *of the* 8th *Moon, of the Year* 1647.

LETTER IV.

To Achmet Baſſa.

NOT long ago arrived here a *Courier* from *Swedeland*, bringing Letters from Queen *Chriſtina* and *Monſieur Chanut*, the *French Reſident* at *Stockholm*.

Among other Matters, they give an Account, That on the twenty-ſeventh Day of the ſeventh *Moon*, that great *Princeſs* had like to have been ſtabb'd in the Midſt of her Guards, ſurrounded with her *Courtiers*, before the *Altar* of her *God*; at an Hour when all the Subjects of that Kingdom were on their Knees, to render *Heaven* propitious to *her* and the *Publick*.

That Day there was a *Faſt* proclaim'd through all *Swedeland*; and he was eſteem'd no good *Subject*, who did not repair to the publick Solemnities. The Queen, to give an Example, went at the third Hour of the Day to the *Moſque* of her *Palace*, attended by the *great Officers* of *State*, and a numerous Train of the *Nobility*. When the *Preacher* (as is the Cuſtom) had made an End of ſpeaking, all that were preſent fell on their Knees, to perform the appointed *Devotions*. But it being the Faſhion of the *Nazarenes* to utter ſome ſecret preparative *Oraiſons*, the Men cover'd their Faces with their Hats, to be more recollected.

While

While all Eyes were thus veil'd, a certain Fellow ſnatching the Opportunity, ſteps from his Place, and, without making any great Noiſe, by large Strides, advances unſeen to the *Rails* which encloſe the *Pavement* next to the *Altar*, where the *Queen* was on her Knees. But in leaping over, he was perceived by a certain *Nobleman*, who immediately cried out to the Guards, *To ſtop the Aſſaſſin*. They croſs'd their Partiſans, but the Villain hurl'd them one againſt another with ſo great Violence, that while they were ſtriving to recover their entangled Weapons, he got quite through them. At which Time, the *Queen* alſo raiſing herſelf up at the Noiſe, puſh'd the Captain of her Guards, who kneel'd beſide her. He ſtarting from his Place, leap'd between the *Queen* and the *Murderer*, who was now within two Paces of her. He ſeizes the Wretch; and, upon immediate Search, they found two long ſharp-pointed Knives about him, without Sheaths; one in his Boſom, the other in his Pocket. The *Priſon* being in the *Caſtle* or *Palace* of the *Queen*, under her very Apartment, ſhe was not willing he ſhould be carried thither, but ordered him to be re-conducted to his own Chamber, which was in the *College* of *Stockholm*, he being an *Eccleſiaſtick* of the ſaid *College*; commanding alſo a good Guard to be ſet over him, which was perform'd accordingly.

As ſoon as the *Wretch* ſaw himſelf in his Chamber, he ſaid aloud, *That when he went out in the Morning, he little thought of ever returning again, having undertaken an Action, in doing which he expected to loſe his Life.*

They uſed all Diligence imaginable in diſcovering the Authors of this intended Murther, but could learn nothing more, Than that this Fellow was a *Lunatick*, whom at certain *Seaſons* an unaccountable Fury ſpurred on to many Extravagancies.

Yet

Yet ſome ſuſpect, that he was hired by the *Lutheran Clergy* to give this execrable Blow; who were apprehenſive, That the *Queen* hearkening too much to the Inſinuations of her *Tutor*, who was a *Calviniſt*, would innovate the *eſtabliſh'd Religion* of their Country.

If this be a well-grounded Suſpicion, it follows at the beſt, that Religion which ought to correct the *Morals* of Men, and have an Influence in reſtraining their exorbitant Paſſions, is become the Corrupter of their Manners, and the Fomenter of the moſt enormous Crimes. But this is common among the *Chriſtians*, who being divided into innumerable *Parties*, diſtinguiſh'd by as many ſeveral Names; yet each *Sect* is ſo ſure that their *Way* is the only *right Path* to *Salvation*, that they ſpare for neither Murders, Sacrileges, nor Treaſons, to proſelyte the reſt to their Opinion, being unwilling that any ſhould live, who are not of the ſame Mind with them.

The *King* of *France*, and the *Queen Regent*, receiv'd the News of Queen *Chriſtina*'s Delivery from this deſign'd Blow with much Joy; the Intereſts of both *Crowns* being at this Time cloſely intermingl'd.

I can inform thee of Nothing more remarkable at preſent, ſave, that certain Letters are intercepted, which the Duke of *Bavaria* had written to the Duke of *Wirtemberg*, and the Elector of *Cologne*: The Contents of which diſcover, That the Duke of *Bavaria* is not far from a Reconciliation with the *Emperor*; and that in the mean Time, he only waits the Event of Things, to direct him in the Choice of his *Party*.

God confirm thee in thy Integrity, That thou may'ſt never waver or ſwerve from the Service and Duty thou oweſt the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 28th *of the* 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LET-

LETTER V.

To Cara Hali, *a* Phyſician, *at* Conſtantinople.

THOU haſt heap'd many Favours on me; yet I have never had an Opportunity of making the leaſt Acknowledgment. Accept now a ſmall Preſent from *Mahmut*'s Hands, who being not Maſter of Wealth, can make no *great ones*. I ſend thee neither Silver, Gold, nor Jewels, which the inſatiable Avarice of Mortals, has violently torn from the Bowels of their *common Mother*. Neither ſhalt thou receive from me any of the more familiar Products of the Earth, ſuch as grow on her Surface. Expect no choice Fruits, or Wine, or Oil; nor any thing framed by the Art of Man, whether for Delight, or Uſe. What I ſend thee is the *Dew* of *Heaven*, a certain *Quinteſſence* of the *Element*, an *Æthereal Spirit*, firſt condens'd into a Vapour, then into a more liquid Subſtance, and afterwards congealed into a Gum. It is the celebrated *Manna* of *Calabria*.

Adonai the *Jew* ſent it to me out of *Italy*, as a Rarity. I knew not whom ſo properly to oblige with this Preſent, as the Studious of *natural* Things, *Hali*, the ſage *Phyſician*, and my Friend.

The *Philoſopher Averroes*, our Country-man, has written much of this excellent Subſtance. He calls it, the *Food* of the *Airy Angels*; and ſays, The young *Ravens* crying in their Neſts, are nouriſh'd by this heavenly Diet, when the old ones forſake them: And that the *Chamelions* ſeek no other Repaſt during their Lives, but the inviſible *Manna*, that every where floats in the Morning

ing Air, he holds it poſſible, That a Man, after he has paſſed his *great Climacter*, may live without any other Suſtenance, ſave what he receives from this *Heavenly Diſtillation*; that he may thus prolong his Life for the Space of ſeven Years, which will compleat the appointed Age of Mortals. Many of the ſublimely inſtructed among the *Arabians*, are of the ſame Opinion; ſo are not a few of the *Hebrew Rabbi*'s; but the *Chriſtians*, who are Gluttons, laugh at this Doctrine as ridiculous and impracticable, forgetting at the ſame Time what they read in their *Bible*, (which they pretend is the *Rule* of their *Faith*) that the *Iſraelites* had nothing elſe to feed on for a conſiderable Time in the *Deſart*, when they were almoſt Eight Hundred Thouſand Souls, and the greateſt Part of them in their full Strength, Men of Arms, and inur'd to the Toils of War.

Certainly, it were a deſirable Thing, That this *divine Largeſs* were diſtributed to all the Regions on Earth. But *God* ſends his Bleſſings to whom, and when he pleaſes. 'Tis he that directeth the Clouds when they ſhall move through the Air, and reſt not till they arrive at barren and dry Places, where they pour forth their Water to refreſh the Earth, and render it fruitful. *God!* There is but *one God*, *Lord* of the *World!* Theſe are Signs of his *Unity* to *True Believers*, but the *Incredulous* have harden'd their Hearts.

It is recorded, That in former Times, the Ground whereon this *Manna* deſcended, belong'd to a certain *Nobleman* of the *Country*, who, covetous of the unuſual *Bleſſing*, undertook to encloſe all that Land within a high Wall, to the End that ſo rare a Gift might not be made common to every one. But, as ſoon as the Workmen had begun to lay the Foundation of this Encloſure, the *Manna* ceas'd to fall, and ſo continued as long as they

they proceeded in that envious Works. Which when the *Lord* of the Ground was made ſenſible of, he commanded the Workmen to deſiſt, ſaying withal, *The* Almighty *gives, and the* Almighty *takes away. Henceforward, I will not ſeek to reſtrain the free Gift of* Heaven. Upon which, the *Manna* deſcended daily, as before, and ſo has continued to do ever ſince. Doubtleſs, this is a Sign of *God*'s Omnipotence.

If thou wilt permit me to play the *Philoſopher*, I will tell thee my Opinion, why this *Manna* is ſeen rather in the Kingdom of *Naples*, than in any other Region of the Earth.

It is well known, That the Earth of this Country abounds with Veins of Sulphur, which are diffuſed up and down through all Parts, and heat the Soil to an extraordinary Degree. Hence is follows, That the *lower Region* of the Air, in this Country, muſt needs acquire a greater Degree of Heat and Dryneſs alſo, being perpetually rarified by the fiery *Atoms*, which every where tranſpire through the Pores of the Earth, as from a Furnace.

This being ſo, it is not hard to conceive, That the Vapours which are exhaled by the Sun into the *upper Region*, in the Hear of a Summer's Day, and there become impregnated by the *Æthereal Spirit*, (which remains pure and uncloathed in thoſe ſerener Tracts, and conſequently is apt to incorporate with any proper Vehicle,) naturally deſcend again in the Cool of the Night; but not meeting with a congeneous Body of Vapours in the *lower Region*, that Air being over purify'd and grown defecate, through the too near Neighbourhood of the burning Soil; ſo that they cannot diffuſe themſelves thro' the Air, for the Want of a fit *Medium*, they conſiſting of *homogeneous* Parts, and following

the natural Poſition of the *Element*, and the *Laws* of *Gravity*; contract themſelves into little globular Forms, the lower they deſcend; thus ſettling on the Leaves of Trees, on the Graſs and Herbs, on Stones, and any Part of the Earth, appearing like Grains of tranſparent *Gum*.

Hence alſo I conceive, That the ſame *Manna*, (which is nothing elſe but an *Æthereal* Spirit, embodied in light and dulcid Vapours) abounds in the Air of moſt Countries, but remains inviſible, rarely ſo far condenſed, as to ſettle in a groſs Body on the Ground: becauſe the Air of thoſe Regions is not ſo rarified as is that of *Calabria*, having no ſuch *ſubterrenean* Fires to drink the Vapours up; but being moiſt and thick, the deſcening *Manna*, inſtead of contracting itſelf into globular Bodies, and through its Weight ſinking to the Earth, dilates itſelf, and incorporates with the floating Vapours: Juſt as if you pour Drops of Water into a Veſſel full of the ſame Element, thoſe Drops do not ſink to the Bottom, but finding an *homogeneous* Body, they mix with it, and are diſperſed every Way; whereas, if there be nothing in the Way to ſtop them, they immediately fall to the Ground.

But I ſhall tire thee with my *Philoſophy*, forgetting that I ſpeak to a Man conſummate in all *Sciences*. *Adonai* relates many remarkable Paſſages of this Country, too tedious for a Letter. I will only tell thee in ſhort, That the *Kingdom* of *Naples* is eſteemed one of the moſt delectable *Regions* on *Earth*, the Trees flouriſhing twice a Year, and the Soil abounding to Prodigality with Corn, Wine, Oil and Fruits, and all Things neceſſary for the Life of Man. Yet the Inhabitants have this *Proverb* common among them; *The Kingdom of* Naples *is a Paradiſe of Delights, but it is inhabited with Devils:* So corrupted are the Manners of the People,

Adieu,

Adieu, dear *Hali*, and think not *Mahmut* tedious in his Letters who has no other Way, at this Diſtance, to converſe with his Friends.

Paris, 19th *of the* 10th *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER VI.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

WHEN this *Diſpatch* ſhall come to thy Hands, be aſſured, That *Mahmut* thy Country-man, and *Slave* to the *Slaves* of the *Grand Signior*, wiſhes thee Multiplicity of Happineſs. I have many Reaſons to honour thee, beſides the natural Affection, which is, or ought to be, between thoſe who are born in the ſame *Region*. The many Favours thou haſt done me, far exceeded the Obligation which ariſes from the Vicinity of our Birth; though that was ſo near, that a ſtrong Man would have meaſured the Diſtance with the Flight of an Arrow.

The *Preſent* of *Kopha*, for which I return'd thee Thanks in my laſt, has wrought wonderful Effects on me, being a perfect Cure of the Melancholy, to which I was before ſubject. It has freed me from many Diſtempers; and I owe the preſent Eaſe and Chearfulneſs I enjoy, to this generous Gift.

Methinks, while I am drinking this excellent Liquor, I am at *Conſtantinople*, converſing with my Friends. It revives in me the *Genius* of *Aſia*; and ſo advantageouſly transforms the *Ideas* of Things which I ſee, that the *Croſſes* on the Tops

of the *Chriſtian Temples*, appear to me as *Half Moons*; and my Imagination preſents to me *Turbants*, inſtead of *Hats*, as Men walk along the Street of *Paris*.

Doubtleſs, great is the Force of what we eat or drink, which has occaſion'd all wiſe *Law-givers*, among other Sanctions, to preſcribe certain Rules for Diet; and the Care of our *holy Prophet* has been exquiſite in this Point, his Prohibitions extending to all unclean Meats and Drinks, ſince they deprave the Conſtitutions of Men, and encline them to Vice. But by his own Example, he recommended to us the Uſe of this admirable Berry; impoſing a new Name on the *Tree* that bears it, when he called it, the *Tree of Purification*. Hence it is, That all the *Muſſulmans* affect to partake of the *ſanctified* Benefit, it being the univerſal Beverage of the *Oſman Empire*.

Were the Virtues of it known it theſe *Weſtern* Parts, it would match, if not ſupplant, the Credit of their Wine, ſince it equally refreſhes the Spirits, without intoxicating the Brain.

I know not whether thou haſt ſeen *Peſteli Hali*, my Brother, ſince thy Return from *Arabia*: Or, whether thou haſt heard the News he brought with him out of the *Eaſt*. He has ſurvey'd the *Indies*, *Tartary*, *China*, *Tonquin*, *Perſia*, and other *Regions*, whoſe Names are hardly known in ſome Parts of the *Ottoman Empire*. Indeed, we have formerly had but an odd *Idea* of thoſe remote Countries; but eſpecially *China* has been hid from the greateſt Part of the Earth.

In my earlier Years, I have heard Men of Gravity, who would be taken for knowing Perſons, ſay, That *China* was but a *tributary Province* of the *Tartars*, a contemptible Corner of *Aſia*, and ſo barren, as it conld hardly afford Suſtenance for its Inhabitants, which is a Sign it is well Peopled,

Peopled. Aſſuredly our *Fathers* were ignorant of this *Country*, which after the *perpetual Monarchy* of the *Oſmans* may be eſteem'd the *ſacred Empire* on *Earth*.

My Brother ſays, It contains Sixteen *Provinces*, each as large as a *Kingdom*: And, That all together they fill up a Tract of Ground as big as *Europe*, which thou knoweſt, is one of the *Four Quarters* of the *World*: And that this vaſt Dominion contains above a Hundred Millions of Inhabitants.

The *Emperor* who reign'd when *Peſteli Hali* was there, was call'd *Zunchin*, a young *Prince*, not above Thirty Years of Age; in whoſe Veins ran the *Blood* of Sixteen *Emperors*, his *Progenitors*.

In the Year 1640, Two great Officers in his Army, having drawn to their Party an innumerable Company of the Soldiers, and being encouraged by ſome *Grandees* of the *Court*, made a Revolt. The Names of theſe *Rebels* were *Lycungz* and *Changien*. They ſoon became Maſters of Five *Provinces*: But, quarrelling about their Shares, *Lycungz* cauſed his Aſſociate to be poiſon'd; and taking on himſelf the ſole Command of the *Rebels*, was proclaim'd by them *Emperor* of *China*. After which, he march'd directly with his whole Forces again *Pequin*, a City where the *Emperor* kept his *Court*: Knowing that the Conqueſt of this Place would ſecure to him all the remaining *Provinces* of the *Empire*.

The *Chineſe* are reputed a moſt ingenious People, excelling in all Manner of *mechanick* Inventions, and the boldeſt *Architects* in the World. They build Bridges from one Mountain to another, to ſhorten the Travellers Journey o'er the Plain between them, and raiſe Towers almoſt up to the Clouds. Some of their Cities are ſaid to be near Thirty Leagues in Compaſs, hav-

ing double Walls and Ditches. And my Brother ſays, That *Pequin* wants not much of this Extent: And, That the *Palace* of the *Emperor* is near a League in Circuit, inviron'd by Three Walls and as many Moats, beſides Bulwarks, and other Fortifications. He adds, That this mighty *City* and *Palace* is guarded by an Hundred Thouſand Soldiers

This impregnable Place the *Rebels* took by Stratagem, which was able to have reſiſted all the Force of *Aſia*. *Lycungz* held a private Correſpondence with ſeveral *Grandees* within the Town and Palace. By whoſe Connivance he ſent great Numbers of the ſtouteſt Men in his Army, diſguiſed in the Habit of *Merchants*, who lodging themſelves in divers Quarters of the City, on a Day appointed, ſuddenly appeared in Arms; and ſurprizing the Guard who defended the Gates, ſlew them all, and opened the Gates to the *Rebels*.

Who can expreſs the Confuſion and Slaughter that filled all Parts of the City with Mourning and Blood? The barbarous *Conqueror* ſacrificed all the Loyal and Brave to his unpardonable Ambition; diſarm'd thoſe who eſcap'd the firſt Maſſacre; and having made himſelf abſolute Maſter of the *City*, lays cloſe Siege to the *Imperial Palace*.

The *Emperor* now finding that he was betray'd and that it was too late to defend himſelf from the cruel Perſecution and Inſult of the Traytors, takes Advantage of the ſhort Reſiſtance which ſome of his faithful Servants made, to conſult his own Honour, and that of the *Empreſs* and his Daughter. He had above Three Thouſand Wives, for whom he could not provide in that Flood of Calamities, all his Care being employ'd to prevent the laſt Triumph of his Enemies,

Enemies, in not ſuffering the *Royal Blood* to be ſhed by the prophane Hands of theſe Villains. He enter'd into the *Gardens* of the *Palace*, accompanied only by his *Empreſs* and Daughter, with three faithful *Eunuchs*. The young *Princeſs* (who was a *Lady* educated in all the *Chineſe* Learning) ſeeing the great Affliction of her *Royal* Parents, the inevitable Ruin of her *Family*, and the univerſal Deſolation, fell on her Knees, and ſpoke to her Father, as follows:

My Lord,

" SINCE it is the Will of the *immortal Gods*, " thus to extinguiſh the Luſtre and Majeſty " of our *ſublime Race*, let their *Decrees* be fulfill'd. " But let not me be a Spectator of my *Parents* " Fall, or ſurvive a *Tragedy*, at which the Earth " itſelf muſt tremble. Have this Compaſſion on " my tender Years, and let theſe Eyes be clos'd, " before Death ſeal up yours, from which mine " borrow'd all their Light: Think not, becauſe " I am young, I fear to die: I long to ſee our " *Kindred Gods*, and repreſent the *Fate* of *China*, " ſo as to provoke their ſpeedy Vengeance. Sure- " ly our *defiled Anceſtors*, at my Complaint, would " gather all the *Thunder* in the *Heavens*, and " ſhower it down upon theſe *perjur'd* and *ungrate- " ful Traytors*. Or elſe, they'd play the *Chymiſts*, " and extract the moſt envenom'd *Influence* of the " the Stars, and dart the *heavenly* Poiſon on the " *Rebels*, as they lie before the theſe ſacred Walls, " and thus would put a Period to their curſed " *Treaſon*. Make no Delay, my *Royal Father*, " but try the Experiment; releaſe me from theſe " Chains, which hinder my Eſcape to *Paradiſe*: " And let me be the *Herald* of ſuch News, as " ne'er before ſurpiz'd the *Bleſs'd* above.

The *Emperor*, mov'd with this paſſionate Addreſs of his Daughter, drew a Dagger from his Girdle, and therewith ſtabb'd her to the Heart, And then, ſtruck with Remorſe at ſo unnatural a Deed, cover'd his Face with a Veil of Silk. Thus acting *Agamemnon*'s Part, when to fulfil the *Oracle*, he *ſacrificed* his Daughter *Iphigenia*.

After this, the *Empreſs*, overwhelm'd with ſo many Sorrows, retir'd into a Grove, and hang'd herſelf with a ſilken Cord on a Tree. The *Emperor*, ſeeing this mournful Spectacle, was reſolved no longer to delay his own Death. Wherefore, following her Example, he deſpatch'd himſelf likewiſe by a String. But he firſt bit a Vein, and with his Blood writ the following Words.

" What is there now deſirable on Earth, after " I am thus betray'd by my own *Subjects*? I ac- " cuſe not the *inferior* People: They are inno- " cent! 'Tis to the *Mandarins* I owe my ſudden " Fall, with the Ruin of this mighty *Empire*. " Behold in me the *Royal Line* extinct. I am " the laſt of Sixteen *Emperors*. I, that was *Lord* " of ſo many ſpacious *Regions*, *Guardian* of the " *Bed-Chamber* of the *Sun*, ſole *Monarch* of the " *Orient*, Lieutenant to the *Gods* of the *Mines*, " Poſſeſſor of infinite Treaſure, at whoſe Name " an Hundred Millions of my Subjects touched " the Ground with their Foreheads, am now rea- " dy to be trampled under Foot by the baſeſt of " my *Slaves*. But I will prevent my own Diſ- " grace, and carry this majeſtick Soul inviolate " to my renown'd *Fathers*; whoſe Vengeance, " join'd with that of all the *Gods*, ſhall fall on " the perfidious *Mandarins*, who have betray'd " me, and this exalted *State* to Ruin.

A *Narrative* of theſe mournful Paſſages was printed in the *Chineſe* Language, ſuppoſed to be done by the Order of the *Emperor*'s Attendants, who followed him into the Garden, and were Witneſſes of what was ſaid and done. A Copy of which my Brother procured to be tranſlated into *Arabick*, by a *Merchant* of our Nation, who underſtood the *Chineſe* Language, and reſided in *Pequin*.

In fine, my Brother ſays, That when he departed from *China*, he left the Tyrant *Lycungz* in Poſſeſſion of the *Emperor*'s *Palace*, where he found an Hundred Million of Ingots in Gold and Silver, beſides an ineſtimable Treaſure of Pearls and precious Stones. All which Wealth had been heap'd together, by the Frugality of the *Chineſe Emperors*.

By this thou may'ſt take an Eſtimate of the Grandeur and Strength of this formidable *Monarchy*, of which we have had ſuch contemptible Notions. Neither ſhalt thou have occaſion to be ſurprized at the monſtrous Riſe and Fortune of this *Rebel*, who in ſo ſhort a Time was lifted up to the Heighth of Human Sovereignty, when thou conſidereſt, That all Things are ſubject to Viciſſitude and Change.

That *God*, who eſtabliſhes whom he pleaſes on the *Throne* of the *Earth*, and, at the *determinated Periods* of *Empires*, depoſes ſuch as truſt in their Strength and Riches, defend our *Sovereign* from *Treaſons*, and from the *Arrows* that fly in *Obſcurity*.

Paris, 13th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER VII.

To Darniſh Mehemet, Baſſa.

WHAT Obligation have I to be concern'd for the *Infidels*? Or, what Intereſt in the *Uncircumciſed*? Yet *Nature* has tied all our *Race*, in ſome *common Bonds* of *Affection*; and *Humanity* teaches us, to rejoice at the *Deliverance* of the *Oppreſſed*.

The *Kingdom* of *Naples* has long groaned under the Yoke of *Spaniſh Tyranny*. The Labour of the People ſufficed not to pay the unreaſonable *Taxes* that were impoſed on them. They ſweat *Blood* to become yet more miſerable; whilſt their cruel Maſters having fleec'd them to Nakedneſs, would take Advantage of their Poverty, to revert their Chains yet deeper, and render their Servitude paſt Redemption.

The People were ſenſible of their Calamity, yet knew not how to ſhake off the Yoke. It had gall'd them to the Nerves and Sinews; their Strength was gone. Deſpair of Redreſs had render'd them ſupine, and took from them the very Power of meditating their Recovery. But *Heaven*, which protects the Oppreſſed, has raiſed up a *Youth* from among the *meaneſt* of the People, to aſſert the *publick Liberty*. A *Fiſherman*, who has not ſeen Four and Twenty *Winters*, has undertaken to reſtore the ancient Privileges of the *Neapolitans*. Who can penetrate into the *Methods* of eternal *Deſtiny*, which makes uſe of ſo contemptible Inſtruments, to check the Power of the greateſt *Monarchs*?

The bold *Youth*, inſpired with a Zeal for the *Publick*, ran one Day into the Streets, crying with a loud

a loud Voice, *Long live the King of* Spain, *but let the corrupt Officers periſh.* He had no other Weapon, ſave a *Reed* in his Hand, but was ſoon follow'd by a Multitude of Boys and young Men, with Clubs and Staves, who went along the Streets of that populous City, repeating the Cry after him, *Long live the King of* Spain *but let the corrupt Officers periſh.* At firſt, the Citizens laugh'd at the Infant Tumult, but in leſs than Two Hours, this *Fiſherman* (whoſe Name was *Maſſaniello*) had enrolled above Two Thouſand Boys.

The next Days his Numbers encreaſed, by the Acceſſion of all Sorts of lewd and idle Perſons, Mal-Contents, Debtors, and ſuch as were deſirous of Novelty. Nay, ſome of the better Sort of Citizens ſhut up their Shops, took Arms, and mingled with the popular Inſurrections: So that e'er Mid-day, there were above Ten Thouſand Men and Boys, marching along the Streets, and burning the *Cuſtom Houſe*, with all their *Books* of *Accompts* throughout the City.

When *Maſſaniello* beheld himſelf at the Head of ſo vaſt a Multitude, he thought it Time to declare the Reaſon of his raiſing this Tumult. Wherefore, getting on an eminent Place in one of the *Markets*, he ſpoke to his Followers to this Effect:

" Rejoice, O ye faithful People, and ſend up Ac-
" clamations to the *God* of *Heaven*, who hath this
" Day put it into your Hearts and Hands to be
" your own Redeemers. As for me, my Spirit
" burneth within me, to ſee the publick Oppreſſi-
" on; and I ſet no Value on my own Life, when
" I firſt began this glorious Enterprize. One of
" the *Princes* threaten'd me with the *Galleys*, if I
" perſiſted: But here are Thouſands my Witneſſes,
" That inſtead of fearing him, I ſmote him on the

" Breaſt, and ſent him away joyful, that he eſca-
" ped with his Life. O ye faithful People, truſt
" not the *Princes* or *Nobles*: They are the Men who
" oppreſs you, and would enſlave you. Truſt in
" your Arms, and the Juſtice of your Cauſe. *God*
" brought you together; let nothing ſeperate you
" 'till you have freed your Country, your ſelves,
" your Wives and Children, from perpetual Ser-
" vitude. Chuſe you a *Leader*, a Man of Courage
" aud Reſolution, who is willing to ſacrifice his
" Life for the *common Good*. As for me, I have hi-
" therto liv'd a *Fiſherman*, and ſo I intend to die.

The People, exceedingly moved with his *Speech*, choſe him with one Accord for their *Leader*, crying out with loud Acclamations, *Long live* Maſſaniello, *the Patron of the* Neapolitan *Liberties*.

The firſt Thing he did after he was confirm'd in this Authority, was to ſet open the Priſons, and liſt the Priſoners under the *Banner* of the *People*.

Then he divided his confuſed Army into Regiments and Companies; and ſent forth a *Proclamation* throughout *Naples*, Commanding all to take Arms, on pain of having their Houſes burnt. So that in a little Time he had above fifty Thouſand arm'd Men at his Heels.

Thus accompanied he marches directly toward the *Viceroy*'s *Palace*, veſted in *Cloth* of *Silver*, with a naked Sword in his Hand. He was accompanied by a *Cardinal*, who undertook to be a *Mediator* between the *Viceroy* and the *People*. His Preſence reſtrain'd the Multitude within ſome Bounds of Moderation, for they reverenced him as *Father* of the *City*. Yet they burnt above Sixty *Palaces* of the *Nobles* to the Ground, with all their Furniture and Goods; and it was preſent Death for any one to reſcue or purloin any Thing from the Flames; ſo rigorouſly *juſt*

was

was this new *Law-giver*, this *Moſes* of the *Neapolitans*. It was in vain for the *Viceroy* to oppoſe Force againſt ſo formidable an *Inſurrection*. He entertained the young *Fiſherman* with Ceremonies due to a *Prince*: And having concluded a *Truce*, gave him the *Title* of *chief Tribune of the faithful People*. This encreaſed the Veneration the Citizens had already conceiv'd for *Maſſaniello*: So that in a Day or two more he ſaw himſelf at the Head of an Hundred and Fifty Thouſand arm'd Men. He gave out all Orders for the *Republick*, publiſh'd new Edicts, and all Commiſſions were iſſued in his Name. He procured the *Gabels* to be for ever aboliſh'd, reſtored the People to their ancient Liberty: And in fine, was murder'd by his own Followers.

Let me not ſeem an *Advocate* for *Sedition*, when I tell thee there was ſomething brave and heroick in the Actions of this *Youth*. So ſtrange a *Revolution*, in ſo ſhort a Time, has ſcarce been heard of the World: For a beardleſs *Slave* to raiſe himſelf in Sixty Days to as abſolute and uncontroulable a *Sovereignty*, as the greateſt *Monarch* on Earth enjoys; to be obey'd by an infinite Number of People, without the leaſt Heſitation or Demur, were it for Life or Death; and all this, without any Motive of Ambition or Intereſt, but only to aſſert the publick Liberty, is a convincing Argument of his *Virtue*; and ſhews, That *Heaven* approved his Enterprize. But then again, For him to loſe all this Power in Four Days more, to be murder'd in cold Blood by his own Party, by the People whoſe Cauſe he had ſo ſucceſsfully vindicated; this ſhews the Inſtability of Human Affairs, and that there is nothing permanent on this Side the *Moon*.

I pray

I pray *God* to inſpire the *Miniſters* of the *ſublime Port*, to take ſuch Meaſures as may preſerve the *Muſſulman* Peace. Adieu.

Paris, 13th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER VIII.

To Solyman *his* Couſin, *at* Conſtantinople.

WHEN I clos'd up my laſt, the Hour of the *Poſt* was near expired, and the Meſſenger who carries my Letters to him, haſten'd my *Diſpatch*, preventing what I had farther to ſay to thee.

I am ſollicitious for thy Welfare, both as thou art a *Muſſulman* and ſo near a Relation. Do not forfeit thoſe Titles, by degenerating from thy Kindred, and from all the *illuminated* of *God*. Truth is comprized in a little Room, but Error is infinite. Thou makeſt a wrong Inference from the Moderation and Charity of the *true Believers*, when thou concludeſt, That becauſe they believe, it ſhall go well with all honeſt Men, let their Opinions and Ceremonies be what they will; therefore thou ſhalt be ſafe, in retrenching the endleſs and burthenſome *Waſhings* (as thou termeſt them) of the *Muſſulmans*, ſo long as thou leadeſt a good and *moral* Life.

Art thou ſuch a Friend to Idleneſs and Impurity, that thou wilt by a moſt pitiful Sophiſtry, cheat thy ſelf of *Salvation*, rather than take the Pains to waſh thy ſelf after the Manner, and at the Times appointed by the *Prophet* of *God*, and practiſed

practiſed by our *Fathers*, and the all *Faithful* throughout the *World*? If it be allow'd, That ſuch as either out of Ignorance, or hinder'd by ſome other inviſible Cauſe, do not embrace our *holy Law*, are not *circumciſed*, and repair not to the *Aſſemblies* of the *Faithful*, ſhall nevertheleſs enter into *Paradiſe*, provided they obey the *Law* of *Nature*, imprinted on their Heart; does it follow therefore, That one who has been bred up in the *undefiled Faith*, who has been *circumciſed*, and lifted up his Right-hand to *Heaven*, has pronounced the *Seven myſterious Words*, which cannot be repealed; does it follow, I ſay, That ſuch an one ſhall be regarded by *God* or his *Prophet*, any otherwiſe than as an *Heretick* or an *Infidel*, if he live not up exactly to the *Graces* that have been given him? No, aſſure thyſelf, if thou art in the Number of theſe, thou art an *Apoſtate*; thy Virtues are Vices, and all thy good Works are an Abomination.

Remember the Piety and magnanimous Zeal of *Aſſan Hali* thy *Grandfather*; who, when he was taken Priſoner by the *Coſſacks*, was entertain'd with extreme Rigour and Severity. Nevertheleſs, a certain *Jew* in the City who knew him, brought him every Day, by Permiſſion of the *Keeper*, as much Water as would ſuffice to waſh him, and to quench his Thirſt. But one Day, as he went with his accuſtom'd Load, and was entring the Gate of the Priſon, the *Keeper*, either out of Malice or Wantonneſs, ſpilt moſt of the Water on the Ground, forbidding the *Jew* at the ſame Time, to bring any more that Day.

The honeſt *Hebrew* went in with the Remainder of the Water and deliver'd it to the Priſoner; who preſently prepared to waſh him ſelf, after the accuſtom'd Manner of the *Muſſulmans*.

The

The *Jew* seeing that, told him, There was not Water enough to quench his Thirſt. And therewith related to him what the *Keeper* had done. I *ſee there is but little*, (reply'd the virtuous old Man) *but he that drinks, or eats, before he has* waſh'd *himſelf, is guilty of defiling his* Soul, *and not worthy to be number'd among the* true Believers. *Therefore it is better for me to die for Thirſt, than violate the* Law *brought down from* Heaven, *and tranſgreſs the* Traditions *of my* Fathers. Having ſaid this, he *waſh'd* himſelf, being reſign'd to *Providence*.

Couſin, deceive not thy ſelf with vain Opinions, nor ſuffer *Hypocrites* to ſeduce thee. Imitate the *Adder*, and ſtop thy Ears againſt the crafty Inſinuations of *Hereticks*. It is reported of this little *Serpent*, That by natural Inſtinct, being ſenſible when a *Magician* is about to utter Words, which being heard will enſnare it, lays one Ear cloſe to the Ground, and with its Tail ſtops the other, to the End the *Enchantment* may have no Effect.

Admit not any Man to thy Converſation, who ſhall attempt to warp thee from the Simplicity of the *Faith* and *Obedience* which thou oweſt to the *Apoſtle* of *God*. Without *Water*, there is no *Purity* on this Side the Grave. That *Element* has a Force in it, of which thou art not aware. 'Tis the Third in the Rank of living Principles. 'Tis the *Tabernacle* of the Winds; the *Seraglio* of the generative Spirit; the Stage of Wonders. In fine, it is the Purifier of every Thing that has Breath

Thou knoweſt, That to ſerve the Neceſſities of the *Prophet* and his Army, *Underſtanding* and *Speech* was given to a *Fountain* in *Arabia*, which having promiſed to follow him to the Place of his Repoſe, made a Channel through the *Deſart*, and kept Pace with the Troops of the *Faithful*, 'till

they

they came to *Medina Talnadi*; that ſo the *ſubmiſſive* to the *Will* of *Heaven*, might not want that *Element*, without which Life it ſelf would be a Burden and a Curſe.

And yet thou ſpeakeſt contemptible of *Water*, as a very indifferent Thing, whether we uſe it or not, any other Ways than to quench our Thirſt.

Thus, making no Difference between the many Advantages we reap from that *Element*, and that common Uſe to which the Beaſts put it. In how many Places of the *Alcoran* does the *Holy Prophet* record the *Mercy* of *God*, in giving us Water that is freſh and not ſalt? How does he celebrate his Wiſdom and Goodneſs, for directing the Clouds to barren and dry Places? Thou canſt not be ignorant, That it is one of the *Encomiums* of *Paradiſe*, That there are Gardens wherein flow many Rivers: And after all this, wilt thou deſpiſe ſo holy and bleſſed a Gift, without which, Earth and Heaven, Men and Angels, could not be compleatly happy.

Go learn then of the *Indian Idolaters*, who have never heard of the *Book* of *Glory*: Go learn of theſe *Barbarians*, to prize their *ſanctifi'd Creatures*. They travel many Hundred of Leagues to bathe themſelves in the Waters of *Ganges*. With thoſe incorruptible, and all-purging Streams, the *Brachmans* fill certain Veſſels, and tranſport the invaluable Liquor, to the utmoſt Parts of that wide *Empire*. They travel on Foot, ſometime Two Thouſand Miles together, each Man with his Load of that precious Water, to ſupply the Wants of thoſe who live ſo remote from the River. So that a Bottle of it is many Times ſold to the *Princes* and *Nobles*, for Two Hundred *Sequins*, or Eight Hundred *Roupies*: And yet for all this, thoſe very *Princes* would not die with a ſafe Conſcience, had they not at leaſt once

once in their Lives make *Pilgrimage* to this renown'd River, and bathe themſelves in the *Waves* which blot out *Sins*.

O *Couſin*, let the Example of theſe *Infidels* make thee bluſh at thy Impiety, and excite thee to a diligent and indiſpenſible Practice of *Cleanneſs*: So ſhalt thou have a ſound Mind, in a healthy Body: And the *Angel* of thy *Nativity* will not ſhun thy Perſon. Adieu.

Paris, 7th *of the* 12th *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER IX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE Defeat of the *Venetians* and *Morlacks* in *Bolna*, has reach'd theſe Parts. That News is not unwelcome to *Mahmut*. But I could wiſh our *General* had uſed his Victory with more Moderation. The *Chriſtians* term him *Barbarian Savage*, *Devil incarnate*, and load him with Execrations: For, having taken Priſoner the *Captain* of the *Morlacks*, he cauſed him to be flay'd alive, and afterwards to be impaled. This *Captain* was an *Eccleſiaſtick*, they call him *Scephano Sorich*; and in Honour of his Zeal and Fidelity, they entitle him, *The good Prieſt*. They applaud his Magnanimity and Courage in Battle; and no leſs do they extol his Conſtancy, during the Torments of ſo cruel and ignominious a Death. But I tremble to think of the Blaſphemies and Curſes they utter againſt our *holy Prophet*, and all the *Muſſulmans!* For the cruel Execution has ſcandaliz'd the *Nazarenes*, and imbitter'd them, even to Fury. Their *Revenge*

is

is implacable: They would go to *Hell* themſelves provided the *true Faithful* might be *damn'd* for *Company*.

What will our *Divine Law-giver* ſay? Or what Apology will our *General* make, when the *Sent* of *God* ſhall charge him with driving ſo many Thouſand Souls into an irreconcileable Hatred of the *undiſſembled Faith*? For they look not on this as the Actions of a *private* Man, but of one who repreſents the *Perſon* of our *auguſt Sovereign*, the great *Protector* of the *Law* brought down from *Heaven*. They ſuppoſe him to be honour'd with the particular Inſtructions of his *Maſter*: And therefore they ſay, the *Sultan* has authoriz'd this unheard of Cruelty; and, That our Religion countenances Tyranny, and the moſt nefandous Method of ſhedding innocent Blood.

I am no Advocate for *Infidels*; yet ſuffer me to vindicate *Nature*, which is the *common Parent* of us all. Suffer me to be ſollicitous for the Honour of our *holy Profeſſion*, which is blemiſh'd by this inhumane Murder. What Offence had this unhappy *Captain* given, that deſerv'd ſo dire a Puniſhment? Was it, Becauſe he fought valiantly, and perform'd Wonders in Defence of his Country? This is nothing but what becomes every honeſt Man to do. And, had our *General* been truly brave, he would have entertain'd his Priſoner with a Reſpect due to his Merit.

Who was a more inveterate Enemy of the *Muſſulmans* than the renown'd *Iſchenderbeg*, *Prince* of *Albania*? Who more valiant or ſucceſsful, againſt the *Ottoman* Armies? It is recorded of him, That he never ſhunn'd a Battle, never fled from his Enemies, never ſhrunk from Perils, nor was ever wounded but once, in all his Life. And yet he ſuſtained a continual War, from Two

ſucceſſive

ſucceſſive *Oſman Emperors*; defeated Seven *Viziri* with their Forces; took all their Ammunition and Baggage, and, in ſereval Combats, ſlew with his own Hands above Two Thouſand *Mahometans*.

Our *Fathers* did not baſely revenge themſelves for all this, but cheriſh'd a Veneration for this *heroick* Enemy, and honoured the very *Duſt* of ſuch an extraordinary Perſon. For, after his Death, having conquer'd *Albania*, they ſought out his *Tomb*, where they perform'd their *Devotions*, as at the *Sepulchre* of a *Prophet*. They open'd the *Dormitory* of the defunct *Warrior*, and, with *religious Solemnity*, took up his *Bones*, ſharing the honour'd *Relicks* among them; and wrapping them in Silk, wore them continually at their Breaſts, eſteeming them as ſacred *Amulets* againſt *Misfortune*.

Surely our *General* would bluſh at an Example of ſo great Virtue. But perhaps he was incenſed, becauſe his *Captive* was a *Prieſt*: Miſtaken Zeal might prompt him to this horrid Butchery. Thou, who are *Juſtice* it ſelf, wilt not approve this bloody Paſſion, when thou conſidereſt, That the *Prieſts* of *Jeſus* are Men as well as others; and if they live in Error, the Fault is in their Education. However, many of them are humble, chaſte, ſober, and Lovers of Virtue. If there be others, whoſe corrupt Lives have contradicted this Character, let the Crime and the Puniſhment reſt on their Heads. It is not reaſonable that the Innocent ſhould ſuffer for the Faults of the Guilty. The *Captain* of the *Molacks* had the Reputation of a devout and juſt Man, and a ſtout Champion for his Country: Had he been taken for a *Spy*, or an *Aſſaſſin*, the *Law* of *Arms* would have adjudg'd him to Death. Yet ſuch was the Clemency of

Porſenna,

Porſenna, *King* of the *Hetrurians*; That when *Mutius Scævola*, a valiant *Roman*, came into his Camp, with deſign to murder him, but by Miſtake ſtabb'd one of the *Captains*, thinking it had been *Porſenna*; and to revenge that Miſcarriage on himſelf, thruſt his Hand into the Fire, 'till the Fleſh was conſum'd to the Bones. The *King* aſtoniſh'd at his undaunted Spirit, ſent him away in Peace, raiſed the Siege of *Rome*, and enter'd into a ſtrict Friendſhip with that *Nation*: Such Honour he bore to the Fortitude of his Enemy, and deſign'd Murtherer. But the *Captain* of the *Morlacks* was not taken under theſe Circumſtances: He loſt his Liberty in the Heat of Battle, bravely combating at the Head of his Army,

Would'ſt thou know the Grounds then of our *General*'s Cruelty? It was purely, for the ſake of a *Jeſt*. There went a Report, That when this *Prieſt* was born, his Body was all over raw, ſo that the *Phyſicians* were forced, by Art, to ſupply him with a Skin. Our cruel *General*, to ſport himſelf in the poor Man's Miſery, commanded him to be flay'd alive; uttering at the ſame Time this inhuman *Sarcaſm*; *There was no Reaſon that he ſhould carry a Skin out of the World who brought none in.* This is atteſted by two Gentlemen who were made Priſoners with their *Captain*, heard theſe Words, ſaw him executed, and afterwards made their Eſcape.

The *Nazarenes* vow to revenge this unparallel'd Cruelty on the *Muſſulmans* that fall into their Hands, if this *Butcher* (as they term him) be ſuffer'd to go unpuniſh'd. I tell thee, ſuch barbarous Actions draw down the Vengeance of *Heaven* on thoſe that commit them; and excite the very *Beaſts* of the Earth to make War, and rid the World of ſuch *Monſters*.

Thou

Thou knoweſt what Uſe to make of this Intelligence: I will not pretend to inſtruct the *ſecond Miniſter* in the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 7th *of the* 12th *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER X.

To the Mufti.

IF there be any Truth in what the *Aſtrologers* tell us, That the *Stars* have *Influence* on the *Government* of the *Earth*, one would think that *Spain* lies under ſome *malignant Aſpect*.

The Fortune of that *Kingdom* has for a long Time run retrograde. They have had nothing but Loſſes by Sea and Land. The *Revolution* in *Portugal*, the *Revolt* of *Catalonia* and *Rouſſilion*, the Loſs of *Ormus* in *Perſia*, and the Defection of *Goa*. With other rich Towns of Traffick in the *Indies*, came one upon the Back of another.

Since which there have been many Towns and Caſtles taken form the *Spaniards* in *Flanders*. The *French* made an *Inſurrection* in *Palermo*, breaking open the Priſons, and releaſing the Priſoners: And grew to ſuch a Head, That the *Viceroy* fearing they would revenge the *Tragedy* of the *Sicilian Veſpers*, to pacify the Multitude, was forced to repeal the *Edicts* for *Taxes*, and diſannul them for ever; and to paſs an *Act of general Indemnity*, both to the *Rabble*, and to the *Priſoners*, whom they had freed.

This tumultous Spirit paſs'd from thence to the *Kingdom* of *Naples*; and there like an Infection ſoon ſpread it ſelf through all Parts, both

of

of City and Country: Two Hundred Thouſand Men took up Arms, to vindicate the *Privileges* of the *Neapolitans*, under the Conduct of a poor young *Fiſherman*. I have already tranſmitted to the *ſublime Port*, a Relation of this formidable *Sedition*; wherein it may be thought, I have diſcover'd too much Tenderneſs to the *Infidels*, and ſeem'd to favour the Violence of a *Faction*. But I hope thou wilt acquit me, when thou conſider-eſt, That theſe *Governments* of the *Nazarenes* are not to be compared to the ſacred *Oſman Empire*, which is eſtabliſh'd by a *Divine Right*; it having been determin'd by the *Angels*, That he who ſhould poſſeſs the glorious *Dormitory* of the *Sent* of *God*, ſhould be intituled, *The Sovereign of all the Kings on Earth*. Therefore it would be a Crime of the higheſt Nature, to raiſe a Tumult or Sedition, within the *Territories* of the *auguſt Emperor*, whoſe Dominion is confirm'd to him for ever by a *Patent* from *Heaven*. But the Caſe of the *Nazarene Princes* is different; who being profeſſed Enemies to the *Meſſenger of God*, have no other Right to any Thing, but what their Swords purchaſe. And therefore, when they prey upon others, and by Rapine and Spoil augment their Riches, it is no Wonder if the *great Avenger of Crimes*, ſtirs up ſome undaunted Spirits, to free their Country from Slavery and Ruin.

Thoſe who are curious, have remark'd many obſervable Circumſtances in this *Revolution* at *Naples*: As that is was foretold by an *Aſtrologer*, a conſiderable Time before in happen'd, who pointed out the very Year wherein it ſhould come to paſs. The extraordinary Eruptions alſo of *Mount Veſuvius* ſome Years ago, were eſteem'd as Preſages of ſome approaching Troubles in the *State*: For it rain'd Aſhes on the City of *Naples*.

I ſpoke

I ſpoke of this Mountain in one of my former Letter.

'Tis reported alſo, That about the ſame Hour wherein *Maſſaniello* the Ringleader of the *Seditious* was murder'd, there was ſeen a Man hovering in the Air, over the principal *Temple* of *Naples*, with a Sword in his Hand, which he was putting up in his Scabbard: And that a Voice was at the ſame Time heard from on High, to utter theſe Words *His Labour is finiſh'd, give him Reſt.*

This is certain, That whilſt he was at the Head of an Hundred Thouſand Men, Seven *Aſſaſſins* were hired by ſome of the *Princes* to ſhoot him: yet none of the Bullets could penetrate his Body, tho' unarm'd, and only cover'd with his fiſhing Rags: And it was evident, that theſe Bullets ſmote him in divers Places, his Garments being mark'd with them, and he ſtagger'd with the Force of the Blows.

Theſe are extraordinary Occurrences, and would tempt one to believe, That this young *Fiſherman* was the Inſtrument of *Providence*, and that *Heaven* protected *him* and his *Cauſe*.

'Tis true indeed, it ſeem'd at laſt, as if he were abandon'd by that *Divine Power*, which had carried him through ſo important an Enterprize, in that he was ſlain by his own Soldiers. But then it muſt be remember'd, That this was not done till his *Work* was *finiſh'd*, and he went beyond his *Commiſſion*. Want of Sleep, the Multitude of his Affairs, and much Wine, had impaired his Reaſon, and rendered him frantick; ſo that his Actions were inſupportable, and his own Admirers grew weary of him. After his Death, his Head was cut off, and carried up and down the Streets on a Lance, and his Body was dragg'd through the Kennel. Yet the very next Day, the Multitude, to ſhew their own Fickleneſs, took

took the dead Body out of a Ditch, where they had laid it all Night: They waſh'd and embalmed it and having joined the Head to it, carried it with great Pomp and Solemnity to the principal *Temple* of *Naples*, attended with Drums and Trumpets, and above a Thouſand *Prieſts*, with Torches in their Hands, a Crown of Gold was put on his Head, and a Sceptre in his Hand.

Thus the *Neapolitans* honour'd that beardleſs *Youth*, who in ten Days Time had cauſed ſuch a *Revolution*, as is ſcarce to be parallel'd; for he was an abſolute *Monarch*, in effect, during that Time. And of him it may be ſaid, as it was once of an *Emperor*, That during his whole *Reign* there was neither *Spring* nor *Autumn*, nor *Winter*: For his *Royalty* begun and ended in the ſeventh *Moon*.

By Letters from *Nathan Ben Saddi* at *Vienna*, I perceive he is moleſted with Scruples about his *Religion*, being deſirous to build upon the *ſureſt Foundation*. I ſent him the beſt Advice I could, without making myſelf an *Hypocrite*; which, thou knoweſt, is more offenſive to *God*, than an *open Sinner*. I drew up an *Abſtract* of the *Muſſulmans Records*, aud preſented him with the *faithful Genealogy*, from *Iſmael*, the Son of the *Patriarch Ibrahim*, down to our *Holy Prophet*. This I did to rectify an old inherent Error of the *Jews*, who boaſt, That only the *Sons* of *Iſaac* were *True Believers*. I endeavour'd not to proſelyte him, by Sophiſtry and Artifice; but referred, him for better Satisfation, to the *Writings* of the *Ancient*. I promiſed to furniſh him with *Books* of our *Law*, and the *Comments* of our *Holy Doctors*. This is impoſſible for me to perform, whilſt I am in this Place; unleſs thou, who art a *Guide* of thoſe who ſeek the *Truth*, vouchſafeſt

to ſecond my Zeal. I addreſs to thee, *ſovereign Prelate* of the *Faithful*, in Behalf of a *Deſcendent* from the *younger Brother* of *Iſmael*; in Behalf of one *circumciſed*, but not in the right Way. Favour him with thy *Divine Inſtructions*, and ſupply him with Treatiſes of Light and Reaſon. A ſeaſonable Application may bring this *Hebrew* into the Numble of the *Muſſulmans* for he is already diſguſted at the *Synagogue*.

But if I have preſumed too far, in endeavouring to ſnatch a *Soul* from the Paws of *Tagot*, correct me in thy Wiſdom, for I am but as an *Infant* before thee.

Paris, 15th *of the* 1ſt *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XI.

The Beginning of this Letter is wanting in the Italian *Tranſlation, the original Paper being torn.*

. . . . . All Mens Hearts are filled with Joy, for this proſperous News, whilſt I mourn for the Diſhonour of our Arms. Nothing but ſad Tidings grate my Ears from thoſe Parts, and more melancholy Preſages poſſeſs my Soul. Methinks I ſee thick Clouds gathering o'er the *Imperial* City. My Sleep is diſturb'd with fearful Viſions; I ſtart in my Bed; and walking lay my Hand on my Sword, as if ſome Danger were as Hand: I dream of Tumults and Diſorder, Neighing of Horſes, and Claſhing of Arms in the Streets of *Conſtantinople*. I pray *God* avert the *Omen*.

It is reported here, That *Ali* the *Sangia-Bey* of *Lippa*, is taken Priſoner; and that his Son was tormented to Death before his Face, in a Manner peculiar to the Inventton of the moſt barbarous Tyrants: For they cauſed ſharp Thorns to be thruſt between his Nails and his Fleſh, which creates an intolerable Anguiſh: They laid him on a Bed of Iron Spikes, and poured melted Lead, Drop by Drop, on all Parts of his Fleſh. Then they made a ſmall Fire, and roaſted him ſlowly to Death. If he chanced to groan, or make the leaſt Complaint, in the midſt of thoſe grievous Tortures, they bid him remember the good *Prieſt Sorech*, who ſet him an Example of Conſtancy and Courage, in that he never ſhed a Tear, or ſo much as ſigh'd, when he was *flay'd alive*.

Thou ſeeſt that Revenge is ſweet, even to thoſe who having received no Injury in their own Perſons, yet are touch'd to the Quick, with the Violence that is done to another. This will appear in the Humour of the *Italians*, who proſecute their Enemies with irrecocileable Hatred and Malice, whole Families being often engaged in executing the Reſentments of two ſingle Perſons, who firſt began the Quarrel: But much more forceable is this Paſſion in thoſe, who have been notoriouſly hurt themſelves. And the Revenge of a certain Captain was extravagant; who being inform'd that his General had debauch'd his Wife, took an Opportunity to ſingle him out from all other Company, pretending to walk in the Fields. When he had him there alone, he clapp'd a Piſtol to his Breaſt, threatening to kill him forthwith if he moved Hand or Foot. Then he upbraided him with what he had done, in ſuch Language, as convinced the *General*, his Life was in extreme Danger. Wherefore he humbled

himſelf, and confeſſed his Crime; begging of the *Captain* to ſpare his Life, and he would prefer him forthwith to the beſt Office in his Army, next his own. But the furious *Italian* would not ſell his *Honour* ſo cheap. He forced him to deny *God*, and utter many *Blaſphemies* in hopes of ſaving his Life: and when he had thus done, the *Captain* ſaid, *Now my Revenge is complete, ſince I ſhall ſend thee Body and Soul to the Devil.* With that he piſtol'd him.

But, leaving theſe *Infidels* to their *diabolical* Paſſions, I am concern'd at the Captivity of thy Brother; if it be true which is related here, That he was taken in his Return from *Canea* to *Conſtantinople*. It will coſt the *Baſſa* of *Algiers* a Thouſand Crowns to ranſom him.

Adieu *Renarbe*, And, if thou art deſirous to raiſe thy ſelf, take that Method which I have now propoſed to thee. *God* be propitious to thy Endeavours.

Paris, 4th *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XII.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THOU wilt ſay, The *Neapolitans* are a reſtleſs People, when thou ſhalt know, that there have been no leſs than Forty general *Inſurrections* in this Kingdom, ſince its firſt Separation from the *Grecian Empire*, whereof it was formerly a Member; and that, in the, Space of two Years, they have had five *Kings*, all of different *Nations*.

One

One would have thought, that after the Death of *Maſſaniello*, the *Ring-leader* of the late *Innovation*, the popular Heats would have ſlacken'd, and the People return'd to their Duty; but the paſſionate Deſire of Liberty cauſed them to continue in Arms, till the Confirmation of their Privileges ſhould come from the King of *Spain*.

In the mean Time, *Don John* of *Auſtria*, who lay before the City with a Fleet of Fifty *Gallecns*, play'd upon them inceſſantly with his Cannon by *Sea*, and the Caſtles batter'd them by Land.

Cardinal Mazarini, who had earlieſt Intelligence of foreign Tranſactions has had a principal Hand in fomenting this Flame. For as ſoon as the News of *Maſſaniello*'s Death arrived here, he diſpatched away *Couriers* to *Rome*, with Inſtructions to the *French Ambaſſador* at this *Court*, requiring him to uſe all poſſible Means to cheriſh the *Tumults* in *Naples*, and not neglect ſo fair an Opportunity of reducing that Kingdom under the Protection of *France*.

It will not appear ſtrange, That this great *Genius* ſhould aim at the Conqueſt of *Naples*, when we conſider, That this Kingdom abounds in all Manner of Riches, to which its fortunate Situation contributes not a little; for it lies in the moſt temperate Part of the World: And the Inhabitants are not *ſecond* to any People of *Europe*, in *material* Courage and Bravery. This is a Bait which tempts the *Cardinal*; who is not Ignorant how valiantly the Anceſtors of the preſent *Neapolitans* behaved themſelves in the *Wars* of *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, and thoſe between the *Romans* and *Carthaginians*. Nor are they leſs celebrated for the ſtout Reſiſtance they made againſt the *Huns*, *Goths* and *Vandals*. So that this Kingdom, were it once brought under the

French Dominions, would prove a *Nurſery*, from whence this Monarch might draw many Thouſands of excellent Soldiers, to ſerve him in his Wars.

Beſides, it would be more commodious for him to make Incurſions from hence into the *Pope*'s Territories, if there ſhould ariſe any Difference between the two Courts; as there often do, about the Rights of the *Gallican Church*, the *Franchiſes* of the Ambaſſadors of theſe Crown, in *Rome*, and other Privileges, to which they pretend.

Therefore the *French* Ambaſſador, according to the Inſtructions of *Mazarini*, ſent Commiſſioners to treat privately with the People of *Naples*, offering them Two Millions of Crowns, Twenty Gallcons, with eight and fifty Gallies, and other Veſſels. They accepted the Propoſal, being weary of the *Spaniſh* Government, and deſirous of Novelty, encourag'd alſo by what thoſe Commiſſioners repreſented to them, concerning the Succeſs of the *Engliſh*, who by ſtanding on their Guard, and uſing that Power which *God* and *Nature* had given them, for the Defence of their Lives and Liberties, were now, in a manner, become a free People, having aboliſh'd the *Monarchy*, and ſet up a *Commonwealth*: And this they told them, was alſo done by Cardinal *Mazarini*'s Counſels and Aſſiſtance. Now all the Cry in *Naples*, was, *Let* France *and the People of* England *flouriſh*; *and let the* faithful Neapolitans *aſſert their own Liberty*. So blind were theſe People, as not to conſider, That in putting themſelves under the Protection of the *French*, they did but exchange one Bondage for another, it being impoſſible for any foreign Prince to keep this Kingdom, and pay all his Officers, Civil and Military, together with thoſe under their

their Commands, with much leſs Charge than the Revenues amount to. And the *French* are as good at inventing new *Taxes*, as any Court in *Europe*.

However, the *Neapolitans* are enchanted with the Thoughts of ſo much Gold, and other Aſſiſtance offer'd by the *French* Commiſſioners; and ſweeten'd with their fair Words, and glorious Promiſes. So that they immediately ſent Deputies, to entreat the *Duke* of *Guiſe*, who was then at *Rome*, to come and protect them, in taking on him the chief Command of their Arms.

This Prince thinking it a generous Action to relieve the *Oppreſſed*; and, that at the ſame Time he ſhould do a conſiderable Service to the King of *France*, in rendering him Maſter of this noble and opulent Kingdom, went to *Naples*: Where, at firſt, he was received with infinite Applauſe, was made their General, took an Oath of Fidelity to the People, did many notable Services, but was in the End betrayed, and ſent Priſoner to *Spain*.

If the Generoſity and brave Reſolution of this Prince, has required Commendation from ſome, in attempting to reſcue theſe People from the Tyranny of the Governors, yet his Conduct is called in Queſtion by others, who ſay, He diſcover'd but little Prudence in truſting himſelf to the *Neapolitans*, who had already ſacrificed two of their Generals. (For, after the Death of *Maſſaniello*, they choſe another Captain, whom they called the *Prince* of *Maſſa*: This Prince falling under their Suſpicion, was beheaded by the inconſtant People.)

'Tis certain, That there is little Confidence to be put in the Multitude, whoſe Paſſions ebb and flow, and are more tempeſtuous than the Sea. Yet a brave and generous Mind will ſhun no

Dangers to ſerve his *Prince* and his *Country*; for whom it is a glorious *Martyrdom* to die. There is no great Undertaking without Hazards; and he that is afraid to venture his Liberty and Life in a good Cauſe, is not worthy to bear Arms. Had the *Duke* of *Guiſe* ſucceeded, his Conqueſt of *Naples* had made him *Viceroy* of one of the largeſt Kingdoms in *Europe*. It is ſaid to be Five Hundred Leagues in Circuit, containing Twelve ample Provinces; Twenty Archbiſhopricks; Biſhopricks, One Hundred Twenty-ſeven; Thirty Caſtles; Barons, One Thouſand Four Hundred; Earls, Fifty-three; Forty Marqueſſes; Thirty-four Dukes, and Twenty Princes. The Inhabitants of this Kingdom are ſaid to be above Two Millions. The ordinary Revenues of the King amount to Three Millions of Crowns yearly, beſides the voluntary Donatives, which have been given by the Subjects of this *State* to their Kings, within the Space of forty Years, amounting to twenty-eight Millions, and ſix Hundred Thouſand Ducats. This Kingdom is water'd by an Hundred and Fifty Rivers, beſides Ten Lakes ſtored with all Manner of Fiſh; among which is one called *Averno*, over which if any Birds fly, they immediately drop down dead. The ancient *Pagans* had ſtrange Opinions of this *Lake*, it being the Place where they uſed to ſacrifice Men to the *infernal Gods*. And, hard by, is the *Cave* of one of the *Sibyls*.

There are thirty high Mountains in this Country, of which *Adonai* relates many ſtrange and delightful Paſſages, (for 'tis from him I received this Account of the *Kingdom*.) I will not trouble thee with a Repetition of all that this *Jew* tells me, only one Thing is worthy of Remark.

He

He ſays, That the Bodies of the three young *Hebrews*, who were put into the burning Oven by the *Babylonian Monarch*, becauſe they would not adore his *Idols*, are preſerv'd in a *Moſque* on one of theſe Mountians. And that on the ſaid Hill, no Eggs, Fleſh, or Milk, will endure an Hour without Putrefaction, but preſently breed an infinite Number of Worms. He ſpeaks in the Praiſe of theſe Mountains, which are cloath'd with Vineyards, Gardens, and Woods, on the Top and Sides; and in their Bottoms, have very rich Mines of Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron, Cryſtal, Alablaſter, and Adamant. In fine, *Adonai*, who has travelled over all this Kingdom, calls it, The fertileſt Region of all *Italy*, which is eſteemed the *Paradiſe* of all *Europe*.

Doſt thou not think now, *venerable Guide* of the *Elect*, that the *Duke* of *Guiſe* had Reaſon to prefer the Honour of conquering ſo renown'd a Kingdom, to the Safety of his Perſon? Or wilt thou not rather conclude, That the Reduction of this happy *State* would be an Expedition worthy of the *Ottoman* Arms? It is certain, that the Riches and Plenty of this Region have tempted more Nations to invade it, than any other Kingdom on Earth: It having been the Prize, at which no leſs than five and twenty ſeveral Nations have aim'd.

Cardinal Mazarini is much troubled at the *Duke* of *Guiſe*'s Captivity, and has offer'd great Sums of Money for his Ranſom; but the King of *Spain* rejects all Propoſals of that Nature. So that 'tis thought, the *Cardinal* will contrive ſome Way for the *Duke*'s Eſcape, either by bribing his Keepers, or by ſome ſecret Stratagem.

I am not much concern'd for the *Infidels*; but it would be no ſmall Joy to hear, That ſome Care were taken, for the Redemption of *Mahomet*.

Celeber, who, thou knoweſt, has not deſerv'd ill of the *ſublime Porte*. Adieu, holy *Patriarch*, and forget not *Mahmut*, in thy Addreſſes to *Heaven*.

Paris, 27th *of the* 3d *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XIII.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, Superintendent *of the* College *of* Sciences *at* Fez.

THOU to whom the Iſſues of *Paradiſe* are revealed, and the Road of the *Angels* when they come down and go up through the *Seven Heavens!* Thou that canſt marſhal the *Hoſt of the Stars*, and underſtandeſt the Diſcipline of the Armies living and ſtrange, the Orders of the Potentates encamp'd in the Fields of Light, the *domeſtick Guards* of the *Throne*, bleſſed for ever; tell me the Age of the World, and declare the Beginning of Time. Reſolve me, Whether this mighty Fabrick be but of Yeſterday, that is, of five or ſix Thouſand Years ſtanding, as the *Jews* and *Chriſtians* ſay; or Whether the Years of its Duration be not paſs a Calcule.

The *Viſions* of thy *Progenitor*, the Lieutenant to the *Seat* of *God*, are extant in the *Arabick Tongue*. In them it is written, "My Soul on a ſudden became as though it had Wings; a Spirit enter'd "me, and a ſubtle Wind lifted me up to the Top "of *Mount Uriel*, where I beheld marvellous things. "I looked behind me and ſaw the *Ages* that were "paſt; and lo, they were without Number, or "Beginning. I beheld the four *Seaſons* of the *Year* "ever returning at their accuſtom'd Time, and the "*Sun* forſook not his Courſe, for a thouſand thou-

"ſand

" ſand Generations, I counted a Million of Ages,
" and yet there appeared not an Hour, wherein
" Darkneſs had poſſeſſed the *Abyſs* of Matter, or
" wherein the endleſs *Firmament* was not illumi-
" nated by the *Moon* and *Stars*. Whilſt I conſi-
" dered theſe Things, a Liquor was given me to
" drink by an unknown Hand, it was of the
" Colour of *Amber*; when I had taſted it, I felt
" a marvellous Force in my Body, and my Eyes
" were more piercing than an *Eagle*'s. Another
" Wind, more powerful than the former, blew
" out of a Cloud, and carried me up to an ex-
" cceding high Place, far above the talleſt Moun-
" tains: There I trod in the ſoft Air, as in a
" Pavement of Marble. I was raviſh'd at theſe
" Things; and the Exaltation of my State made
" me forget my Mortality. I beheld the Earth
" at vaſt Diſtance under my Feet, as one that
" did not belong to it; it look'd like a ſhining
" Globe, not much unlike the *Moon*, but far
" bigger. All the *living Generations* which had
" ſucceſſively inhabited the Earth from its Nati-
" vity, paſs'd by me; and they appear'd in vari-
" ous Forms. Firſt came a Race of *Centaurs*,
" then of *Satyrs*, next of *Angels*, and laſt of *Men*.
" Whilſt I marvelled at theſe Things, a Voice
" reach'd my Ears, as from behind me, ſaying,
" Theſe are the *four Ages* of the *World*, and the
" *four Species* of *Beings*, to whom I gave the Poſ-
" ſeſſion of the Earth; but for the Impiety of the
" three former, I have exterminated them. and
" when *Men* ſhall have compleated the Meaſure
" of their Sins, I will cauſe the *Trumpet* to ſound,
" and all Things ſhall retire into the *Cave* of *Si-
" lence* and *Darkneſs*. Having heard this, I found
" myſelf in a Moment on the *Earth*, which I had
" before ſeen afar off; then I knew that I had
" been in a *Trance*, &c.

I do not rehearſe this *Viſion*, to teach thee any new Thing, *venerable Preſident* of the *Southern Sages* (for, I know, the *Archives* of thy *College* are repleniſh'd with all Manner of excellent *Treatiſes*, and that thou art no Stranger to the *Writings* of the *Prophets*) but to crave thy Interpertation of ſo great a *Myſtery*, and to reaſon with thee about the *World*'s Duration. My Satisfaction would be ſmall, in contemplating the various Beauties of the *Univerſe*, the Qualities of the Elements, the Natures of living Things, the Virtues of Plants and Minerals, with the Force of the *Heavenly* Bodies, were I aſſured that theſe Things were not always ſo. That Thought would damp my greateſt Enjoyments, if I were convinc'd, That ſo many Splendors, Riches, and Pleaſures as this *viſible Frame* affords, were not diſcloſed for Millions of Ages, but lay hid in the Boſom of Eternity. Methinks, it is too low an Opinion of the *Omnipotent* Goodneſs, and looks as if the Authors of it ſuſpected *God* of *Envy*: Who when he might have made infinite *Myriads* of Creatures happy, in theſe viſible Emanations of his *Divinity*, without either Beginning or Ending of Time; yet, according to their Doctrine contented himſelf, to let only a determinate Number taſte of his Munificence, for a few Centuries of Years. This is not ſuitable to the Character of that *infinite Being*, the *eternal Source* of all *Perfections*.

What then is meant by thoſe *Four Ages*, and the *Four Species* of *Beings*, which were ſhew'd to the *exalted* of *God* in that *holy Viſion*; Tell me, great *Light* of *Africk*, Is it repugnant to *Reaſon* of *Faith*, to believe, That the *Earth* has been *inhabited* from *Eternity*; ſince our *holy Doctors* teach us, that it was peopled long before the *Creation* of *Adam*? No *Muſſulman*, That has ever gone

gone the *ſacred Pilgrimage*, but has viſited *Mount Araſſa*, where *Adam* firſt ſaw *Eve his Wife*. Where he has been inſtructed in the *Hiſtory* of that *firſt Father* of Mankind; and how that before his Time the *Earth* was inhabited by *Angels*, who being commanded to adore *Adam*, refuſed it, and were turn'd to *Devils*, being expell'd from the *Earth*. Thou knoweſt moreover, That it is in the *ſacred Traditions*, That *God* gave to *Adam* a Wife, whoſe Name was *Alileth*; but that ſhe being of the *Race* of thoſe *Devils*, refuſed to obey *Adam*: Whence it came to paſs, that they lived in continual Quarrels and Enmity, for the Space of Five Hundred Years; 'till at length, *Alileth* flew up into the Air, and abandon'd her Huſband. Of which, when *Adam* complain'd to *God*, he ſent three mighty *Angels* in Purſuit of her, commanding them to tell her, That if ſhe would return to her Huſband it ſhould go well with her; but if ſhe would not, an Hundred of her Children ſhould die every Day. The *Angels* followed her, and over-took her on the *Red-Sea*; where they threaten'd to drown her, unleſs ſhe would return to her Huſband. But ſhe made Excuſes, and told them, *She was created to deſtroy young Children*. Then the *Angels* laid Hands on her; when ſhe, to Pacify them, ſwore by the *Bottom of Hell*, That whenſoever the Names of them Three ſhould be written on any *Schedule*, that ſhe ſhould have no Power to hurt the Infants, they diſmiſs'd her. After this, God compaſſionating *Adam*'s Solitude, gave him another Wife, call'd *Eve*.

This *Tradition* confirms the *Viſion* of the *Prophet*; and we need not doubt, that the *Earth* was inhabited before *Adam*'s Time: And if that be granted, Why might it not be peopled for Millions of Ages, as well as for the ſmalleſt Term

Term that Ignorance or Error may aſſign to its Duration?

I have diſcourſed with ſeveral of the *Jewiſh Rabbi*'s, and *Chriſtian Doctors*, on this Subject, Men of abſtruſe Learning and ſublime Thoughts; yet I can find but a few, who are emancipated from the Prejudices of a ſuperſtitious Education. They have been, from their Infancy, prepoſſeſs'd with a falſe Notion of the *Works* of *God*; believing them to be *Finite*, both in Extent of *Space* and *Time*. They circumſcribe this *viſible World*, within I know not what *flaming Circle*; and believe the *firſt Matter* itſelf, to be but five Days older than *Adam*, taking each of thoſe Days for the Space of Four and Twenty Hours, wherein the Sun finiſhes his diurnal Circuit through the Heavens. They conſider not, that, according to their own Bible, there was *Light* and *Darkneſs*, and conſequently *Day* and *Night*, before the *Sun* was created. But how long thoſe Days and Nights were, is not determin'd by *Moſes*: Yet in another Part of their Bible, it is ſaid, That a *Day* with *God* is a *Thouſand Years*; and a *Thouſand Years* is a Day. So that, according to the Interpretation, *Adam* was not created till above *five Thouſand Years* after the Beginning of the World: Yet when I bring this poſitive Place of their own *Scripture* againſt the *Nazarene Sages*, they ſhuffle it off with empty Evaſions; and rather than believe the *indefinite Antiquity* of the *World*, they contradict their own Senſe and Reaſon, invalidate the Teſtimony of a *Prophet*, deny their *Faith*, and appear *unmaſk'd Infidels*.

Both *they* and the *Jews* have corrupted the Truth with many Errors; and we muſt ſeek farther, for the original Science of Nature. The *Illuminated* of *God* have always taught, That the *Earth* was *inhabited* long before the Appearance

pearance of *Adam*. And all the *Eaſtern Sages* believe a *Series* of Generations to have dwelt on this *Globe* for indeterminate Ages.

I have a Brother lately come from the *Indies*: He relates ſtrange Things of certain *Books*, which are only in the Hands of the *Brachmans*. They are written in a *Language*, which none underſtand but theſe *Prieſts*; yet a *Language* as copious as any other, and taught in their College by Rule. Theſe *Books* contain a *Hiſtory* of the *World*, which, they ſay, is above thirty Millions of Years old. They divide the Term of Duration into *four Ages*; three of which, they ſay, are already paſt, and a good Part of the fourth. Now I would fain know, Who wrote theſe *Books*; and at what Time, and where this *Language* was ſpoken? They call it the *Holy Language*; ſaying, That it was the *firſt* ſpoken on *Earth*. It is ſtrange, That no *Hiſtory* ſhould mention ſo *Divine* a *Speech*. We have the *Chronology* of the *Latin* and *Greek*; and can give an Account when and where they were ſpoken, though they are now grown obſolete, and no otherwiſe to be learned, but in the *Schools* and *Academies*. This argues the Antiquity of the *Bramins Language* and *Books*, in regard they fall not within any other *Record*, ſave their own, which ſays, They are as old as the World. For if this Aſſertion were falſe, the Impoſture would have been diſcover'd as ſoon as broach'd, and the learned *Sages* of the *Eaſt* would quickly have diſproved ſo manifeſt a Lye. There ſeems to me ſomthing extraordinary in this Pretenſion of theſe *Indian Philoſophers*, and I would gladly be convinced of the Truth. Methinks it is an illuſtrious *Idea* of the *Divine Perfections*, when one conceives all this vaſt and endleſs Concatenation of *Beings*, to flow from the *Eternal Nature*, as Rays from the Sun: And that they can no more

more be ſeparated from it, than thoſe Beams can from that *viſible Fountain* of *Light*. It will not be difficult then to interpret the *Hiſtory* of *Moſes*, by this *Regiſter* of the *Bramins*, and reconcile the *ſix Days* of the one, with the *four Ages* of the other; ſince a Day, in the *Divine* Senſe, may amount to Millions of Years, as well as to a Thouſand. And is will be more congruous and agreeable to believe, That after the Birth of the *firſt Matter*, there elaps'd many *Ages*, before it was wrought into ſuch an infinite Variety of Appearances, as we now behold; and that the *five Days* which *Moſes* computes, before the *Production* of *Adam*, might be ſome *Millions* of *Years*: In which Time, the *divine Architect* gradually drew from the *Abyſs* of *Matter*, the Sun, Moon, Stars, Plan-s, and Animals, which may ſerve alſo to illuſtrate the *Viſion* of the *holy Anceſtor*, with which I begun this *Diſcourſe*.

Adieu, *ſublime Intelligence* of the *Torrid Zone*, and favour *Mahmut* with a Tranſcript of thy Thoughts concerning theſe Things. But if thy Silence ſhall condemn my Preſumptions and Importunity, I will wait for thy Anſwer, till the *Platonick Year*, when according to the *Doctrine* of that *Philoſopher*, we ſhall be all alive again.

Paris, 19th *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To the Mufti.

IN a former *Diſpatch* of thy *Sanctity*, I have acquainted thee with the *Inſurrection* in *Palermo*; mentioning the Fear of the *Viceroy*, leſt the *French* in that *Iſland* ſhould then take their Opportunity to revenge the *proverbial* Cruelty of the *Sicilian Veſpers*. If thou art unacquainted with that *Tragedy*, I will inform thee in brief.

About three hundred and threeſcore Years ago, there reign'd in *Sicily* one of the *Royal Blood* of *France*, they call him *Charles* of *Anjou*. He had *French* Garriſons in all the Cities of that Kingdom: But theſe Soldiers committed ſo many Inſolencies as render'd 'em odious and inſupportable to the *Natives*, who therefore reſolv'd to exterminate them.

The *French* are very licentious in their *Conqueſts*; neither ſparing Men in their Anger, nor Women in their Luſt. They make no Difference between the *Noble* and the *Vulgar*, but ſacrifice all the Regards of Honour and Civily, to their impetuous Appitites.

They were guilty of innumerable Rapes and Violences in *Sicily*, among the *meaner* People, and ſometimes extended their Rudeneſs to Perſons of the *beſt* Quality. It was common for them to affront both Virgins and Matrons as they went along the Streets, by thruſting their Hands under their Garments nuder Pretence of ſearching for hidden *Arms*. Among the reſt, the Wife of of a certian *Lord* in *Palermo*, going to pay her Devotions at the *Temple*, was ſeiz'd by the Command of the *Captain* of the *Guards*, and ſtripp'd naked

naked before all the Soldiers, in order to diſcover certain treaſonable Papers, which they ſuſpected ſhe carried about her; but finding none, ſhe upbraided the Captain with Inhumanity, in offering ſo groſs an Affront to a Lady of her Rank. He ſeeming to be ſorry for the Indignity ſhe had received, begg'd her Pardon, and retiring with his Soldiers out of the Room where ſhe was, left her to put on her Apparel. In the mean while, he was enflam'd with a furious Paſſion for this Lady, (ſhe being very beautiful;) and having ſent the Soldiers away, he return'd to the Room where ſhe was. He addreſs'd her with much Courtſhip; but finding that ineffectual, he forced her.

When this was made known to her Huſband, he burn'd with Deſire of Revenge; and ſtirring up all the *Sicilian Nobles* and *People*, it was privately agreed between them, That on a certain *Feſtival*, when the *Bells* ſhould toll to *Even-Song*, all the *Sicilians* ſhould take Arms, and maſſacre the *French* throughout the Iſland. This Plot was carried ſo ſecretly, That before the *French* conld get the leaſt Intimation of it, they were all murder'd on the Day appointed.

I forgot to acquaint thee in my laſt, with a Villany which was diſcover'd in the late Tumults of *Naples*. As they were marching up and down the Streets, burning the *Cuſtom-Houſes*, and the Habitations of thoſe who had been concern'd in gathering the *Taxes*, they enter'd the Houſe of a certain *Notary*, or *publick Scribe* of that City, who had been repreſented to them, as a Promoter of thoſe unreaſonable *Impoſitions*: They ſeized on the Man, and began to carry his Goods out into the Street, in order to be burnt: But as they were rummaging in an Apartment which was towards the Gardens, they heard a great Skrieking, as

of

of Women affrighted; and perceiviong the Voice to proceed from within a Wall in the Room where they were, they ſearch'd about for a Door to enter into that Place, but finding none, they broke through the Wall; where they found two Women with their Hair hanging down to their Ankles, and their Nails grown like the Talons of an Eagle. Enquiring of them how long they had been there, and on what Occaſion, the eldeſt of the Women made this Anſwer: "The Maſter of this Houſe "is my own Brother, who, when my Father died, "was entruſted by him to pay me Six Hundred "*Ducats*, which he bequeathed me as a Legacy "for my Maintenance, my Huſband being dead: "But my Brother, inſtead of doing me this Juſtice "immured both me and my Daughter, whom you "ſee here, between theſe Walls, where we have li-"ved theſe ſeventeen Years, being allow'd by this "cruel Man, no other Food but Bread and Water.

The People, incenſed above Meaſure, at ſo barbarous a Cruelty, hang'd up the *Notary*, and gave all his Eſtate to this Widow and her Daughter. An exemplary Piece of Juſtice, perform'd by *Mutineers*, which could not have been done by the *Law*, the Crime not reaching his Life; tho' in the Senſe of all Men, he merited Death. This is another Argument, That *Deſtiny* had a Hand in this *Inſurrection*; and that *Maſſaniello* the *Fiſherman*, was the *Executioner* of *God*.

I obey thee, ſovereign *Prelate*, with an *unconditional Devotion*, and revere the *Idea* of thy *Sanctity*: Vouchſafe to pray for *Mahmut*, That whilſt he condemns the barbarous Cruelty of the *Nazarenes*, he may not render him inexcuſable, by doing any Injuſtice himſelf.

Paris, 22d *of the* 5th *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Arabian Proverb* ſay, *There is more Danger to be feared from one of the* Coreis *than from a Thouſand* Bobecks. Thou knoweſt, both theſe were *noble Families* in *Mecca*, and ſworn Enemies of the *Meſſenger* of *God:* But the latter, as their Names imports, were too open in their Councils, to do any conſiderable Execution againſt the *Holy One:* Whereas the former were alway reſerved, and laying of ſecret Trains.

Such is Cardinal *Mazarini*, the hidden Enemy of the *Ottoman Empire*. There ſeems to be an Ambition in this great *Genius*, equal to that of his Predeceſſor *Richlieu*; who would be eſteem'd the moſt eminent among Men. Nothing will ſatisfy the *Miniſter*, leſs than a Subverſion of all the *Monarchies* on Earth, which appear Obſtacles of that *Grandeur*, to which he deſigns to raiſe his *Maſter*. Yet he attempts not this by open Force, knowing that it is impracticable; but acts in the Dark, ſtriving to undermine thoſe *States* by *Intrigue*, which he cannot ſubdue by *Arms*. He has his *Agents* in all the *Courts* of *Chriſtendom*; and thou needeſt not ſtartle, if I tell thee there is Ground to ſuſpect, he is not without his *Creatures* at the *ſublime Porte*. All *Europe* is ſenſible, That the late *Revolutions* in *Portugal* and *Catalonia*, the *Inſurrections* in *Sicily* and *Naples*, and the *Rebellion* of the *Engliſh*, *Scots*, and *Iriſh*, are in part owing to the *Policies* of this *Miniſter*: And I can tell thee more on that Subject than is known to every one.

Oſmin

Oſmin the *Dwarf*, who ſtill retains his good Inclinations to the *ſublime Porte*, finds an unſuſpected Acceſs to all the *Grandees*, to whom the ſmallneſs of his Bulk and Stature, affords no ſmall Divertiſement. Beſides, they delight to poſe him with *Problems*, in regard there is always ſomething ſo lucky, beſides the Wit, in his Anſwers, as either creates Admiration or Laughter. But their Mirth would quickly be chang'd into other Paſſions, were they ſenſible that their little *Buffoon* is no other than a *Spy* upon them. For *Oſmin* having ſo many Opportunities, lurks in Corners, like a Spider, undiſcover'd, and unthought of: He creeps into their Bed-chambers and Cabinets, where he becomes privy to their greateſt Secrets. If they ſhould catch him in any of his Concealments, behind the Hangings, or under a Bed, it would only paſs for a Frolick to give them Diverſion: And he never wants for a *Repartee*, or a *Jeſt*, to bring himſelf off.

I have taught him a *Cypher*, which he makes uſe of to tranſcribe any Letters, or other Papers of Moment; with *Characters* for *ſpeedy Writing*, which comprehend whole Sentences in a Daſh or two of the Pen.

'Tis but lately we have pitch'd on this Method, and the firſt Attempt *Oſmin* made, was in *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Cloſet; into which he ſlipt, under the Skirts of a *Nobleman*'s Cloak, who juſt then went in to ſpeak with the Cardinal. This active *Dwarf*, taking Advantage of the *Nobleman*'s Approach to the Table, dextrouſly crept under the Carpet which cover'd it, reaching down to the Floor, where he lay unſeen till the Cardinal was gone, and the Cloſet lock'd up.

During the time of their Conference, which was not very long, *Oſmin* heard the *Cardinal* ſpeak theſe Words to the *Lord: One of the* Slaves *of that* Baſſa

Paſſa, (ſays he) *is an* Italian, *whom I formerly entertain'd in my Service, and one in whom I confide: He was taken by the* Turks *at Sea; and as ſoon as he was ſold to this* Grandee, *he acquainted me, in a Letter, with his Condition, imploring my Aſſiſtance towards his Ranſom. I promis'd to redeem him, on the Conditions I have told you; and ſince that, he has not fail'd to perform them; his* Maſter *having accepted the* Piſtols, *and entered in the* Aſſociation: *So that I hope in a little Time, to ſee that proud* tyrannical Race *exterminated, the* Tartars *excluded from Succeſſion, and the* Empire *divided by the* Sword *of* Strangers. Ragotſki *is the only Obſtacle; that Prince is wavering, and we can't truſt him. The* Baſſa *of* Aleppo, *with thoſe of* Sidon, Damaſcus, *and* Babylon, *are ready to cover the Fields of* Aſia *with their Armies. If Things were as ſecure on the Side of* Europe, *the* Blow *ſhould ſoon be given.*

There paſs'd ſome other Diſcourſe between 'em which *Oſmin* could not diſtinguiſh, in regard they mov'd to the Window, and ſpoke low. But this was enough to rouze his Curioſity, and put him on a farther Inquiſition.

As ſoon as the Room was void by their Abſence, he came forth from his Retirement, and fell to examining the Papers which lay on the Table, hoping to diſcover more of this *Plot*; but he was diſappointed, and only met with a few Letters from his *Agents* in *England:* Wherein among other Matters, they gave the Cardinal an Account *That they had hunted the* Lion *into the* Toils, *paſt all Hopes of an Eſcape.* By which, I ſuppoſe, they meant the *Engliſh* King, whom the Rebels have confined to a certain Caſtle in their Poſſeſſion. *Oſmin* tranſcribed ſome of theſe Letters, and brought them to me. A Copy of one of them, I here ſend thee encloſed: 'Twas written

ten

ten from the *Council* of the *Iriſh Rebels*. By which thou may'ſt ſee, what a Share the *Cardinal* has in abetting theſe *Traytors*. Elſe how could they demand of him, the Performance of the *Queen Regent*'s Promiſe to aſſiſt them with Money and Men?

There is one alſo dated this preſent Year, and ſubſcribed by *Monſieur Bellieure*, the *French* Ambaſſador in *England*: But *Oſmin* had not Time to tranſcribe that, being prevented by the Cardinal's Return, which made the *Dwarf* ſnatch up his Tools, and abſcond under the *Table*. Yet he remember'd ſome of the Contents of that Letter, and told them me at his next Viſit: The Ambaſſador, in that Letter, informs the Catdinal of a certain *German Prophet*, who foretold, *That there ſhould be a great Revolution in the Government of* England, *and that one the mightieſt of all the* Eaſtern Princes *ſhould be depoſed this Year, and murder'd by his Subjects*. (I pray Heaven, avert the *Omen* from the *Seraglio!* He acquaints this Miniſter alſo, That he had ſucceeded in his Negotiation with the Officers of the Rebels Army. There were other obſcure Paſſages in the Letter, which *Oſmin* has forgot. But theſe are ſufficient to demonſtrate, how buſy the Cardinal is, and what a Hand he has in foreign Affairs.

Another Opportunity, I hope, will bring to Light more of this Miniſter's Secrets. Adieu.

Paris, 4th *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother.*

THE oftner I peruſe the *Journal* of thy *Travels*, the more I am delighted with it. For it is evident, That the *Countries* through which thou haſt paſs'd, have been as ſo many *Schools* of *Wiſdom* to thee; wherein thou haſt learned, even from Men's *Vices*, the Way to *Perfection*; much more from their *Virtues*. Thou haſt found, That though Men's *natural* Diſpoſitions differ, as do the *Climates*, which afford them Breath; yet they all agree in *common Frailties*. There are alſo *Vices* peculiar to certain *Countries*; 'twere to be wiſh'd they could be match'd with as many *national Virtues*. But *Human Nature* is a *rank Soil*, more fertile in *Weeds*, than *wholeſome Products*. Yet there are *Gardens*, as well as *Deſarts*: And thou haſt obſerved ſome Perſons, illuſtrious for their Goodneſs, and the noble Endowments of their Minds.

I am extremely pleaſed with that rare Example of Generoſity, which thou relateſt of an *Indian* Merchant; who, not content to give Alms to all that aſk'd him, or whom he knew to be Poor, ſought daily Occaſions to exerciſe his Charity, hunted out the Indigent and Unfortunate: And where ever he diſcovered the Lineaments of Poverty in a Man's Face, or traced Footſteps of it in his Behaviour, he could not reſt till he had reliev'd his Wants, and made him happy to his very Wiſhes. I tell thee, *Poverty* is a *Hell* upon *Earth*; and he that has this Curſe, anticipates the *Torments* of the *Damn'd*. It eclipſes the brighteſt Virtues, and is the very Sepulchre of brave

brave Deſigns, depriving a Man of the Means to accompliſh, what *Nature* has fitted him for, and ſtifling the nobleſt Thoughts in their *Embryo*. How many illuſtrious Souls may be ſaid to have been dead among the Living, or buried alive in the Obſcurity of their Condition, whoſe Perfection have rendered them the *Darlings* of *Providence*, and *Companions* of *Angels*; yet the inſuperable Penury of all Things, has rank'd them amongſt the *Caſt-aways* of the *Earth*, in the Eyes of Men? To ſuch as theſe our *divine Law-giver* commands us to extend our Charity giving us certain Characters and Marks, by which we may diſtinguiſh them from the Crowd of the Unfortunate. And, I like the *Indian*'s Bounty the better, in that he ſo exactly ſeems to comply with this *Precept* of the *Alcoran*, generouſly preventing the Requeſts in the Indigent, and by an Exceſs of Benignity, courting them to accept of Relief. In this he alſo verifies the *Arabian* Proverb, which ſays, *He gives double who gives unaſk'd*

Thou commendeſt the Induſtry of the *Chineſe*, the Advances they have made in Arts and Sciences, which, thou concludeſt, is to be attributed to the Force of their *Laws*, which oblige the Son to follow his Father's Trade, throughout all Generations. In this I muſt diſſent; for it ſeems rather a Curb, than a Spur to Ingenuity, to be confin'd to Employments, for which a Man may have an Averſion. The Son not ſeldom abhorring thoſe Things, wherein his Parents took Delight. Or, if not ſo, yet he may be caſt in a finer Mould, have a more ſubtle Invention; and conſequently, be capable of making greater Improvements, in any Trade of his own Choice: Since, Delight ſets an Edge on the Mind, gives Vigour to the Body, and adds Wings

to Buſineſs. Beſides, I do not think this to be ſo much thy own Remark, as the Inſinuation of ſome of that Country, who are the moſt conceited People in the World: Ever extolling their own *Policy*, *Laws*, and *Governments*; and impoſing them as a Pattern to all other Nations.

One Thing I grant they boaſt of with a great deal of Truth, that is, their Antiquity and unmix'd Race. Though ſince the *Conqueſt* the *Tartars* have made of that Country, they are like to undergo the Fate of other Nations, and corrupt their *Genealogies* with the *Blood* of *Strangers*.

Thou cameſt away before that *Conqueſt* was begun, or, perhaps, before 'twas talk'd of. And I can give thee but a very imperfect Account of it. All the Intelligence we have from that Kingdom of late, comes in Fragments: For the Ships which bring this ſhatter'd News, left *China* in an Uproar and Confuſion: Only they aſſure us, That the *Tartars* had paſſed the celebrated *Wall*, which divides them from *China*: That they enter'd and ſubdued the *Northern Provinces*, with an Army of Six Hundred Thouſand Men. That very little Reſiſtance was made againſt them, not even in *Pequin* it ſelf, the *Capital Seat* of the *Chineſe Empire*, which the Uſurper *Lycungz* had abandon'd to the *Conquerors*, carrying away with him all the ineſtimable Treaſures of the Palace, and retiring into one of the remote *Provinces*, was never heard of afterwards. Whence it was judged, that ſome of his own Party had murder'd him; partly for the ſake of his prodigious Wealth, which they ſhared among them; and partly to revenge his *Treaſon* againſt the *Emperor*, and the innumerable Calamities he had brought upon his Country.

Before

Before thoſe *Merchants* came away, the *Cham* of *Tartary* was proclaim'd in *Pequin*, and crown'd *Emperor* of *China*. They ſay, He was not above Thirteen Years old at that Time, which was in the 12th *Moon* of the Year 1644. And that having ſent for the chief *Nobility* of *Tartary* to *Pequin*, he made Preparations to purſue his Conqueſts.

This is the beſt Account we yet have of the Affairs of that *Empire*; by which thou wilt eaſily be induced to be of my Opinion, That the *Blood* of the *Chineſes*, will in Time be mix'd with that of *Strangers*.

We muſt not ſeek for the Originals of any People in the Country where they dwell. The moſt renowned *Kingdoms* and *Empires* in the *World*, had their firſt Foundations laid by *Vagabonds* and *Fugitives*. Thou art not ignorant how vaſt an Extent the ancient *Roman Empire* had through *Aſia*, *Africa*, and *Europe*; yet that City, which was call'd the *Miſtreſs of Nations*, the *Governeſs of the whole Earth*, was firſt built by a handful of *Banditti*, People who lived by Pillage and Robbery, the Out-Laws and Scum of *Italy*, aſſembled together from divers Parts, under the Conduct of *Romulus* and *Rhemus*. Neither had that City proved any better than a Sepulchre to them and their Deſigns, had they not, by a witty Stratagem, over reach'd the *Sabine* Women, and ſo ſecured to themſelves a Poſterity, who ſhould not only defend, but enlarge the Dominions of their Fathers: Yet theſe People, of ſo obſcure and confuſed an Original, afterwards boaſted of their Antiquity and noble Deſcent in their Families. No Name more venerable in ſucceeding Ages, than that of a *Roman*.

To look no farther than the great and formidable Empire of the *Oſmans*, we ſhall find it took its firſt Riſe from Colonies of tranſplanted *Scythians*; ſo that he that would have the Genealogy of a *Turk*, muſt look in the Regiſters of *Greece*, where they now live, but muſt carry his Search beyond the Mountain *Caucaſus*, examine the Broders of *Palus Mæotis*, or hunt his Pedigree out in *Cherſoneſus*. What Revolutions have not happen'd in *Aſia* and *Africk*, ſince the Aſſumption of the *Meſſenger* of God into *Paradiſe*? Where ſhall we now find any Remains of the ancient *Saracens* of *Marmadukes*? The mighty *Empire* of the *Ottomans* has ſwallow'd up all. Thus one Nation expels another, and, there is ſo general a Mixture of Foreign Blood, made by the Converſion of innumerable different Nations, to the *Muſſulman Faith*, that it is hard to know, whether our *Anceſtors* were *Scythians* and *Parthians*, *Jews* or *Grecians*, whether they were of the Mountains or the Valleys, of the Foreſts or the Plains.

In this I will except my Countrymen, the *Arabians*, and thoſe who ſeem to approach neareſt them in Manner of Life, the *Tartars*; the one dwelling in Tents, the other in Waggons; both in a moving Poſture; both happy in this, That they are not confin'd to the Rigors of a cold *Winter*, nor the ſcorching Heat of the *Summer*; but change their Soil and Climate, as the Seaſon of the Years varies: Thus, ever ſecuring to themſelves in all Places, either a blooming flow'ry *Spring*, or a moderate and fruitful *Autumn*. Theſe were never ſubdued, nor expell'd thoſe Regions wherein they take Delight, neither would they ever mix with *Strangers*. But, the *Chineſe* would excel all the *World* in the *Purity* of their *unmix'd Blood*, were it not for the Incurſions of their potent and victorious Neighbours.

The

The *French* ſay, That theſe People had the Uſe of *Guns* and *Printing*, many Hundreds of Years before they were found out in *Europe*, But the *Germans* claim the Honour of theſe *Inventions* of themſelves.

Thou confirmeſt the Opinion of the former, in telling me, Thou haſt ſeen ſome of the Cannon belonging to the City of *Pequin*, on which was engraven, in *Chineſe* Characters, a Regiſter of their *Age*, which was above Two Thouſand Years.

I had a great deal more to ſay, dear *Peſteli*, but the Poſt calls on me to haſten; beſides an extreme Dulneſs and Landguiſhing of my Spirits, with which I have been perſecuted, ever ſince this *Moon* firſt ſhewed her *Creſcent:* Now ſhe is in the Wane, and ſo, I hope, is my Malady. The Influence the *Planet* ſeems to have on me, may make thee conclude me a *Lunatick:* We are all ſo in one Degree or other. There are not more apparent Symptoms, That the Flux and Reflux of the Sea, owes its Original to the Neighbourhood and Motion of that *Planet*, than that our Conſtitutions vary according to its *Monthly Appearances.*

He that created the *Moon*, and the *Conſtellations*, not without reſpect to Mankind, give us Wiſdom which ſhall entitle us to a Dominion over the *State.*

Paris, 14th of the 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XXII.

To the Aga *of the* Janizaries.

THE Duke of *Chaſtillon* arrived here Six Days ago, from the Army in *Flanders*, bringing News of a ſignal Victory obtain'd by the young Prince of *Conde*, on the Plains of *Lens*. This Battel was fought on the 20th of the the laſt *Moon*, the *French* having entirely routed the *Spaniards*, kill'd Three Thouſand of them on the Spot, taken Six Thouſand Priſoners, with all their Artillery and Baggage. And, to crown the Day, they have taken *Lens* alſo.

But though *Fortune* thus favours their Arms Abroad, ſhe has mix'd Poiſon with their Counſels at Home. All Things here ſeem to portend a *Civil War:* The *Parliament* thwart the Proceedings of the *Court*, taking on them the Power of the ancient *Spartan Ephori*: They will be Comptrollers of the *Regal* Authority, ſuppreſſing the King's *Edicts*, calling his Expences to account; and, pretending to reform the *Court*, they play the *Pedagogues* with their *Sovereign*. On the other Side, Cardinal *Mazarini*, the Duke of *Orleans*, and other *Grandees*, do their utmoſt Endeavours to diſſolve the Meetings of this *Senate*. They perſuade the young King, That it is but a precarious Reign, where the *Sovereign* muſt be curb'd by his Subjects: Thus they inſtil into his tender Years, theſe Maxims by which they would have him rule, when he comes of Age.

There is a Man in the *Parliament* whom they call *Monſieur Bruſſels*, one of their great Counſellors, a bitter Enemy of Cardinal *Mazarini*, and therefore cry'd up by the *People* for a *Patriot:* He

is

is of a furious Temper, and mean Abilities; yet his noiſy Zeal for the publick Liberty, has faſten'd to him the Vulgar: He is become the Ring-leader of the Seditious.

This Man was ſeiz'd as he return'd from the chief *Temple*, where *Te Deum* was ſung Yeſterday, for the late Victory in *Flanders*: And ſome are of Opinon, That 'twas this happy News which emboldened the Court to ſnatch from the People their Darling, their Idol, the Man from whoſe Courage they expect a Redreſs of all their Grievances. Indeed one may ſay, it would ſeem ſafer for a Traveller in the Deſarts of *Arabia*, to tear from a Lioneſs her young ones: For, the Heads of the Faction waited but for ſuch an Opportunity to ſet all in a Flame. And the ill Succeſs of the *Court* in this Action, ſhews, That it is dangerous to provoke the Multitude: For preſently we were all in a Confuſion, the *Burgeſſes* in Arms, the Shops ſhut up, the Streets chain'd and all the Avenues of the Palace barricado'd: The Rabble marched up and down the Streets, threatening Deſtruction to Cardinal *Mazarini*, and all his Party. The *Parliament* were forced to become the Meſſengers of the People, to carry their Petitions, or rather their Commands to the Court; being threaten'd alſo, if they failed of Succeſs: For they proteſted unanimouſly, That they would not lay down their Arms, 'till the impriſon'd *Counſellor* was releaſed.

The *Queen* appear'd at firſt inexorable, and ſent their *Senators* away with Denial and Scoffs, wiſhing them Joy of their new Honour in being made the Porters of the Rabble. And the young *Monarch*, incenſed to ſee his native Loyalty thus prophaned by his Subjects, bent his Brows; and caſting a Look, divided betwixt Majeſty and Diſdain, on the *Senators*, utter'd theſe

Words, " Sirs! Shall it always be a Cuſtom, thus " to moleſt the Minority of your Kings? Or do " you think our tender Years incapable of the com- " mon Senſes of other Mortals, that you preſume " thus inſolently to invade our Rights? Accuſe " not the Multitude, nor make them an Umbrage " to your Sedition: I know the Authors of theſe " Tumults, and ſhall find a Time to make them " feel the Weight of my Diſpleaſure: Think not " I wear this Sword only for Ornament, [*laying " his Hand fiercely on his Hilt*] or, That the Blood " of my renown'd Anceſtors, is grown degenerate, " or turned to Lees within my Veins. Go, tell " your factious Comrades, there ſits this Day upon " the Throne of *France*, a *King*, who though he's " young, yet has a Spirit and Memory which will " out-laſt his Pupilage." With that he commanded them out of his Sight.

Yet notwithſtanding this, the *People* threatned to bring their *Darling* away by Force, if he were not releaſed in two Hours.

There were above a Hundred Thouſand of them in Arms, and it might have proved a dangerous *Inſurrection*. But, the *Queen*, at the ſecond Return to the *Senators*, hearkening to the Advice of *Mazarini*, and the Duke of *Orleans*, and remembring the dreadful Effects of *Maſſaniello*'s Tumult in *Naples*, releas'd the Priſoner; who was conducted Home laſt Night in Triumph, by an infinite Croud of People, who fill'd the Air with Shouts and Acclamations.

It is diſcourſed here, that the *Prince* of *Conde* will ſpeedily return to *Paris*: From whom, both the *Court* and the *Faction*, promiſe themſelves new Grounds of Triumph.

During theſe Commotions, *Mahmut* fails not to act his Part, being at no ſmall Expence to maintain a certain Number of Strangers, whoſe

whoſe whole Dependence is on me: Theſe I inſtruct to mix themſelves with the Rabble, to inſinuate into them hateful Notions of Cardinal *Mazarini* and the Court. They buz up and down the City, liſte Flies in this hot Seaſon, and ſting the Multitude to Fury with their Stories. I ſpare no Coſt to procure the *Cardinal*'s Ruin: That pernicious Wit comes not ſhort of his Predeceſſor *Richlieu*, being as active in embroiling foreign *States*; Witneſs the *Revolutions* of *Portugal*, *Catalonia*, *England* and *Naples*; (in all which he had a principal Hand) and is ever projecting, How to aggrandize his *Maſter*. And the univerſal Succeſs of the *French* Arms in *Germany*, *Flanders*, *Italy* and *Spain*, has left nothing worth a Thought, but the Deſtruction of the *Oſman Empire*.

Eliachim brings me News every Hour, how my *Myrmidons* ſucceed; for he acts Abroad in the Streets, while I keep my Chamber, during the Tumults, being of *Demoſthenes*'s Mind, who when the *Athenians* were in an Uproar, took *Sanctuary* in the *Temple* of *Pallas*, and proſtrating himſelf before the Altar of the Goddeſs, utter'd theſe Words; "O *Pallas*, I fly to thee for Pro-"tection: Defend me from Ignorance, Envy, and "Inconſtancy; for I love not the Society of the "*Owl*, the *Dragon*, and the *People*.

Yet, whether in my Chamber or Abroad, be aſſured, Illuſtrious *Prefect* of the *Imperial City*, That *Mahmut* divides his Time between the Vows he makes, and the Services he does for the *Grand Signior*,

Paris, 3d *of the* 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XVIII.

To Achmet Beig.

THIS *Court* is now in *Mourning* for the Death of *Uladiſlaus*, late *King* of *Poland*; whilſt the *Politicians* are canvaſing the next Election. Thoſe who ſide with the *Houſe* of *Auſtria* favour the Succeſſion of *Prince Charles*; but the *French* are for *Caſimir*, their former Priſoner.

The Duke of *Bavaria* is alſo dead. They ſay he died of Grief to ſee his Country expoſed to the Inſults of a victorious Enemy; for all his Forces were entirely defeated.

The *Prince* of *Conde* has take *Ipre* in *Flanders*; and the *Arch-Duke* of *Auſtria* has render'd himſelf Maſter of *Courtray*, without drawing a Sword, or firing a Gun: The *Mareſchal de Rantzau* has made an unhappy Attempt to ſurprize *Oſtend*, a Sea-Town in *Flanders*. For, carrying his Forces by Water, as ſoon as he had landed his Men, a Tempeſt aroſe, and drove all his Ships out to Sea: So that, being encompaſſed by a numerous Army of his Enemies, and having no Way to eſcape, he and all his Troops were made Priſoners.

From the Sea we have Advice, That there has been a Combat between the Duke of *Richlieu*, Commander of the Naval Forces ſent to aſſiſt the *Neapolitan* Revolters, and *Don John* of *Auſtria*, *Admiral* of the *Spaniſh* Fleet on that Coaſt: But the Iſſue of the Battle is not yet known; tho' moſt People gueſs the Victory to be on the *French* Side, in regard *Cardinal Mazarini* had, by the Advice of an *Indian* Ship-Wright, cauſed all the *French* Ships to be plaiſter'd over with *Allum*, ſo that no Fire-

Fire-Ships can hurt them. The *Spaniards* make great Uſe of theſe Fire-Ships in all their Sea-Fights, having learn'd to their Coſt from the *Engliſh*, what Damage theſe Veſſels do, when they formerly loſt their whole *Armada*, which they before term'd *Invincible*, and with which they ſailed to conquer that *Iſland*.

From *Catalonia* the Poſts bring News, which pleaſes the Wives and Friends of the Soldiers in thoſe Parts: For the *Mareſchal de Scomberg* has cut in pieces the *Spaniſh* Army, taken *Tortoſa* by Aſſault, where the Soldier found a Booty of above Fifteen Hundred Thouſand *Livres*.

A Courier is come from *Swedeland*, who brings an Account of a late formidable *Conſpiracy* in *Ruſſia*, againſt the Life of the *Czar*. The greateſt Part of the *Muſcovite Grandees* were concern'd in this Plot, deſigning to change the *Form* of *Government*, and divide that might *Empire* into ſeveral *Principalities*, whereof every one of the *Conſpirators* ſhould have a Share. And that they ſhould be all ſubject to one *Chief*, who ſhould be elected by the reſt, after the Manner of *Germany*. To this Purpoſe, they had made a *private Treaty* with the *Tartars*. *Moroſoph*, the prime *Miniſter of State*, and the *Chancellor Nazari*, were of the *Conſpiracy*. Perhaps thou wilt lament the *Fate* of the latter, having received extraordinary Civilities from him, when thou wert at that Court.

Banaanoph, Son of the *Patriarch* of *Moſco*, revealed the *Plot*, with the Names of the *Conſpirators*, to the *grand Duke*: Who ſent to them next Day to his Palace, under divers Pretences, where he commanded them all to be kill'd, and their Bodies to be thrown to the Dogs in the Streets of that City.

The *French* report ſtrange Things of *Sultan Ibrahim*: I wiſh all go well at the *ſublime Port*. If thou haſt the ſame Deſires, reveal them to none but thy Friends; for at ſome times a Man's beſt Thoughts will be interpreted for *Treaſon*. Adieu.

Paris, 15th *of the* 10th *Moon*,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XIX.

To the Mufti.

THY venerable Letters are come ſafe to me Hands, bringing Light and Conſolation to the faithful *Exile*. With profound Reverence I kiſs'd and unfolded the Papers which contain the ſacred Inſtructions of the *Vicar* of *God*. I bleſſed myſelf, when I read the Charge of Royal Enormities, the exorbitant Paſſions of a *Muſſulman Emperor*, and the Prophanation of the *Throne* founded on *Juſtice*. Thou haſt prevented the Qualms of a too ſcrupulous Loyalty, by aſſuring me, That it is a fundamental Maxim of our *Law*, *That all Men in the World, without reſpect of Birth or Quality, are obliged to appear before the Juſtice of God*: And, *that he who obeys not the Law, is no* Muſſulman: And, *If the* Emperor *himſelf be in this Number, he ought be depoſed forthwith*.

This has abundantly ſatisfied my Conſcience, coming from the Hands of him, from whoſe *Sentence* there can be no *Appeal* on *Earth*. I ſhall therefore readily obey thy Orders; and without Demur, put in Execution what thou haſt commanded me.

Who

Who can blame the juſt Indignation of *Sultan Morat*'s Widow, who in defence of her Chaſtity, threatned to ſheath her Ponyard in the Breaſt of her *Sovereign*? But, incomparable more eminent was the Daughter's Virtue, who not being able to reſiſt the Force of the mighty *Raviſher*, after ſhe was polluted, would, like another *Lucretia*, have ſtabb'd her ſelf, had ſhe not been prevented by the *Sultan*. How has he ſully'd the Glory of the *Oſman* Race by theſe effeminate Vices: What an Indignity has he committed againſt our *holy Law*? Againſt the principal *Patriarch* of the *Elect*? Much more noble was the Continence of the *African Scipio*, who, when at the Conqueſt of *New Carthage*, a Virgin of admirable Beauty was choſen from among the Captives, and preſented to him, would by no Means defile her, but reſtor'd again without Blemiſh to her Parents, ſaying withal, to thoſe who ſtood near him "Were I a private Man, I would gratify my "Paſſion, by the Enjoyment of this lovely Maid; "but it becomes not the Leader of an Army, to "give ſo bad an Example; nor a Conqueror to "yield his Heart to the Charms of his Captive.

But it ſeems, that *Sultam Ibrahim* was rather ambitious of the Character of *Auguſtus* the *Roman Emperor*, of whom it is ſaid, That he never ſpared any Woman in his Luſt: But if he caſt his Eye on a beautiful Lady, though her Huſband were of the firſt Quality in the *Empire*, he would immediately ſend his Officers to bring her to him by fair Means, or by Force.

The Philoſopher *Athenodorus*, who was very intimate with this *Monarch*, took a pretty Method to reform this Vice in his Maſter. For, when the *Emperor* had one Day ſent a cloſe *Sedan* or *Chair* for a certain *Noble Woman*, of the Houſe of the *Camilli*; the *Philoſopher*, fearing ſome Diſaſter might

might enſue, (for that *Family* was very popular, and highly reſpected in *Rome*,) he goes before to the Lady's Palace, and acquainting her with it, ſhe complain'd to her Huſband of the Indignity was offer'd her. He boiling with Anger, theaten'd to ſtab the Meſſengers of the *Emperor* when they came. But the prudent *Philoſopher* appeas'd them both, and only deſir'd a Suit of the Lady's Apparel, which was granted him. He ſoon put it on, and hiding his Sword under his Robes enter'd the *Sedan*, perſonating the Lady. The Meſſengers who knew no other, carried him away to the *Emperor*. He heighten'd with Deſire, made haſte to open the *Sedan* himſelf, when *Athenodorus*, ſuddenly drawing his Sword, leap'd forth upon him, ſaying, "Thus "mighteſt thou have been murder'd: Wilt thou ne- "ver quit the Vice, which is attended with ſo much "Danger? Jealouſy and Revenge might have ſub- "ſtituted an *Aſſaſſin* thus diſguiſed in my Room · "But I took Care of thy Life. Henceforth take "Warning." The *Emperor* pleas'd with the *Philoſopher*'s Stratagem, gave him ten Talents of Gold, thanking him for this ſeaſonable Correction: And from that Time began to reſtrain unlawful Pleaſures, applying himſelf to a virtuous Life.

Thou ſeeſt, holy *Prelate*, that by peruſing the *Hiſtories* of the *Antients*, a Man may furniſh himſelf with uſeful Examples, and proper Obſervations. I always keep by me *Plutarch*'s Works, and thoſe of *Livy*, a *Roman Hiſtorian*; as alſo *Tacitus*, who has left the *Annals* of that formidable *Empire* to Poſterity. It were a deſirable Thing, That the *Muſſulman* Scribes were employ'd in tranſlating ſuch *Records* as theſe, in the *Arabick* or *Turkiſh Language*: That ſo the *true Faithful*, who are *deſtin'd* by *God* to *conquer* the *World*, may not be ignorant of the memorable

Tranſactions

Tranſactions of former Ages. Some of our *Sultans* have been curious to have *Plutrach*'s *Writings* render'd in the familiar Speech of the *Ottomans*. There are other *Memoirs*, not leſs worth the Labour. If it ſhall enter into thy Heart, to encourage ſo profitable a Work, the whole *Empire* of the *reſign'd* to *God*, will be indebted to thee. But, who am I, that preſume to direct the great *Father* of the *Faithful?* Thou art enlighten'd with all Knowledge and Wiſdom! Peradventure thou haſt Reaſons to divert thee from ſuch an Enterprize, which I cannot comprehend. Therefore I cover my Mouth with Duſt, and acquieſce.

As to the late *Revolution*, I am not to diſpute the *Will* of my *Superiors*. However, I receive the News of that *Tragedy* with leſs Diſcontent, in regard, thon thyſelf, who art the *Oracle* of the *Muſſulmans*, haſt thought fit to depoſe *Sultan Ibrahim*; uſing herein the Advice and Conſent of his own *Mother*, and of *Mahmut Baſſa*; with that of the *Janizar Aga*, who next to thyſelf, are two the moſt knowing *Sages* in the *Empire*.

What remains, but that I ſhall pray for the long Life of *Sultan Mahomet?* Deſiring alſo, That *Heaven* may direct his Counſels, that he may never do any thing to merit the *Fate* of his unhappy *Father*.

Paris, 13th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the 1648.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Chiurgi Muhammel, Baſſa.

AT length the *Deputies* of the *Nazarene Princes* at *Munſter* have concluded a *Peace*: They have been theſe ſix Years debating about Trifles and Punctilio's, as is the Manner of the *Chriſtians*, even in the moſt important Affairs. This *Treaty* was ſigned the 24th of the laſt *Moon*, when all farther Hoſtilities ceaſed on all Sides, except on the Parts of *France* and *Spain*, whoſe Quarrel could by no means be adjuſted, in this general Agreement of *Chriſtendom*.

Thou haſt by this time heard of the late Tumults and Emotions in this City; the Diſaffection between the *Court* and *Parliament*; with the ſhort Siege of *Paris*. Now Things ſeem to be compos'd, and in a Calm: But may only prove a Truce, while both Parties take Breath, to ruſh upon each other with the greater Violence. The *City* is unmeaſureably rich and populous, and can arm an Hundred thouſand Men at an Hour's Warning. The Parliament abets their Quarrel: This encourages them to vie with the *Court*: The *Merchants* live like petty Kings: Abundance of Gold fills them with Pride and Ambition. Whilſt the *Court*, in the mean time, are cloſe and reſerv'd, projecting how to deſtroy the Faction, and aſſert the regal Authority. The *Queen Regent* is reſolute and ſevere, yet ſuffers herſelf to be mollify'd with the milder Counſels of Cardinal *Mazarini*, and the Duke of *Orleans*.

In the Beginning of this *Reign*, I gave an Account to the *Miniſters* of the *Port*, of the Duke of *Beaufort*'s

Beaufort's Impriſonment in the *Caſtle* of the *Wood* of *Vinciennes*, which is one of the *King*'s *Palaces*: This Prince is now eſcap'd from his Confinement, and come into the City. The *Factious* cry him up for a *Patirot*, and are reſolv'd to protect him with their Lives and Fortunes.

If thou yet retaineſt thy Health and Vigour, thou art happy. As for me, I feel continual Decays; yet am not troubled, perceiving at the ſame time that I approach nearer to *Immortality*. Wherefore I neither ſeek Reſtoratives, nor conſult *Phyſicians*; but ſuffering myſelf to diſſolve gradually, I die with Pleaſure, pluming and preparing my ſelf daily, as one ready to take Wing for a more *happy Region*.

Pars, 24th *of the* 12th *Moon*,
of the Year 1648.

LETTER XXI.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I AM not ſurpriz'd at the News of *Sultan Ibrahim*'s being depoſed aud ſtrangled. 'Tis but what I have for a long time fear'd: The reſtleſs *Janizaries* will ruin the *Ottoman* Empire. Neither am I ſtartled to hear that his *Mother* was acceſſary to his Fall, having a double Motive, Ambition and Revenge, to induce her Conſent. She always affected to rule; and therefore, could not brook the *Sultan*'s reſolute Management of Affairs, without following her Advice. Beſides, ſhe could not eaſily forget her Diſgrace and Confinement on the account of the *Armenian* Lady's Death.

But

But I am aſtoniſh'd aud vex'd to hear, that the *Mufti* ſhould be concern'd in ſo black a Tragedy. How ſhall we have the Confidence hereafter, to reproach the *Chriſtians* with their frequent Treaſons and Murdering of their *Kings*; ſince it will be eaſy for them to retort, That the ſupreme *Patriarch* of our Law has enter'd into the Secret of Rebels, conſpired the Death of his *Sovereign*, and cauſed him to be depoſed and ſtrangled.

As for the *Aga* of the *Janizaries*, I ſuppoſe him rather over-aw'd into a Conſpiracy, by the forcible Reaſons and elegant Parole of the *Mufti*, than any ways voluntarily engaging himſelf in Crimes, to which he ſeems to have no Inclination. Beſides, he could not refuſe to make one in the *Party*, after it had once been propoſed to him; unleſs he were reſolv'd to be the firſt Victim of their Jealouſy, and be murder'd himſelf, to prevent the Diſcovery of the reſt. Yet his Duty and Honour ought to have ſuperſeded all other Conſiderations: And he ſhould have choſen to die in his Allegiance, rather than to live ſtain'd with ſo foul a Crime.

However it be, I cannot approve their Treaſon. For whatever the Vices of the *Sultan* were, they had no Right to puniſh him. He was accountable to none but *God*: And they invaded the Prerogative of *Heaven*, in dethroning him, whom the Divine Providence had inveſted with the *Imperial Diadem*.

Much leſs can I approve their Impiety, in defaming him now he is dead. Neither can I in Conſcience comply with the Injunctions of the *Mufti*, who has commanded me, in a Letter, to ſpread an ill Character of *Sultan Ibrahim*, among the Chriſtians, that ſo his own Proceedings may appear juſt. 'Tis true, I owe much to the

the Authority of this *ſovereign Guide* of *true Believers*; yet I muſt not, to pay this Debt, turn Bankrupt of my Reaſon: I owe ſomething to my ſelf, and to the *diſtinguiſhing Character* of a *Man*. I promiſed him, indeed, to obey his Commands in this Point: But he that has given me *Diſpenſation* for all the Lies and Injuries I ſhall be guilty of in *Paris*, will, I hope, pardon me, if I turn my own *Confeſſor*, and abſolve my ſelf, for not performing my Word to him in this Point.

I am not often guilty of aſperſing the Living, but I abhor to injure the Dead; leſt I ſhould incur the *Fate* of him, who being at Enmity with a famous *Wreſtler*, purſued him with Malice and Revenge, even in his Grave. For envying the Honour that was due to this *Wreſtler*'s Memory, in that his *Statue* was ſet up in a *publick Place*, he when privately one Night, with a Deſign to throw the *Statue* down: But after he had ſpightfully disfigured it in ſeveral Parts with a Hammer, and was buſy in working its Overthrow; the *Image* on a ſudden fell on him, and cruſh'd him to Death: As if the Spirit of him whom it repreſented, had given it this Fall, to revenge the Malice of his Adverſary.

Certainly, the *Ancients* were not ignorant what they ſaid, when among other ſage Counſels they adviſed Mortals, *Not to ſpeak ill of the Dead, but to eſteem them ſacred, who are gone into the immortal State.* And *Plato*'s *Ring* had this Motto on it: *It is eaſier to provoke the Dead, than to pacify them, when once provoked.* Intimating thereby, that the *Souls* of the *Departed* are ſenſible of the Injuries that are done them by the *Living*.

Therefore I will ſhun Detraction, eſpecially of the *Dead*. And, if I cannot ſay much in

Praiſe

Praiſe of *Sultan Ibrahim*'s *Virtues*, let his *Vices* be buried with him in *eternal Oblivion*.

I run no Hazards in writing thus frankly to thee, being aſſured of thy Fidelity. Beſides, Death (which is the worſt of Puniſhment can be inflicted on me for what I have ſaid, ſhould it be known,) would not be bitter, when given by a Friend. Dear *Ogner*, adieu.

Paris, 20th *of the* 1ſt *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XXII.

To Danecmar Keſrou, Kadileſquer *of* Romania.

WHEN I informed thee how the *Scots* had ſold their *King* to the *Engliſh Rebels*, it was eaſy to preſage the Conſequence, without a *Revelation*. When *Sovereign Monarchs* become the Merchandize of *Factions*, they commonly pay the Price with their own *Blood*: And there are few Example of *Princes* that have been impriſon'd by their *Subjects*, and yet have eſcaped a violent Death: For thoſe who have once advanced ſo far in their *Treaſon*, as to ſeize the *Perſon* of their *Sovereign*, can never retire with Safety to themſelves, or at leaſt their own Guilt makes them think ſo. The Conſciouſneſs of what they have already done, prompts them to proceed in their Wickedneſs: And in their Deſpair of ſaving their *own* Lives, makes them conclude it neceſſary to take away *his*, whoſe violated *Majeſty*, they fear will never pardon ſo impudent an Eſſay of *Treaſon*.

But the Method which the *Engliſh* have taken to murder their King, has not a *Precedent* in Hiſtory: Theſe *Infidels* have out-ſtripp'd all former *Traytors*, in the Contrivance and Execution of their *Regicide:* They have even ſurpaſſed themſelves, and their own firſt Deſigns.

It has been uſual for *Traytors*, to take away the Life of a depos'd *Monarch* privately, by Poiſon or Aſſaſſin, either in reſpect to his *royal Blood*, or to avoid the Poſſibility of a Reſcue, from any of his loyal Friends and Subjects. But, theſe *Barbarians* were reſolved publickly to inſult on *Majeſty*, to brave the whole World in the Execution of their Villany, and make a pompous Concluſion of their *Treaſons*. For, they erected a new *Divan* or *Court of Judicature*, compoſed of the moſt infamous Traytors: There they formally try'd their Sovereign, by a *Law* of their *own making:* condemn'd him as a Tyrant and a Traytor: And finally, cauſed his Head to be chopt off with an Axe, by an *Executioner*, before the Gates of his own Palace, in the Sight of Thouſands of his Subjects; that ſo they might appear, not ſo much to kill their *King*, as to deſtroy the *Monarchy* itſelf, and triumph in its Ruin.

Haſt thou, O venerable *Judge* of the *Faithful*, ever read or heard of ſuch a daring Treaſon? All *Europe* ſtartles at the monſtrous Fact. And Cardinal *Mazarini* him ſelf, who carried on that private Web of factious Deſign in *England*, whoſe firſt Threads his *Predeceſſor Richlieu* had ſpun; yet expreſſed an Horror, at the News of this Tragedy. And, I look not on this to be an Artifice of Policy in him to blind the World; but a real Diſcovery of his Sentiments: For he is too generous to approve ſo barbarous a Proceeding againſt a *Sovereign Monarch*, though his Enemy.

T'other

T'other Day he was heard to ſay, *That in Revenge of the King's Murder, he would embarraſs the Counſels of the* Engliſh Rebels, *more than he had done thoſe of their* Sovereign.

This was not ſpoken ſo ſecretly, but *Mahmut* had Intelligence of it within an Hour: For I have more Ears in *Paris*, than thoſe on my Head, to hearken after the *Intrigues* of this *Miniſter*: And it will be difficult for him hereafter to ſpeak, write, or act any Thing; no, not even in his private Cloſet, which will not be diſcloſed to me.

Yet, though I thus watch his Motions as an Enemy, and do my utmoſt to render his Deſigns againſt the *Ottoman Port* ineffectual, I cannot in my Heart condemn this *Miniſter*, who all the while acts but the Part of a *faithful Servand*, and an *able Stateſman*, ſtriving to aggrandize his *Maſter*.

His ſupporting alſo the *Factions* in *England*, and nouriſhing the Diſcontents of that *giddy headed People*, were but the Reſult of his Zeal for his *Country*, and for the *Church*, whereof he is *one* on the *principal Pillars*: It being evident from his Grief at that *King*'s Murder, That he bore no Malice againſt him, but only ſought to humble him into Terms of Compliance with *France*.

When I ſay this, I ſuppoſe the *Cardinal*'s Sorrow on that Account, to be free from Fiction: But who knows when the Actions of *Stateſmen* are undiſguis'd, and when not? For I am well aſſured, That whilſt his *Agents* were buſy in embroiling that Nation, he promiſed the exiled *Engliſh Queen*, to aſſiſt her Huſband with Men and Money againſt thoſe very *Rebels*, with whom he held a private Correſpondence, and to whom his Coffers were really open.

Moſt of the *European Stateſmen* are corrupted with the *Maxims* of a certain famous *Writer*, whom

whom the call *Machiavel*. The *State Caſuiſt* has taught them, to boggle at no Crimes, which may advance the Ends they aim at; *every Thing*, in his Opinion, *being honeſt, that is ſucceſsful*. Thus, *Policy* among the *Nazarenes*, is degenerated into *ſordid Craft*: And that which was once deſervedly eſteem'd a *Virtue* neceſſary to the Government of the *World*, is now turn'd into a *Vice*; of which the very Out-Laws, Free-Booters, and Pirates, are aſham'd.

God, who ſuffer'd the Earth to be inhabited by *Angels*, for an infinite Number of *Ages* before he created *Adam*, and then expelling them hence for their Wickedneſs, and turning them to *Devils*, gave this *Globe* for a dwelling Place to *Men*; grant, That the enormous Crimes of *Mortals* may not provoke *him* to exterminate our *human Race* and reſtore the *Devils* to their *ancient Habitations*.

Paris, 12th *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

The End *of the* Third Volume.